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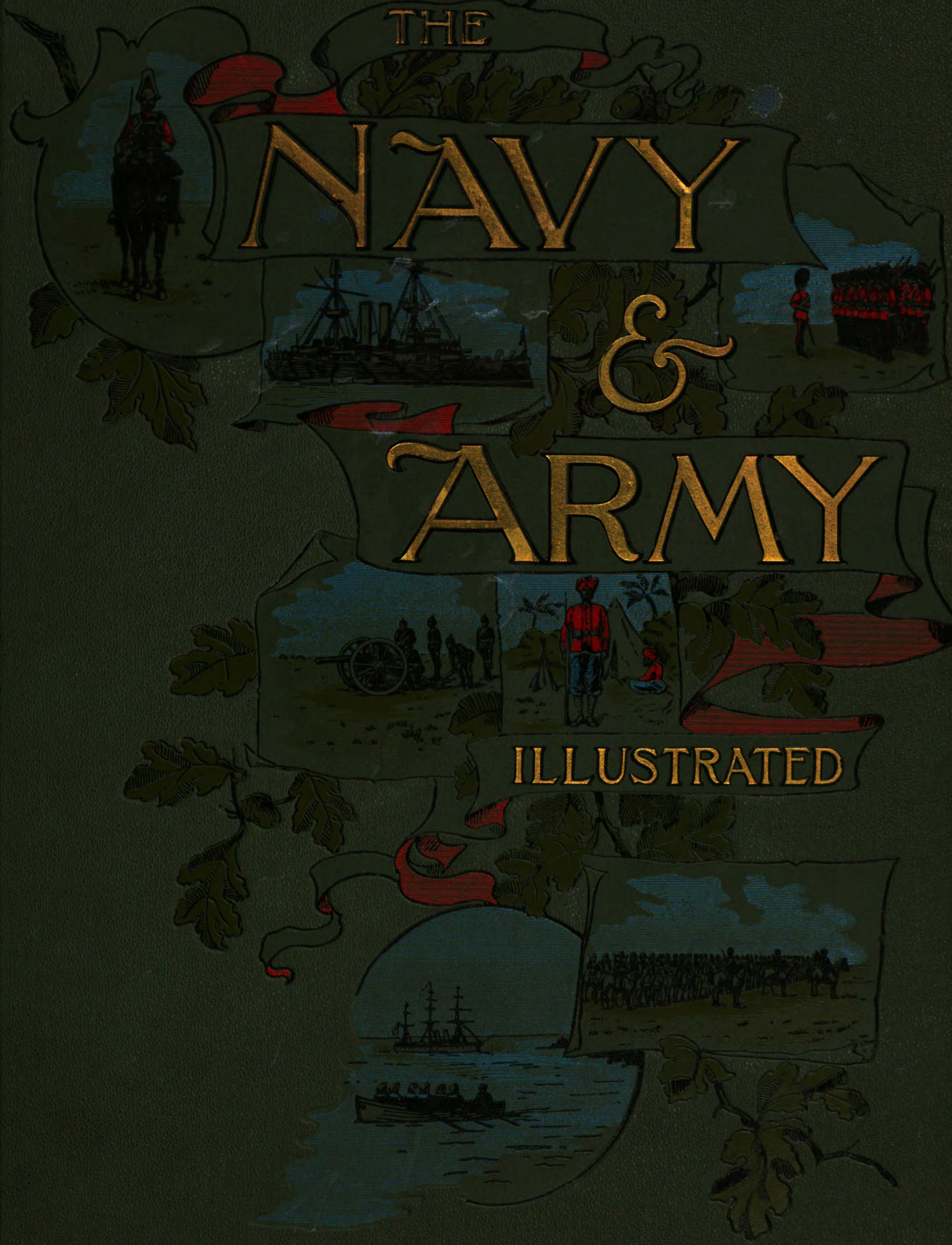

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Photo. RUSSELL & SONS, Southsea

CAPTAIN EDMUND JEFFREYS, R.N.

CAPTAIN E. F. JEFFREYS was appointed to the command of the "Excellent," as the gunnery school establishment at Whale Island, Portsmouth, is officially designated, on November 9th, 1895. He is not only a young Captain for his seniority, having been born on October 1, 1846, but is accounted highly in the Service for his energy, ability, and special knowledge of the capabilities of the torpedo. He gained his promotion to Lieutenant by the way in which he passed his examination at the Royal Naval College at Greenwich in 1867, where he took the Beaufort Testimonial. After being Commander of the "Vernon," torpedo school ship, he succeeded Lord CHARLES BERESFORD in command of the "Condor" during the Egyptian War, 1882 (Egyptian medal, Khedive's Bronze Star). Next he commanded the "Polyphemus" ram, and then being promoted to Captain, the "Hecla," torpedo depôt ship. This experience naturally led to his being chosen as Assistant Director of Torpedoes at the Admiralty, a post he held until 1893. His last command afloat was the "Hood." Captain JEFFREYS is a modest, unassuming man of high attainments, and one whose future career is bound to be most useful to his country.

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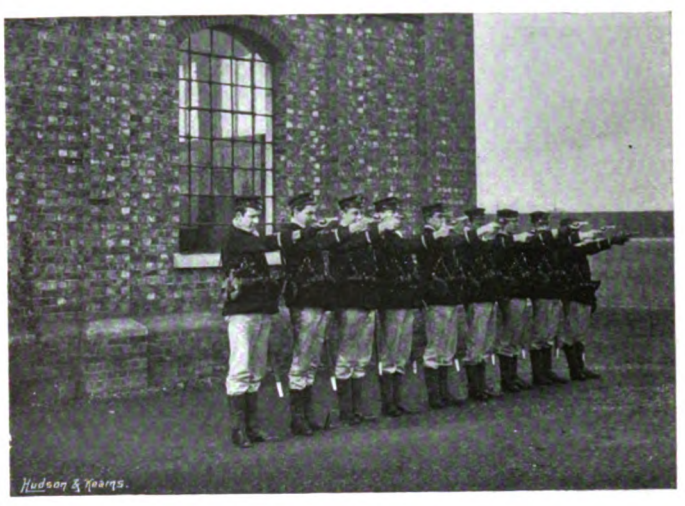
THE WHALE ISLAND STUD AND OFFICERS' DOGS.

A SHELTER TRENCH AT WHALE ISLAND.

THE PETTY OFFICERS, WHALE ISLAND.



ACTING SUB-LIEUTENANTS AT REVOLVER EXERCISE.

Photos. RUSSELL & SONS, Southsea.

CHIEF WARRANT OFFICERS, WHALE ISLAND.

THE above pictures give characteristic illustrations of the inhabitants of the Whale Island Gunnery School and their occupations. Those of the Chief Warrant Officers and Petty Officers exhibit the class of men responsible for the training of their brother seamen, and mainly chosen by reason of their superior attainments to fill their present position. The acting sub-lieutenants are a class passing for their lieutenant's commission. The party of young bluejackets are being trained in field exercise by Mr. SIMS, the gunner in charge, assisted by C.P.O. LOVEDAY and P.O. 1st class TALBOT. The Whale Island stud is not numerous, but useful. Nellie, the mare, was presented to the island by Mrs. JACOMB, of Cheam Park, Surrey, and Hercules, the pony, belongs to the ship's company. Pensioner CROOK, holding Hercules, is the Whale Island stud groom, the other man being WARWICK, the gardner. Both the dogs are named Dash, one belongs to Lieutenant MONTAGUE BROWNING, and the other, being fed by his master, to Commander C. H. BAYLY

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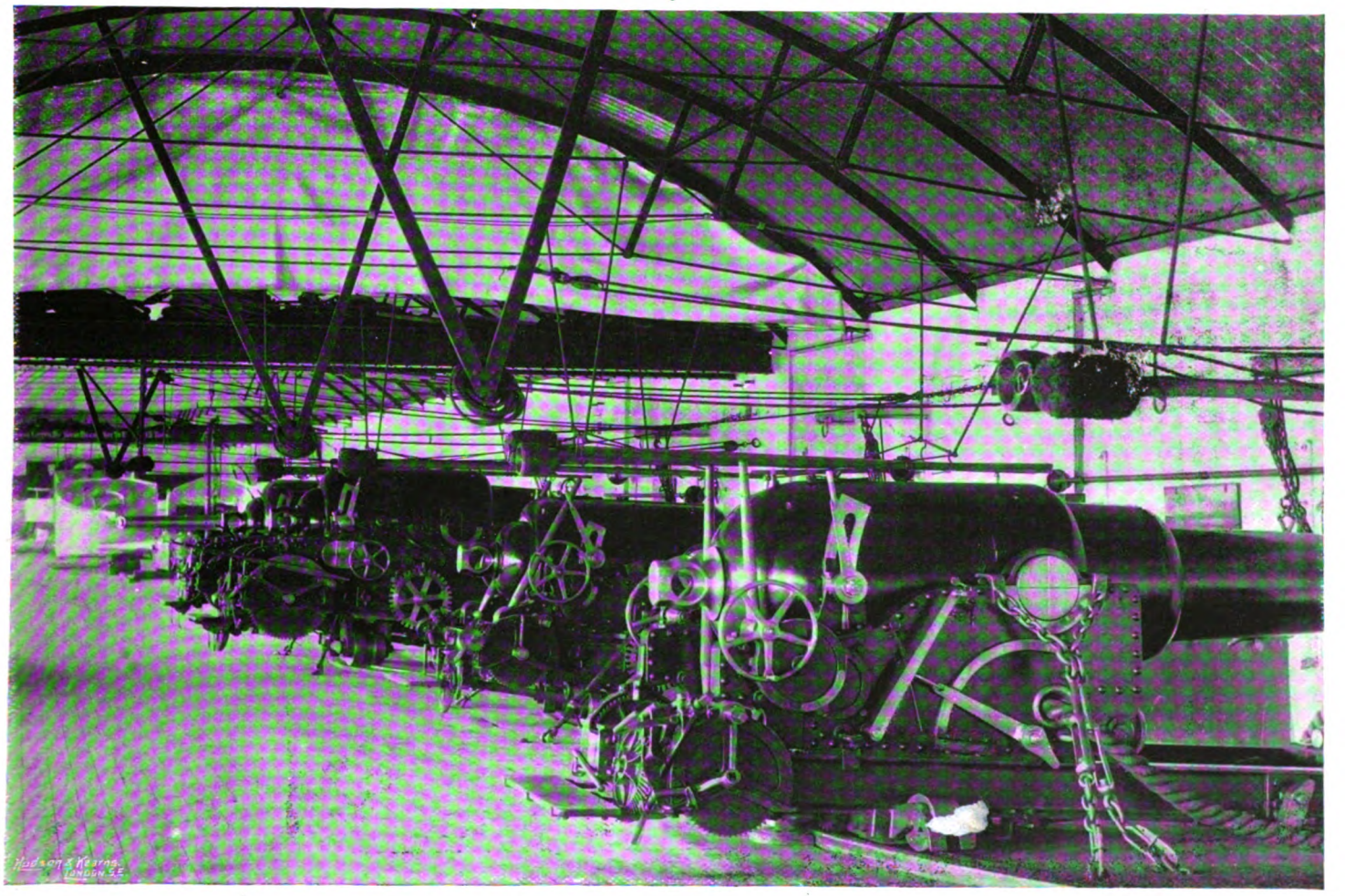
A BATTERY OF BREECH LOADERS, DRILL SHED, WHALE ISLAND.

ONE of the features of the Gunnery Establishment is a magnificent drill shed in which are mounted heavy guns as in ships of war at sea. The first four guns shown here are 6-in. breech-loaders on Vavasseur Mountings. Above the guns is a board on which are shown the names of the ships which carry this particular description of gun and mounting. Further down the battery are 4-in. and 5-in. breech-loading guns, and at the end there is a 6-in. quick firer in a casement, as on the main deck of the "Royal Sovereign" and her sister ships.



Photos. by RUSSELL & SONS, *Southsea.*

A BATTERY OF MUZZLE LOADERS, DRILL SHED, WHALE ISLAND.

AS some of our older ships are armed with muzzle loaders, it is necessary that the instructional course in the gunnery school should comprise drill with this description of ordnance. Indeed every kind of gun in the Service is to be found in this splendid collection of weapons. Here we see guns such as are mounted in the "Téméraire" and "Alexandra," two 10-in. 18 ton, and two 9-in. 12 ton muzzle loading guns, while further down the battery are some of a later description, including 4·7 in. and 6-in. quick firing guns.

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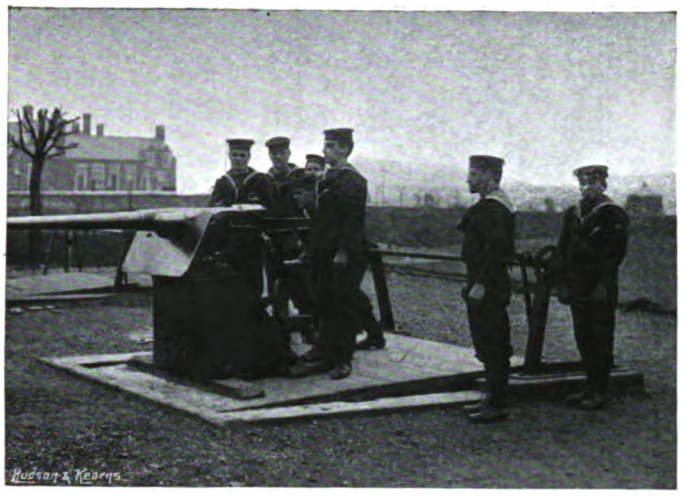

3-POUNDER QUICK-FIRER ON ROLLING MOTION PLATFORM.

THE BUTTS, WHERE NAVAL GUN-MOUNTINGS ARE PROVED.

6-INCH QUICK-FIRING GUN BEING LOADED.

6-INCH BREECH-LOADING GUNS READY FOR FIRING.

Photos. RUSSELL & SONS, Southsea.

THE AMMUNITION ROOM, WHALE ISLAND.

THIS set of five pictures illustrates some of the principal sights and scenes at Whale Island. In the ammunition room are placed specimens of all descriptions of projectiles, propellants, cartridges, powder cases, &c., in use in the Service. The drills in progress with the 6-in. breech-loader, 6-in. quick-firer, and 3 pr. Hotchkiss quick-firer are such as form, naturally, a part of the seaman-gunner's instruction. A special feature in connection with the Hotchkiss gun is that it is mounted on a platform by which the rolling motion of the ship can be imitated. At the butts all Naval mountings up to and including those for the 9·2 in. guns are proved. The guns' crews are seamen pensioners, and the whole of the work in connection with this service is under Lieutenant F. E. POULTER, R.N., assisted by Mr. FOWENS, gunner.

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Photo. RUSSELL & SONS, Southsea.

THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "EXCELLENT."

IN this group are shown nearly all the principal officers attached to the School of Gunnery at Whale Island. In order that an officer may draw full pay his name must appear on the books of a ship, and although the old "Excellent" no longer exists for the purpose, a gunboat has been named after her, and to this vessel the people on Whale Island are assumed to belong. In the centre of the group of Officers is Captain JEFFREYS, with Commander BAYLY, and Lieutenant BROWNING, the senior of the Staff Officers. Commander EWART, who has since been appointed to the "Grafton," is also here, and the other Lieutenants on the Staff. There are, in addition, a Lieutenant of Marines, with the Medical and Accountant Staff, but the Chaplain of the Island is absent.

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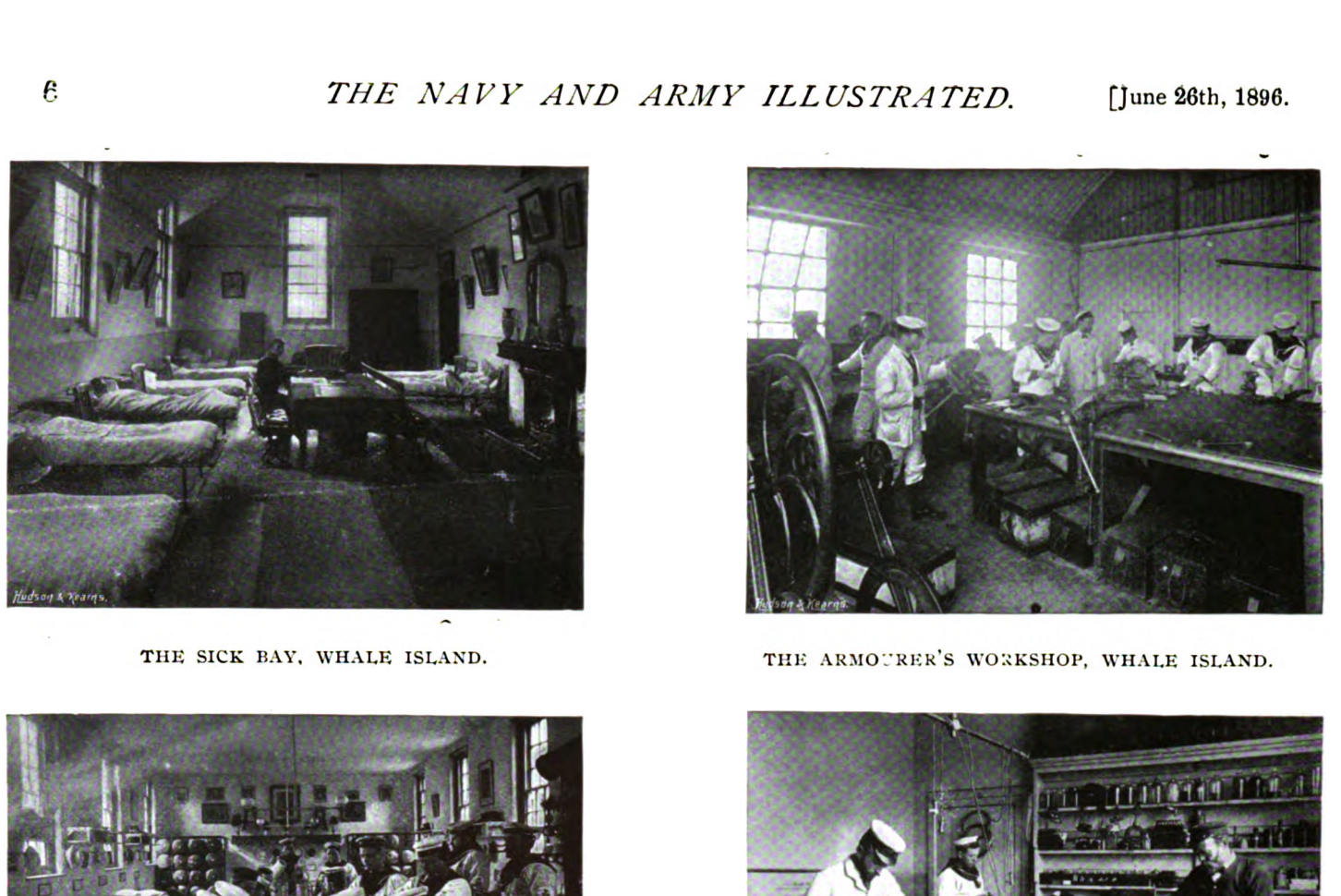
THE SICK BAY, WHALE ISLAND.

THE ARMOURER'S WORKSHOP, WHALE ISLAND.

A BARRACK ROOM, WHALE ISLAND.

THE ELECTRIC WORKSHOP, WHALE ISLAND.



Photos. RUSSELL & SONS, Southsea.

A CLASS OF SEAMEN AT AMMUNITION INSTRUCTION.

THE illustrations here given take us into the interior of the Island buildings. The apartment in the Barracks is an example of thirty-two rooms in the men's quarters at Whale Island. This particular room is occupied by the experimental party; carefully selected petty officers who carry out the trials of new war material. The medical staff of the island consists of a fleet surgeon, three surgeons, and two sick berth stewards, and here is the ward for the reception of the sick and hurt. Bad cases are sent over to the Naval Hospital at Haslar. The armourer's workshop, and that devoted to the repair of electric gun circuits, firing batteries, telephones, &c., do not need description. The larger ture, shows P.O. MITCHELL engaged in instructing a class of bluejackets in the use of different descriptions of iles and propellants to be found in the Naval Service.

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Photo. RUSSELL & SONS, *Southsea.*

"THE QUARTER-DECK," WHALE ISLAND.

THE original gunnery school for the Navy was on board H.M.S. "Excellent," commissioned for that purpose in 1833. Whale Island, then a mere patch above high water mark, was annexed in 1862, and within the last few years the present island, now widely increased by reclamation, has entirely taken the place of the ship. It was natural, however, that the customs of the island should continue to be those of the old liner, and thus it is that before instruction commences in the forenoon and afternoon the men are fallen in by classes on the "Quarter-Deck," a paved space in front of the building in which is the Ammunition Room, just as they would be after divisions afloat. They are then marched off to their various places of instruction, the buglers sounding a march.

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PRIZES WON by the TEAMS of the "EXCELLENT" and WHALE ISLAND.

THE prizes shown here have been, with one exception, won by teams for rifle and pistol shooting at the Aldershot and Southern District Rifle Meetings. At the latter meeting in 1895, the "Excellents" won 8 trophies out of 10 shot for. The one cup amongst the collection which was not obtained by good shooting was won in North Wales by the football team last year.

Photos. RUSSELL & SONS, Southsea.

THE WARD ROOM, WHALE ISLAND (H.M.S. "EXCELLENT.")

THE origin of the term "ward room," as used in the Royal Navy, is wrapped in obscurity, but it is popularly supposed to have been derived from guard room, though no very good grounds have been shown for such an assumption. Originally the mess room and living place of the lieutenants and the master, its use was afterwards extended to the marine officers, chaplains, pursers, surgeons, and engineers. In the modern navy all officers except the captain, and the juniors of the combatant, engineering and accountant branches use the ward room. At Whale Island the mess room in the officers' quarters is so called, and here all the officers of "ward room rank," whether on the staff of the island or under training take their meals.

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Whale Island: The Naval Gunnery School at Portsmouth.

HARDLY any of your readers, outside the Navy, are aware of the existence of this island, and of the work done there; when I tell them that it is the successor of the old "Excellent," will they be any wiser? I doubt it, and therefore I will briefly trace the history of this Naval School, the importance of which increases daily with the growth of our Navy.

Many years gone by Sir Howard Douglas (the son of Sir Charles Douglas, who was first captain, or, as it is sometimes called, captain of the fleet to Sir George Rodney at the time of his command in the West Indies, when among other achievements he saved England at the battle of Dominica, fought on April 12th, 1782) awoke the Admiralty to the necessity of a more thorough training in gunnery and a uniform system of drill. The result of his representations was the establishment of the H.M.S. "Excellent" as a school of gunnery at Portsmouth, in the year 1832, under the command of Captain Sir Thomas Hastings, familiarly known as "Old Stings." The original idea was to produce, by means of instructors from the Marine Artillery, a class of "seamen gunners" and seamen "gunnery instructors," trained in the use of great guns, who should be continuous service men and who should form a nucleus of the ships' companies. The officers trained here were also, in sea-going ships, to carry out the gunnery drills and to supervise the gunner in the execution of his duties. Further, they almost immediately took on themselves the duties hitherto performed by the junior lieutenants, under the name of "lieutenant at arms," of instructing and exercising the ship's company in the use of small arms. In the present day the duties of a gunnery lieutenant comprise, besides his ordinary work as a naval lieutenant, the entire responsibility for the condition and efficiency of the armament, together with the ability of the crew to make use of the same.

The "Excellent" continued in use for the purpose indicated until about 1839, when she was relieved by the "Boyne," which was in turn relieved by the "Queen Charlotte," (which had carried the flag of Sir EDWARD PELLEW, afterwards Lord EXMOUTH, at Algiers, in 1816), both of these ships however being re-named "Excellent" when they were appropriated for her duties. The last of the three was sold to a firm of ship-breakers in 1891; her figure-head however, which shows that Queen Charlotte had a well developed bust, still remains at Whale Island, being placed at the extremity of the gun battery.

Whale Island (which at the time was a small excrescence of dry land of some ten acres in extent on one corner of the mud banks which, for the most part block all Portsmouth Harbour above the dockyard) was, about 1851, appropriated to the "Excellent" as a drill ground for the instruction of the "seamen gunners" in the use of what may be termed "land service" arms. In 1866 a small building had been put up, which in an old photograph is described as "The Excellent House that Jack Built." The extension of the dockyard, however (commenced about 1868), required a place where the soil excavated from the new basins could be deposited, and for this purpose Whale Island was selected; it was connected by a pile viaduct with the dockyard and invaded by convict labour.

I can quite imagine in my own mind the kind of language used by the officer who was then the first lieutenant of the "Excellent" at this invasion, but I doubt whether he could have realised that the extension works, together with the two docks recently completed, would convert this almost half-tide mud flat into an island of nearly eighty acres with living accommodation on it for some seventy officers and nine hundred men.

As it stands at present we find on the north side a certain extent of newly-made ground, the result of the recent excavations to form the two new dry docks in the dockyard, then a miscellaneous cluster of wash-houses, the galley or kitchen, canteen, racquet court, and bowling alley. To the southward of these are the eight blocks standing in a column facing to the west in which the men live. To the southward of these again is a line of buildings for the officers facing the upper or summer parade of fifteen and a half acres, also used as cricket and lawn tennis ground. This parade has on its eastern side the gymnasium and lecture rooms, and on its western the gun batteries. On its southern side is the lower parade of four acres, drill shed for wet weather, quarter mile bicycle track, and the proving ground where every hand-worked gun mounting in the navy is tested by firing a certain number of full charges before it is sent afloat.

To describe what is carried out at Whale Island it will be best to follow the entire work of a day, and we must, therefore imagine that at about half-past six some morning we are wending our way along Commercial Road, Landport, following an apparently endless stream of sailors returning from their night's leave, until, down a terrace of small houses, we catch sight of a number of red brick buildings with a white flag staff in front. Turning here with the stream we find that we have entered Admiralty property, and if low tide, we can walk across a causeway to the island; at high tide a boat is necessary. Arriving on the island, the bluejackets hasten off to their respective messes, where all hands are in process of "cleaning," that is dressing themselves or shifting from the "rig" they wear ashore to the suit in which they drill. At 7.30 "Divisions" sound, and everyone falls in on what is known as the "Quarter Deck," a paved portion of the upper parade. There all the men are mustered, and any orders for the ensuing day read out. Finally everyone is marched off to his station for "cleaning ship."

By nine o'clock the rooms and drill sheds have been scrubbed out, the mess gear cleaned, the guns polished, and the island generally is ready for work. The "Divisions" bugle is once more sounded, but this time all Church of England officers and men assemble first in the gymnasium, where, in accordance with the "article of war," which dates from the reign of Elizabeth, and prescribes that "divine service according to the liturgy of the Church of England shall be daily performed," a short service is conducted. Then, after an inspection by the officers in charge of the

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various branches of instructions, at the first lieutenant's orders—"Fours outwards, Quick March!" the classes under instruction are marched off to the various places assigned to them.

Let us now walk round the island. We start at the "ammunition room," where everything connected with the charges and projectiles of all guns in the service, the use of fireworks, etc., is taught. As we enter, the eye is at once caught by a magnificent bronze wreath on the northern wall. It was presented by the Italian government in memory of two gallant British sailors who lost their lives in attempting to save the unfortunate passengers of the steamer "Utopia," which foundered at Gibraltar after colliding with H.M.S. "Anson." In the centre of the room is a fine collection of plate, which represents the prizes won by the "Excellent's" men at various rifle matches, whilst more prizes and photographs of winning teams alternate with pictures of fuzes and other details on the walls. Around the room are arranged some half-dozen classes at different tables, each with their own instructor, who in one case is describing the manufacture of cordite; in another is assuring his audience that "the bottom is marked top, to prevent mistakes"; whilst in the centre of the room a class is being initiated into the mystery of opening a pentagon powder case.

From the ammunition room we pass to the lecture room, where at one end the hydraulic lecturer is explaining to a class of sub-lieutenants the effect of friction on the velocity of water in a pipe; at the other end the mysteries of gun construction are in process of revelation to what is known as the "short course," that is a class of lieutenants who only join for a two months' course of instruction.

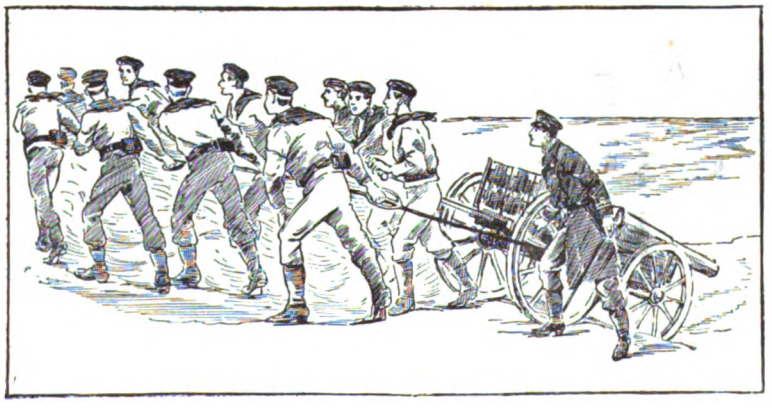
Our next object of interest is the Gymnasium, where a class of men intended for gymnastic instructors are learning the Italian sword exercise, but the weather being fine the other gymnastic instruction is being carried on out of doors. From the gymnasium we pass across the upper parade, where "Field exercise," which may be briefly described as infantry drill, is the order of the day, and glance as we go by at the lower parade where the battery of field guns is going through the drill now so popular with the London public. At the south-west corner of the upper parade ground we enter the light quick-firing gun battery, where Maxims, Nordenfelts, and Gardners represent the machine (that is the "man-killing") guns; whilst a three and six-pounders Nordenfelt and Hotchkiss, and the new Elswick twelve-pounders, represent the anti-torpedo boat guns.

Our next visit is to see the heavy gun battery which may be described as the "piece de resistance" of the island. Here in a shed some 600 feet long are to be found types of all the various guns in use in the navy, from the little four-inch, weighing only about a ton, with its tiny projectile of twenty-five pounds weight, up to the massive 9·2 inch of 22 tons weight and the shorter muzzle loading 10-inch gun of 18 tons, each of which throws a projectile of about 400 lbs. in weight. Round each gun is a class, in some cases working the gun with that dash and vigour that only the British bluejacket is capable of, in others having the gun or mounting described to them, whilst an armourers' class are stripping the mounting of a 4·7 inch quick-firer. As we pass down the battery we hear from various instructors a medley of orders of this sort: "Inside the cylinder is a valve key which"—"Lie down"—"Ten knots right deflection"—"On the bow the 'Vernon'"—"Carry on"—"Ten degrees of elevation," until arriving at the north end we find a complete model of a casemate similar to those built in the "Royal Sovereign" and other ships to protect their auxiliary armament. As we leave the north end of the battery a succession of reports attracts our attention and we espy a class at revolver practice in the pistol gallery, whilst in the distance some slight puffs of bluish haze point out to us where the rifle shooting practice is going on at Tipnor rifle range, and an immense red flag flying from a hulk up the harbour, the "Nettle," late "Thunderer," whose many honourable scars testify to the warmth of the enemy's fire at Acre, shows us that an armour plate is being tested on board her by the experimental party.

Of course, in a close harbour like Portsmouth, practically no firing from heavy guns can take place, but to make up for this a small fleet consisting of the ironclad "Hero" and 9 gun-boats are attached to the island, and one day a week the torpedo boat destroyers, that are employed instructing stokers, are made use of to exercise the classes in firing at rapidly moving targets. Besides being used for target practice the 'Hero" is also employed for the instruction in hydraulic gun drill, and her one turret may really be described as revolving all and nearly every day, for the following number who went through the "Excellent" in the year 1895 all had to use it:—185 officers; 30 men passing for gunners; 133 passing for instructors; 290 passing for captain of turrets and guns; 1,840 passing for seamen gunners; 32 passing for gymnastic instructors; 144 passing for armourers; and 81 passing for divers.

Drill continues, with the exception of an hour's interval for dinner at noon, until past three, when the classes are dismissed and four-fifths of the men are at liberty to go ashore or to amuse themselves in any rational way they think fit. Cricket in summer or football in winter are, of course, the great features, but the billiard-room in the canteen, and the bowling alley are in request, whilst the pistol and rifle ranges are open for private practice. In the evening a concert or dance is held almost nightly in the canteen until ten o'clock, when the lights in the seamen's quarters are extinguished for the night. For the use of the officers there is a racquet court and a set of clay pigeon traps, but with the younger ones the most popular amusement after drill hours appears to be tea and tennis or croquet with the assistance of some fair friends who, as is usual in the case of their sex, look on a sea life as one large picnic. Occasionally, too, a small dance, or sometimes a ball, is given when the poor misogynist is driven to retreat to the Naval Club or is unexpectedly called away by a gun trial at Plymouth.

After a short flirtation with the "ram" and the "torpedo," the general concensus of Naval opinion has returned to its first love, the "gun," as the weapon which will win the actions of the future and on which Great Britain must rely. Now no tool, however perfect it may be, is at its best unless in the hands of a workman who understands thoroughly how to use it, so that it is of little use our possessing the finest weapons in the world unless our seamen know how to handle them; and, although in peace time a man may be trained in the use of the weapons on board his own ship, in war time it may become necessary to transfer him to another vessel armed with a different type of gun. It is in these circumstances that the thoroughness of our seamen's training will I think tell; the object in the "Excellent" for the last sixty-four years has been to produce a seaman-gunner who can go anywhere and be thoroughly at home at once with any weapon; how we have succeeded the next war will tell.



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R.H.A. In Action.

THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.

THE Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, though unable to boast of so long a history as one or two of our English Public Schools, has been in existence for upwards of a century and-a-half.

Instituted in 1719, it was finally established in 1741 by Royal Warrant of King George II., for the purpose of providing trained officers for the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers; a duty which it may be said to have performed satisfactorily ever since.

In its early days entrance would appear to have been gained by nomination, and each cadet on joining was granted a "warrant," enjoining him to "carefully and diligently discharge the duties of a gentleman cadet." The limits as to age must have been extremely liberal, for a cadet writing to his mother in 1750, describes his friend as a middle-aged gentleman of about 30, of sober and sedate aspect, who hopes shortly to obtain his commission. It was not until over a century later, in 1857, that the present system of gaining admission by open competitive examination was first instituted.

Towards the close of last century the regulations as to the manner of wearing the hair were not only elaborate but severe. It was to be combed back with powder and pomatum and tied in a queue, and those gentlemen whose length of hair did not admit of this were to endeavour to promote the growth of it as much as possible, under penalty of degradation. In 1810 a dancing master was found necessary at a salary of £90 a year; a charge which, we imagine, would be as little to the taste of the modern taxpayer as the hair dressing regulations then in force would be to the cadet of the present day.

The façade and the older portions of the present group of buildings were designed by Sir Jeffery Wyattville, finished and occupied in 1806; but the large centre block containing the entire military and historical library was burnt out in 1873, and rebuilt soon afterwards. Since 1806 the structural additions have been numerous and varied. They include new wings for barrack accommodation, a school-of-arms and gymnasium, chemical laboratories, workshops, racquet courts, swimming bath, and other buildings devoted either to instruction or to recreation.

ROYAL ENGINEERS,
Officers, Review Order & Undress.

A photographic studio, fitted with dark rooms and all the necessary appliances was added in 1892. It is under the charge of Mr. Higgins, late R.E., and many cadets avail themselves of the chances which it affords of learning photography. Specimens of the work turned out may be seen in the illustrations accompanying this article, which, with one exception, were all taken from photographs produced there.

The Academy is organised on a military basis, and the first lesson that a cadet has to learn on joining is, that he is subject to discipline. The whole institution is under the command of a general officer, selected alternately from the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers. He is styled the governor, and has as his staff-officer a colonel of Artillery with the official title of Assistant Commandant and Secretary. The latter is in executive command of the cadet company, and is responsible for the instruction of the cadets in all drills and military exercises. He is assisted by a captain as adjutant and quartermaster, and three subalterns, all officers of Artillery, each subaltern being in command of one of the three administrative divisions into which the company is divided. The cadets themselves take military precedence as follows: At their head is a "Senior Under Officer" who has senior military rank to all other cadets; the next in grade are the "Under officers," of whom there are three on the establishment. One of these is told off to each division, assists the subaltern officer in charge of it, and commands it on parade in his absence. There are also a certain number of corporals who take their turn as "corporal on duty" of their division, and perform other duties, such as drilling defaulters, marching sick to hospital, and taking charge of houses.

With regard to the course of instruction it necessarily embraces both theory and practice; and, ranging as it does from heavy gun drill to higher mathematics, requires a numerous staff to superintend it. The subjects studied are artillery, fortification, military surveying, tactics, mathematics, chemistry, and electricity; French, German, and landscape drawing.

The Arsenal is largely made use of for instruction in the practical part of the artillery course, and military equitation naturally forms a very important branch of a cadet's training.

Unlike Sandhurst, there is no riding-school attached to the Academy, consequently the instruction is carried out at the R.A. barracks by the staff of the Royal Artillery Riding Establishment, under the general management of its superintendent. Riding is practised during the last three terms of residence, and as the number of attendances in the school averages about 140 for the whole course, a cadet has every chance of being a fair horseman when recommended for his commission.

With regard to the remainder of the course, instruction in the purely military subjects is given by officers of the Artillery and Engineers, but the Mathematical French and German staffs are entirely civilian, while those for some of the others are partly civilian, partly military.

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In addition to the above, there is a considerable subordinate staff of warrant and non-commissioned officers, who occupy the position of drill and gymnastic instructors, clerks, etc. Their duties are responsible, and demand qualifications beyond mere smartness on parade and excellence of character, consequently the greatest care is exercised in their selection. Sergeant-Major Gray, Mr. Allen, R.A., the superintending clerk, and Quartermaster Sergeant Earnshaw have all over sixteen years' service at the Academy.

The entrance examinations are competitive; they are held twice a year, and the number of vacancies to be competed for is duly advertised beforehand. Applicants must be between the ages of sixteen and eighteen, and subject to these limits can compete three times. The duration of the course is two years, and consists of four terms. It is not until the end of the first year, or second term, that a cadet knows whether he will be appointed to the Royal Artillery or Royal Engineers. His corps is then decided by his place in class, the result partly of his term's work; partly of examinations held at the end of each term by independent examiners, unconnected in any way with the institution; cadets being allowed to select their corps according to their class seniority so far as the vacancies available permit.

During their last year of residence, they are separated for purposes of study into Artillery and Engineer Divisions on account of the difference in technical training which the duties of the two corps demand. This system of "bifurcation," as it is called, was adopted in 1891. Prior to that date the choice of corps was made at the end of the whole course on the result of the total number of marks obtained.

The uniform of the cadet company is neat and workmanlike, the full dress consisting of a helmet with gilt plate and fittings, tunic, and overalls of dark blue cloth, the former with red collar and piping, the latter with a red stripe. Sword-belts and cross-belts (the latter worn only by the under officers) are of white enamelled leather. Corporals are distinguished by a loop of gold lace on the cuff, and an edging of the same on the collar. Under officers wear the Austrian knot on the sleeve, in place of the loop, while the senior under officer is still further distinguished by a tracing of narrow gold braid on the collar and sleeve knot. In undress a plain dark blue patrol jacket and forage cap with gold band is worn. In mess dress the tunic is replaced by a shell jacket of blue with red edging and red waistcoat; while for gun-drill and repository exercises a jumper and overalls of white canvas are worn. As a battalion on parade the cadet company is armed with the Martini-Metford carbine and bayonet, swords being then worn only by the under officers and a few of the senior corporals.

The Royal Military Academy is known throughout the Services as "The Shop," but the origin of this term is uncertain. Up to quite recently there were many quaint customs and rules of etiquette, which, though entirely unofficial, were strictly observed by the cadets according to seniority of standing. As an example of this the last-joined cadets or "snookers" on appearing at the school-of-arms on band nights had to sit in the gallery until told to come down by the (cadet) band corporal, usually after the first piece had been played, when they remained standing by the doors unless asked to walk round by a cadet of senior term. Second term cadets were excused these formalities, but could not invite "snookers" to walk round nor to sit down, and had to appear in uniform; while "third termers" and upwards might attend in flannels and enjoy themselves at their ease generally.

A snooker seen wearing his chin strap up was considered to have been guilty of irregularity, and another old institution which died very hard and is worthy of a passing remark was the "Snooker Concert." Shortly after the commencement of a term, a notice would be passed round in hall that "the last joined gentlemen proposed to give a concert on a certain date, and that all were cordially invited to attend." This was accompanied by a programme on which every snooker's name was down for a song in character, and each had to take his "turn" whether he had a note of music in his composition or not. The concert hall was a passage in one of the front houses, the platform a barrack-room table. These concerts were usually organized by the second term cadets, and the preparations included a liberal supply of sponges and "tosh cans" full of water, the former being hurled with more or less accuracy of aim at the performers, according to the fancy of the audience, but usually with strict impartiality. When the numbers on the programme were exhausted, certain of the senior cadets would condescend to oblige with a song, and the company generally broke up a few minutes before "rounds" with the impression of having spent a pleasant and profitable evening. Offences against the social etiquette of "The Shop" were also punished by "running up," or "turning up," as it was previously called. The barrack-room beds were provided with a hinge about three feet from the head to admit of their being folded up when not in use, and this fact was often taken advantage of to express disapprobation when the occupant was asleep in bed.

These and many other similar customs were formerly in vogue. They were rarely abused and still more rarely resented, and undoubtedly did their share towards keeping up a spirit of discipline. The reduction of the course from five terms to four, and the introduction of a single batch of eighty cadets caused them to lapse some years since, and very few still survive.

The following may be taken as an example of the average daily routine at the R. M. A.:—Reveillé sounds at 6.15 a.m., and defaulters are drilled from 6.30 to 7. The breakfast hour is 7.15. At 7.50 the sick are taken to hospital by a corporal detailed for that duty. 8.15 to 9.45 is occupied by the "first study," 8.15 being also the hour at which classes for the riding school are paraded and marched off. There is an interval of a quarter of an hour between the first and second study for all cadets, except those whose presence is required at the orderly room, where offences are dealt with and general administrative business conducted. Second study lasts from 10 o'clock to 11.45, as a general rule, but in certain cases of practical outdoor work, is prolonged to 1 or sometimes to 3 p.m.

The next important event on the card is lunch at 1.15 p.m., while at 2 and 1.10 parades are held for riding and company drill respectively, according to class.

The interval between 3.15 and 5.15 is free, except for those studying languages and landscape drawing, who have an attendance to put in from 4 to 5. This interval is usually spent according to time of year and individual inclination at the cricket nets or in the racquet courts, while the revolver gallery, swimming baths, tennis courts, etc., are rarely to be found unoccupied. A substantial afternoon tea, colloquially known as "Coffee Lunch," is on the hall table from 4.45 to 5.15 p.m., and there is a third study of two hours' duration from 5.15 to 7.15. The obligatory portion of the day's work is then practically over for all except those on duty. The dinner hour is at 7.30, and the remainder of the evening may be spent in the gymnasium, billiard-rooms, library, or work shop. On certain evenings in the week a portion of the Artillery String Band plays in the school-of-arms from 9 till roll call, which takes place at 10.30, all cadets except those on leave or special duty having to be present in their rooms and to answer to their names. The sounding of "lights out" at 11 concludes what may fairly be called a pretty useful day's work.

It will be seen from the foregoing programme that the time available for recreation is more limited than at a public school. Nevertheless all games and sports are prosecuted with the greatest zeal and energy, every encouragement being given by the authorities to that end.

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Photo. BALL, 17, Regent Street, S.W.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL EDWARD OSBORNE HEWETT, C.M.G.

THE Governor of the Royal Military Academy, Lieut.-General EDWARD OSBORNE HEWETT, C.M.G., was born in 1835. After being educated at Cheltenham College, he obtained his commission in the Royal Engineers on the 14th August, 1854. He was promoted to Field Rank on the 5th of July, 1872, and in 1876 was entrusted with the duty of establishing and organising the Royal Military College at Kingston, Canada; an institution which has not only supplied a proportion of officers to all branches of the Service ever since, but has also trained a large number of the officers of the Canadian Militia. In 1876 he was appointed Colonel on the staff as Commanding Royal Engineer of the Western District; was promoted Major General on the 14th June, 1890, and transferred to Chatham as Commandant of the School of Military Engineering in 1892, a position which he held until selected to succeed Lieut. General SIR WILLIAM STIRLING as Governor of the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich in 1895. He was promoted to his present rank on the 8th of May, 1895.

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LIEUTENANT-COLONEL F. A. YORKE, R.A.

SERGEANT-MAJOR C. GRAY, R.A.

THE STAFF OF THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.

THE present holder of the appointment of Secretary and Assistant Commandant is Lieutenant-Colonel F. A. YORKE, R.A., who occupies the same post which his father, General YORKE, held up to 1866 as Second Commandant and Director of Studies. A few changes have taken place in the *personnel* of the Staff, as shown in the illustration. The officer in the middle of the group is Lieutenant-General Sir WILLIAM STIRLING, K.C.B., who has been succeeded by General HEWETT as Governor, with Colonel J. MURRAY, R.A., who was Colonel YORKE's immediate predecessor, on his left. It will be noticed that the civilian element forms no inconsiderable portion of the instructional staff. Sergeant-Major C. GRAY, R.A., is the head of the warrant and non-commissioned officers attached to the Academy, and joined as a sergeant-instructor in 1880.

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THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WOOLWICH.

THE illustration shows the principal or northern facade of the building which, with the exception of the wings at the extreme ends, comprises the older portion of it and dates from 1806. The centre block, flanked by four octagonal towers, includes libraries on the ground floor with halls for study above. Gateways in the arcades, right and left of the centre block, give access to the inner court, beyond which again are the dining hall, orderly room, &c. The blocks of buildings beyond the arcades are occupied as quarters and consist of three houses each. The centre house of the eastern block is the official quarters of the Assistant Commandant, while the corresponding house on the western side is occupied by the Adjutant; the remaining ones consist of cadets' quarters.

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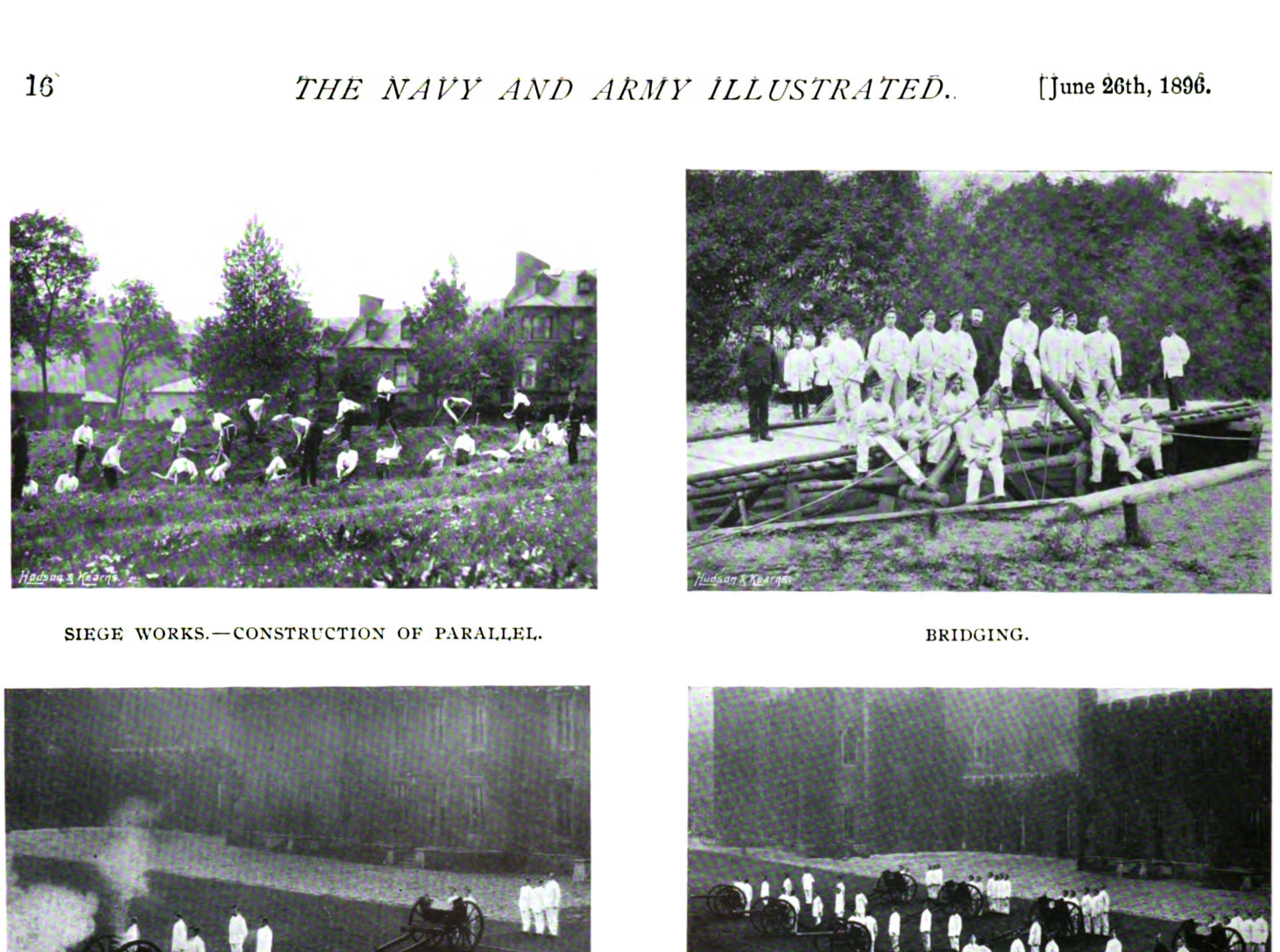
SIEGE WORKS.—CONSTRUCTION OF PARALLEL.

BRIDGING.

FIELD GUN DRILL.—FIRING BLANK.

FIELD GUN DRILL.



REPOSITORY DRILL WITH SHEERS.

ELEMENTARY Siege Works are carried out in a field specially devoted to the purpose, where the making of fascines, gabions, revetments, etc., is practised, as well as various forms of intrenchment. The first illustration shows a working party engaged on the second relief of a siege parallel, while in the second, a double lock field bridge has just been completed. Field Gun Drill with a battery of four 12-pounders is next represented, with a view of a squad practising with blank cartridge. The larger illustration shows an 80-pounder muzzle loader being lifted by means of sheers and crab capstan, the most difficult part of the operation being the erection of the sheers.

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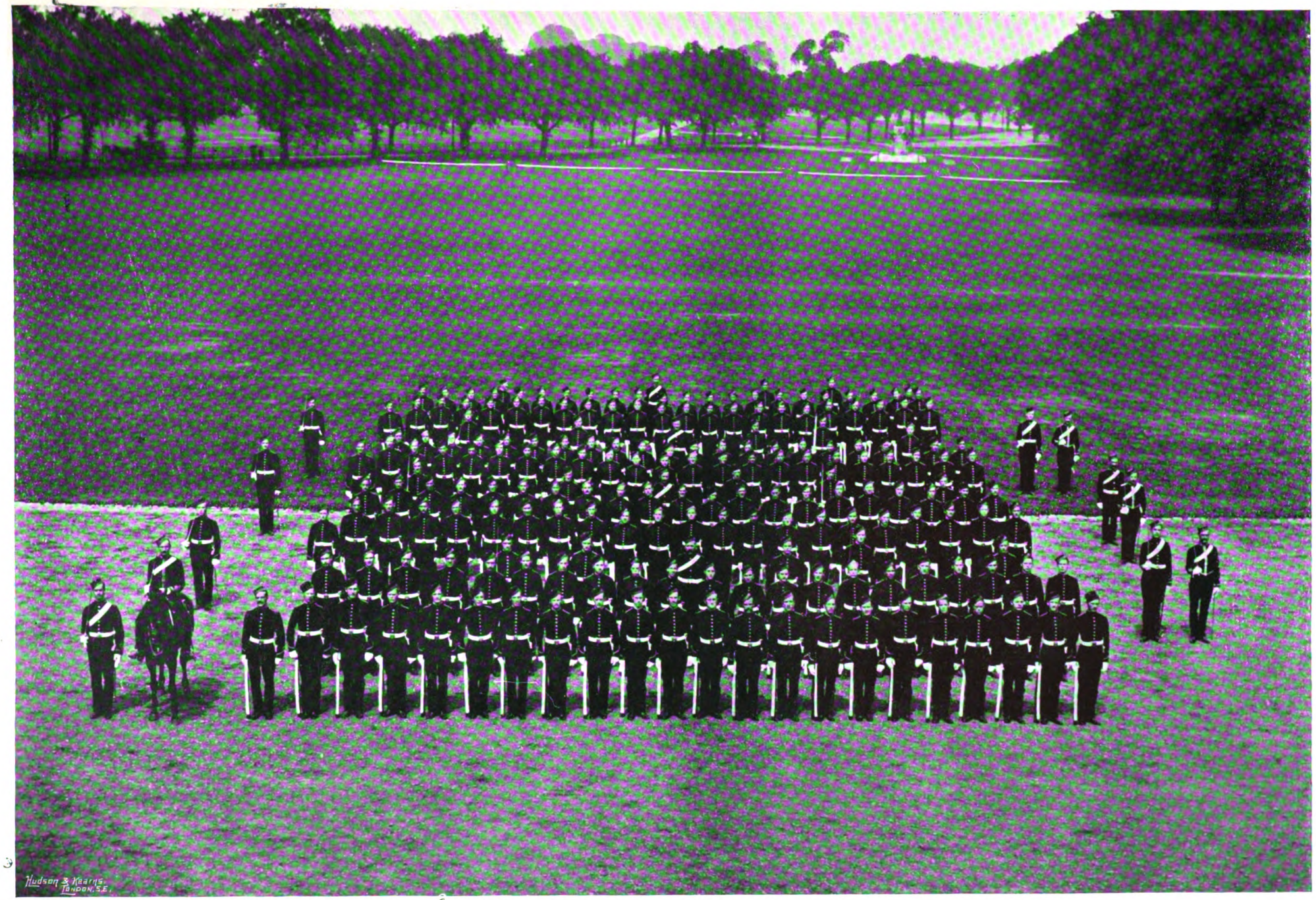

BATTALION DRILL PRELIMINARY TO INSPECTION.

THE inspection, which takes place at the close of each term, commences with a review of the cadet company on foot parade as a general test of efficiency at drill, smartness of turn-out, &c. After receiving the inspecting officer at open order with the general salute, the ranks are carefully inspected, the battalion marches past and then performs various evolutions under the command of certain of the senior cadets who are fallen out for the purpose, the whole concluding with an advance in review order. Unlike the R. M. College at Sandhurst there is no music attached to the establishment, and so the battalion is played past the saluting point by the Royal Artillery Band. In the illustration the cadet company is shown as a battalion of four companies in quarter column facing the centre building.

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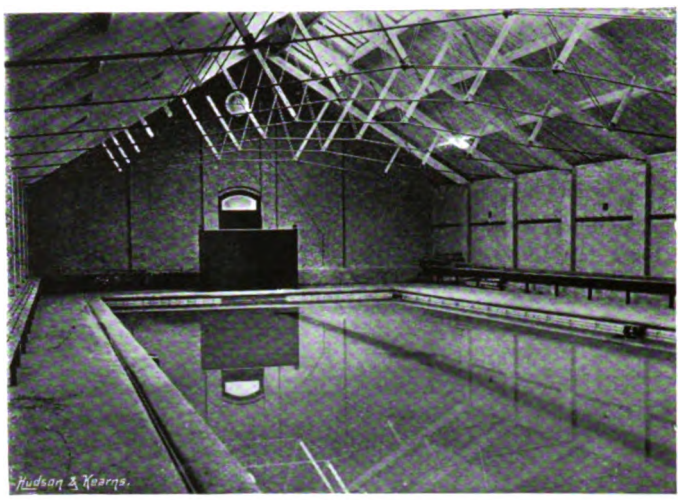
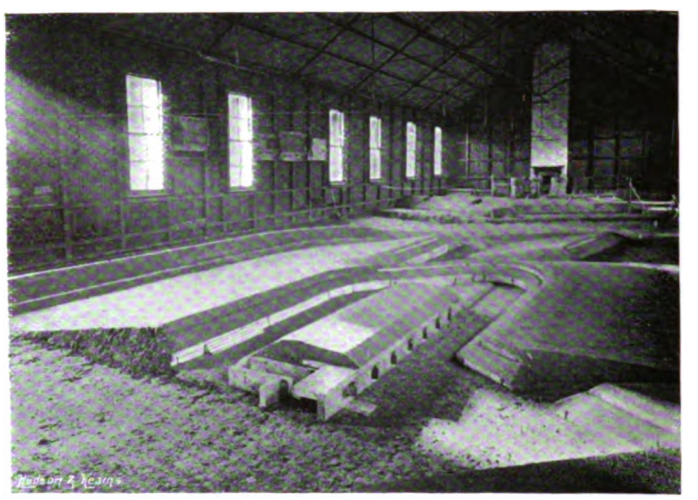
THE WORKSHOP.



THE SWIMMING BATH.

ONE OF THE LABORATORIES.



THE MODELLING SHED.

THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY CRICKET TEAM, 1895.

THE half-page illustration represents the Cricket Team of 1895 with the adjutant, Captain A. HANDLEY, R.A., an Officer who is most indefatigable as a coach in every branch of sport. The laboratory shown above is a new addition to the existing accommodation for the study of electricity and chemistry. The workshops are a commodious range of buildings, where instruction in carpentry and turning is given. In the modelling shed, models of various kinds of earthworks and fortifications are set up to small scales, a convenient compromise between theoretical and practical work, and one which often conveys a general idea more quickly and graphically than a plan would do. The addition of a swimming bath has been very much appreciated. Its dimensions are 90 ft. by 30 ft., with a depth of 3½ ft. to 6½ ft.

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ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.—THE SPORTS.

THE Academy is seldom seen to greater advantage than on the occasion of the annual athletic sports: the different events on the card are well contested as a rule and very fair times are often obtained. It is of interest to note that the first recognized athletic meeting ever held took place at the Royal Military Academy in 1850, having been organized by Captain EARDLEY WILMOT, who presented a silver challenge bugle to be held by the winner of the greatest number of events. In addition to these sports and generally about a week later an athletic competition with Sandhurst takes place, and although the Woolwich cadets are somewhat at a disadvantage as regards age and numbers, the results have on the whole been very evenly balanced so far the victory of Sandhurst this year having made the record exactly even. The illustration shows the half-mile handicap at the end of the first lap.

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THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.—THE SCHOOL OF ARMS.

THE School of Arms and Gymnasium were erected in 1862, and are practically the same building though only the former appears in the illustration. It is devoted to the practice of fencing, boxing, single stick, free gymnastics, etc., and assaults-at-arms are occasionally given there too. The walls are hung with trophies of different arms and also with shields, on which are inscribed the names of the winners of the Challenge Bugle and the Gymnastic Prize. Beneath are bowling alleys, one of which was recently converted into a gallery for revolver shooting. Periodical dances are given in the School of Arms, which possesses an excellent floor for the purpose.

THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY.—THE DINING HALL.

THE dining hall is perhaps the handsomest building the Academy can boast of, and its interior certainly resembles that of a chapel rather than of a mess-room. The windows are all fitted with stained glass; and between them are hung the banners and coats-of-arms of former governors of the Institution, while the panelling on the walls is inscribed with the names of the winners of the "Sword of Honour" and "Pollock Medal." It was enlarged in 1891, when a vestibule with side doors was added at the north end in place of the central entrance which had hitherto given access to it. The senior class do not use this hall, but have a mess-room of their own in another portion of the building.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. II.—NO. 15] FRIDAY, JULY 10th, 1896.

Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

VICE ADMIRAL SIR HENRY FAIRFAX, K.C.B.

ADMIRAL FAIRFAX, in the forty-six years of his service on the active list, has had a very distinguished career. He was specially promoted to Commander by the Admiralty for "great gallantry" while employed in the suppression of the Slave Trade off the south-east coast of Africa, and as captain and admiral there is hardly a naval office of importance that he has not filled with high credit to himself. As captain, among other posts he has been private secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, senior officer on the south-east coast of America, captain of the "Britannia" (the late DUKE OF CLARENCE and the DUKE OF YORK were in his charge), and A.D.C. to the Queen. He had also the good fortune to be the captain of the "Monarch" at the bombardment of Alexandria. As an admiral SIR HENRY FAIRFAX commanded on the Australian station, served as a Lord of the Admiralty, and finally, from 1892 to 1894, commanded the Channel Fleet. He was promoted to K.C.B. in the last Birthday Gazette.

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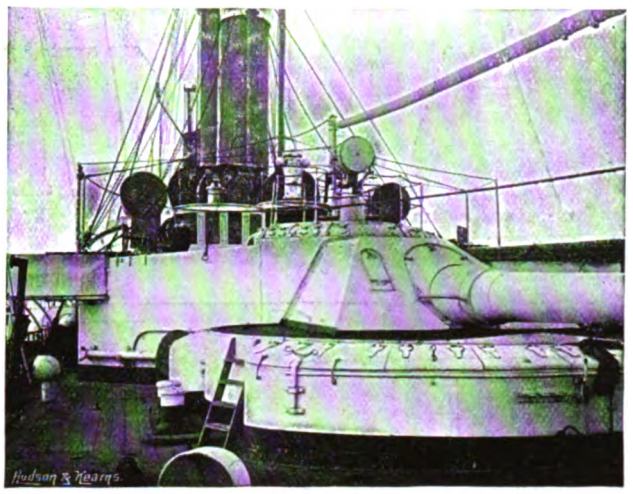
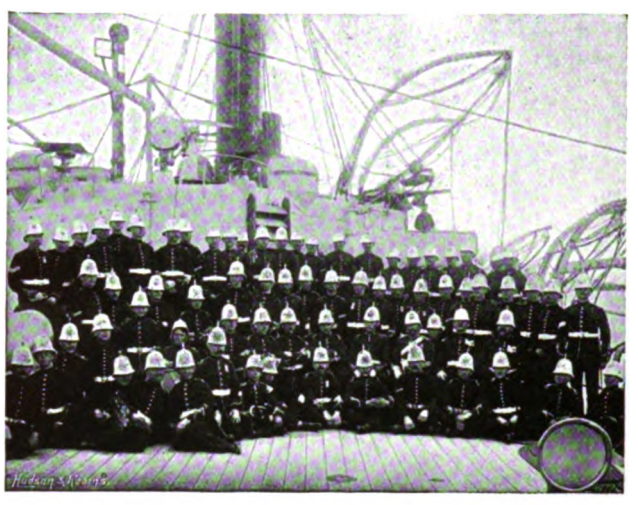


THE FORWARD BARBETTE.

THE PETTY OFFICERS.

THE BAND.



THE MARINES.

Photos. A. DEBENHAM, Southsea.

On BOARD the "IMPERIEUSE," the new FLAGSHIP in the PACIFIC.

AT head of everyone in the ship is Rear-Admiral PALLISER, the Commander-in-Chief on the station, and next to him are the Flag Captain, who is directly in charge of the ship, Captain ADAIR, and Commander CALTHORPE, the chief executive officer, an officer specially promoted for war service off the coast of Africa, and the youngest man of his rank in the Navy. The total number of officers in the "Impérieuse" is forty-three, including five warrant officers and the midshipmen and cadets, all of whom appear in the above illustration. The petty officers, appointed from the lower deck from men of superior education and intelligence, number two chief petty officers and thirty-one first and second-class petty officers, in addition to the artificers and the petty officers of the engine-room. The marines of the "Impérieuse" comprise seventy non-commissioned officers and men, gunners and infantry, under a Major and Lieutenant. The ship's band, whom we show, comprises a bandmaster, band corporal, and fifteen musicians, supplemented by volunteers from the crew, and is practically supported by the officers beyond the £15 to £20 annual allowance from the Admiralty. The forward barbette of the "Impérieuse," with its 22-ton gun protected by a redoubt of thick steel, forms another photograph.

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Phot. A. DEBENHAM, Southsea.

THE COMPANY OF THE "IMPERIEUSE."

EXCLUSIVE of the commissioned and warrant officers on board, the company of the first-class cruiser "Impérieuse" number in all, including the various ratings from petty officers downwards, the seamen, artificers, stokers and marines, in round figures, upwards of 520 men. They are seen here assembled on and about the forward barbette, where the bow-chaser 22-ton gun of the ship is mounted. They are allotted and organized in watches and divisions, each man having his own special station and duty to perform--general quarters for action, fire quarters, collision stations, boarding stations, boat stations, closing watertight door stations, and so on—and it is with the carrying out of these things, and practice and drill in regard to them, that the daily routine of life on board ship is principally taken up. That way smartness and efficiency against the hour of trial lies, each year that the ship remains in commission increasing the fighting value of her crew—a well-known fact.

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BOW VIEW, H.M.S. "TOURMALINE."

THE FIFE AND DRUM BAND.

H.M.S. "TOURMALINE" AT BERMUDA

"CEASE FIRING" (PORT BATTERY.)

THE LAST OF THE "GEMS":—H.M.S. "TOURMALINE."

THESE are some views of and on board the old third-class cruiser "Tourmaline," one of the last left of our "Gem" corvettes, which has lately returned to England from Bermuda, flying the pennant of Captain Sir RICHARD POORE, after eighteen years of service all over the world to pay off, and, as must inevitably follow, be condemned out of the service as obsolete. One photograph shows the men of the "Tourmaline" in harbour, at general quarters drill just after throwing themselves flat down on the deck on the order "Prepare to Ram" being given, in order to avoid injuries from the shock of the coming collision. Another gives the scene on deck, also during drill, while the men are practising broadside firing with the "Tourmaline's" 5-in. breechloaders (50-pdrs.) of the port side battery. The gun, part of the breech of which is seen to the right in the immediate foreground is a 6-in. gun, four of which pieces the ship mounts as her heaviest ordnance. Two other photographs show the "Tourmaline" herself, (one a bows-on view), and give a good idea of how ships have altered in the last twenty years – since 1875, when the "Gem" corvettes were ideals of their class, and yet another shows the men of the "Tourmaline's" fife and drum band.

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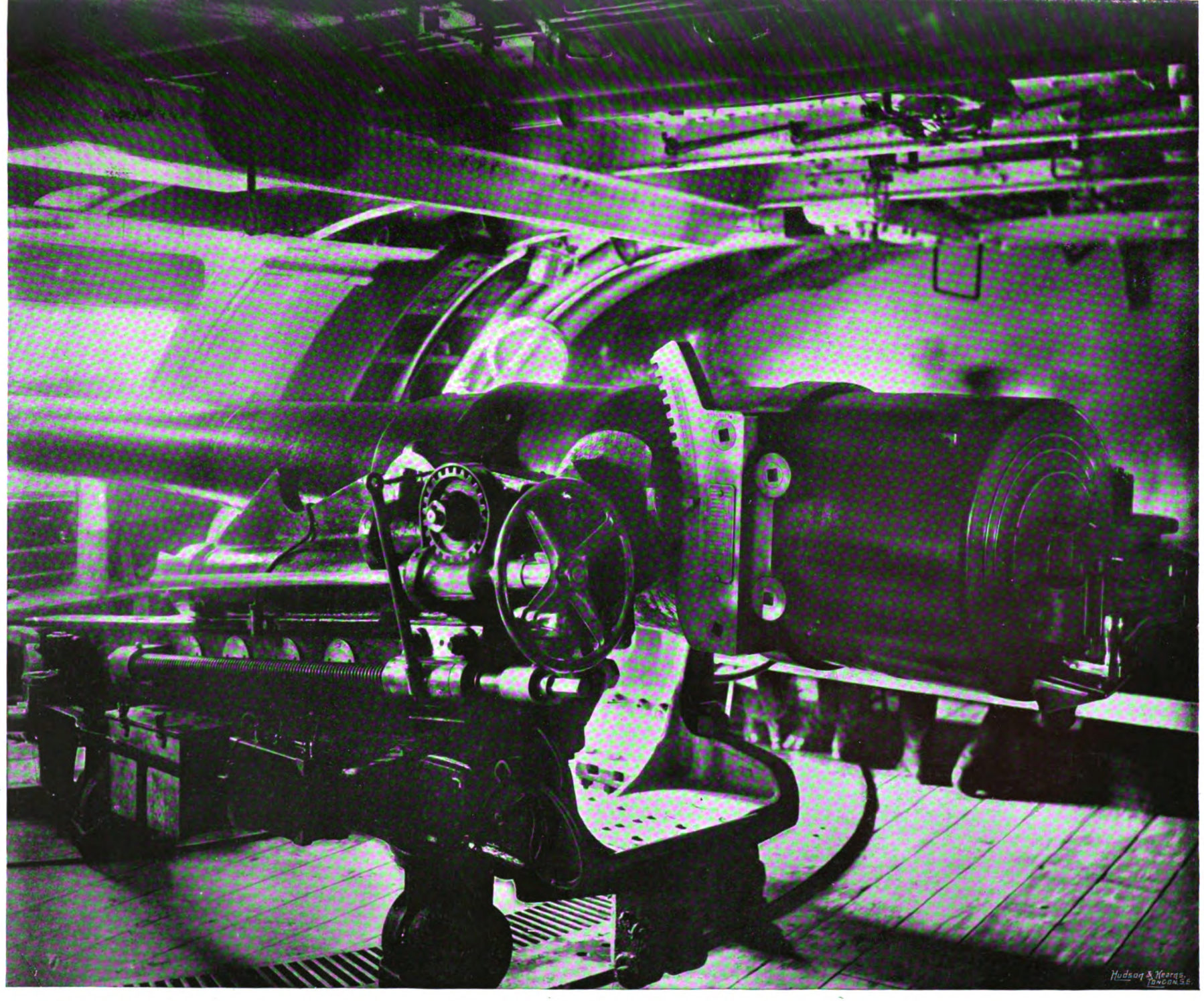

Photo. A. DEBENHAM, Southsea.

A 22-TON BREECHLOADER IN THE "IMPERIEUSE."

HERE we have one of the four heavy guns carried by the "Impérieuse," the 22-ton gun mounted amidships on the port side, on a sponson projecting over the side of the ship so as to be capable of firing nearly right ahead or astern, as well as on the broadside. The 22-ton gun was designed and introduced originally to arm the "Impérieuse" and her sister ship, the "Warspite." It is the smallest type of heavy breechloader carried in the modern ships of the Royal Navy, and can penetrate 17 inches of wrought-iron armour at 2,000 yards range. One of these guns fired the celebrated "Jubilee Shot" of 1887, attaining a range of 21,800 yards, or nearly twelve miles. Each gun costs upwards of £5,000, and fires 144 lbs. of powder as a charge. with a projectile of 380 lbs. weight—the round costing £33 The gun can fire practically a round a minute, can be "man handled" independently of machinery, can be loaded in any position.

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AT "PHYSICAL DRILL" ON BOARD THE "HOWE" AT MALTA.

IN these days of mastless Men-of-War, when there is no scope for sail drill and the exercise aloft that in past times used to keep the men of the Fleet on board ship in such splendid condition and health, other devices have to be made use of to provide a means of hardening the muscles of those who serve afloat. Here we see part of the "Howe's" company engaged at what is officially styled "Physical Drill," and the picture shows with what energy both Jack and Joe, the Marine, take to the exercise.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

CLEANING GUNS ON BOARD THE "RESOLUTION."

ONE of Jack's most constant cares is keeping clean the weapons of precision on which his ship relies for the fulfilment of her purpose. It is carried out as a matter of routine twice a day, when each man goes to his gun to polish and clean some part of its machinery and gear for twenty minutes or so. Every Saturday, in particular, also part of the morning is given up to the cleaning of the guns. Our photograph shows some men of the "Resolution at work in the forward barbette.

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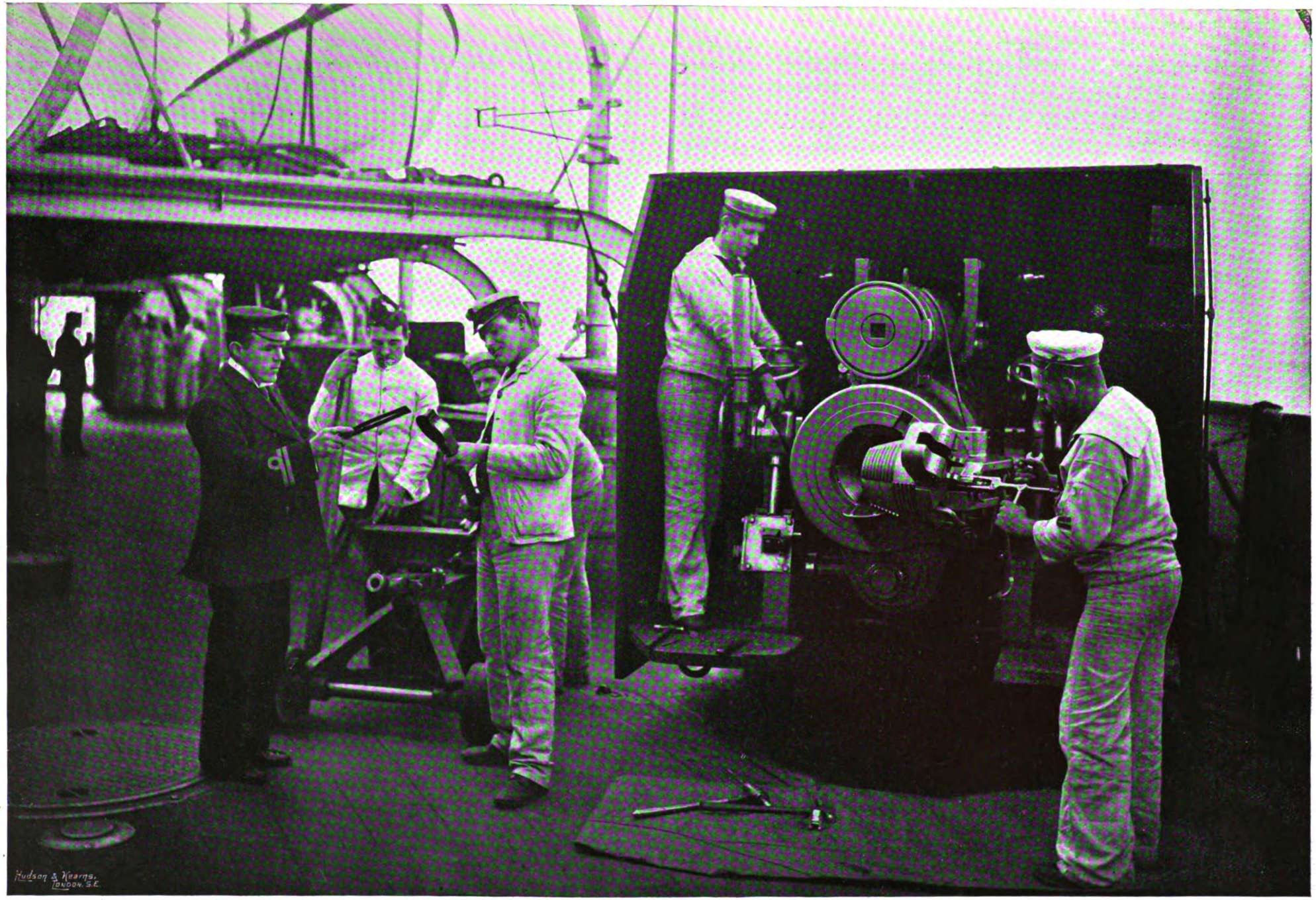

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

ARMOURERS OF THE "BLAKE" AT WORK ON A 6-in. QUICK-FIRER.

THE duties of the armourers on board ship, as the French say, express themselves. They have to do with everything connected with keeping in efficient working order the arms, small and great, of every kind. The armourers are classed under the general designation of "artificers," and, with the torpedo artificers, belong to the gunner's staff, as the special department in charge of that warrant officer. They examine and lubricate all gun fittings and mechanism every Monday morning as a matter of routine, and at all other times that may be necessary; execute all the repairs within their scope; and, with the members of the Carpenter's crew, see to the testing once a week and repairing of the fire engines and extincteur on board and the hoses. They are generally excused the inspection of arms, divisional drills, and quarters for cleaning guns and arms. Here we have armourers of the "Blake" at work on one of that cruiser's six-inch 100-pdr. quick-firing guns.

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Photo. by R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE SOLDIERS' AND SAILORS' HOME ANNUAL PICNIC AT MALTA.

BOTH at Malta and Gibraltar, as well as elsewhere, there are regularly-established Soldiers' and Sailors' Homes for the use of men of the garrison and the fleet. They have proved themselves admirable institutions, and their popularity with those for whose benefit the Homes exist is unbounded. Here we see members of the Home at Malta on the occasion of their annual picnic last April while the Mediterranean Fleet was in harbour. Some hundred and twenty people in all took part in the day's outing, thirty carriages being provided for them, to take the men to the pleasant orange gardens of San Antonio, and thence to explore Citta Vecchia both above ground and below, with an open-air lunch at Boschetto, followed by games and merry-making and rambles about, and then back to Floriana for tea, a service of song and the final return, after an enjoyable day in the open, to ships and barracks.

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AMATEUR THEATRICALS IN THE NAVY,

By LIEUTENANT STUART GORDON, R.N.

THERE is no more hardworking class of men in the world than British Bluejackets and their Officers. But when their daily work is over, never was relaxation welcomed by mortal man more heartily. Without the actual experience, it is impossible to imagine the dreary round of daily routine, broken only by "clear lower deck," when every soul in the ship has to go to his allotted station. It is, therefore, not surprising that Naval men should instinctively select, when the opportunity presents itself, some form of amusement, the absolute antithesis to the daily routine. This occasion occurs when they have the gladly welcomed chance of returning the always ready hospitality of their friends generally.

The form of diversion chosen is that which gives the title to this article. The discipline of the stage is quite as stringent as if the "Articles of War" themselves were in force there, but when transplanted to the quarter-deck of a man-of-war, it is to be feared that great license is taken with all histrionic traditions. Nevertheless some remarkably good performances have been given by Naval men, both afloat and ashore.

Included among successful dramatic efforts may be mentioned the entertainments given by the Amateur Dramatic Company of the Mediterranean Fleet, 1876–79, among the members of which was the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, then captain of H.M.S. "Sultan."

To attempt, however, anything in the shape of a "show" on board a man-of-war entails the exercise of an amount of resource and inventive genius—not to speak of patience and forbearance—which might well frighten the manager of a London theatre.

First your company has to be formed. This is indeed a task, for it is very often found that Romeos abound to the exclusion of even a Mercutio. All, both officers and men, are so energetic and sanguine that they are apt to gauge their histrionic abilities by their willingness to "lend a hand." Much tact is required of the unfortunate (I say it advisedly) officer who undertakes the onerous position of manager.

Next comes the selection of the play or plays, but allowing that this is satisfactorily arranged, the parts have to be written out and then is illustrated in striking colours the proverbial reluctance of the sea-going individual to take up his pen. These difficulties being at last surmounted, the manager has to find a *place* in which to run over the lines with his brother "mummers." One of the "flats" * is selected and so surely will that particular portion of the ship be the exact spot chosen for some function connected with the usual work of the ship. After trying several other places, you perhaps are so fortunate as to get the use of the captain's forecabin while he is ashore.

Still your troubles are not over, for when summoned to rehearsal the members of your company (as in the parable) "with one accord begin to make excuse." So-and-so is going for a ride. What's-his-name has to go to afternoon tea with Lady X., etc., etc., etc. Then of the bluejackets, of course those that are not on duty have special leave, and do not feel inclined to miss their turn on shore. The consequence is that at rehearsal, the parts of your leading man and leading lady are more often than not taken by the prompter, unless indeed, he is also an absentee, while your villainy has to be produced without a villain, and the "Heavy Gent" endeavours to give in the reading of her lines, in addition to his own, that traditional piquancy which invariably belongs to the part of the "Chambermaid." Another difficulty, is the enforced absence of the female element, for it is rare that a lady is found in a boiler or an ottoman. So as a rule midshipmen or boys have to be cast for the parts usually filled by the gentler sex.

* A flat is a compartment below water, and not a piece of scenery.

In the vital matter of scenery one has to rely upon the "native talent" possessed by members of the "company" and the ship's painter. A deal depends too upon the ingenuity of the carpenter's staff at your disposal, as may be imagined when it is remembered that your stage and auditorium must (in most cases) be constructed from existing materials on board the ship. Such things as capstan bars placed across wash deck buckets and boarded over with planks forming the stage; while the stalls, fauteuils, pit, etc., are manufactured in similar rough and ready way.

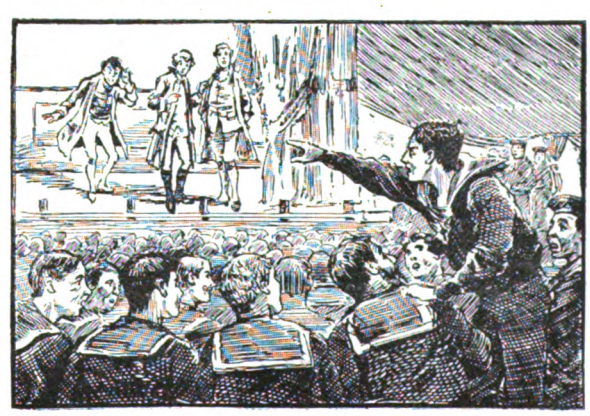
The qualifications of those employed in the "fixing up" of the impromptu Lyceum may be judged when one bears in mind that frequently everything has to be done during the course of an afternoon, and as often as not the temporary theatre is "unrigged" and stowed away immediately the performance is finished, not an hour elapsing between the fall of the curtain and the restitution of the quarter-deck to its usual appearance.

This "quick change" is all the more striking to those who have witnessed such entertainments on the deck of a man-of-war. One moment beautiful bunting decorating the overhanging awning wafted in the evening breeze, music filling the almost still air, while both actors on the stage and audience in their seats are enjoying themselves as only those are able who know and can therefore appreciate the changed circumstances of their immediate surroundings. The next minute the boatswain's mate piping "Unrig stage, down all mess stools"; hurrying of men to and fro undraping the awnings, clearing away all superfluities, such as extra lanterns (footlights), shields of cutlasses, as well as the paraphernalia which just now constituted the "Theatre Royal." Then quarter-deck pure and simple as in every-day life on board a war vessel.

As to the performances themselves those given on board one of the ships of the Royal Navy are subject to criticism, favourable or unfavourable, slatings deserved or undeserved, unfortunate hitches and even "guys," just as much as are theatrical representations on shore.

On one occasion a melodrama was being played. The hero was confiding to his trusted friend how he intended carrying off his lady-love in spite of the temporary success gained by his rival, the villain. The latter was—as is usual—listening from behind a convenient tree, when, much to the consternation of the actors and amusement of the audience, a bluejacket in the "pit" literally hailed the hero "Mr. B—— (naming the officer) you'd better look out, Sir! that swab's a-listenin' to every word your a-sayin'." In the performance of another melodrama, the heroine (an able seaman) indignantly expressed herself thus: "This is peposterous. What! wiolence-my-Lord! 'elp! 'elp ! ! un'and me!" the words being pronounced in most ludicrous fashion.

It is astonishing how bluejackets and marines will persist in scrambling to the very nearest positions—seats or no seats—to the stage itself. One would have thought they would have been



"THAT SWAB'S A-LISTENIN' TO EVERY WORD YOUR A-SAYIN'."

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glad to welcome the distance that "lends enchantment to the view"; but no, they invariably perch themselves on every point of vantage, the best place being in their opinion that from which they can critically observe what is going on, not only on the stage, but behind the scenes and in the wings. This predilection on the part of the audience is often the cause of embarrasment to the actors and of amusement to those in front. Never was this more strikingly displayed than in the following instance.

THE REAL AND SPURIOUS ARTICLES.

A young sub-lieutenant was essaying the *rôle* of "chamber-maid," and being very shortsighted experienced great difficulty in getting through his part at all without the aid of his eyeglass which, of course, it was impossible for him to wear in the character he was playing.

His marine servant was acting as his dresser, and was stolidly conscious of the newly-attained histrionic honours to be gathered from such a post, and delighted at having the privilege of witnessing the performance from behind the scenes. Here is a rough sketch of what happened.

Sub-lieut. S. discovered as chambermaid (Penelope) dusting the furniture. (Also discovered—not in the programme—several Bluejackets and Marines arranging furniture on stage, the curtain having been raised too soon. These latter scuttle off out of sight as fast as their legs can carry them.).

PENELOPE.—"There! I've finished my dusting." *(Then addressing the prompter, "But dashitall I've forgotten the duster!" (Prompter's arm appears handing it on). "Thanks."* "I've finished my dusting, thank 'eaving, and now I'll read my letter from Robert." (*Not finding the letter he goes to wing and asks for it in a stage whisper. After an awkward pause S—'s marine servant Cox marches on and delivers the letter, giving a military salute*). "*Letter, sir.*"

PENELOPE: "*Clear out.*" (*Continuing part*): "I wonder what he says!" (*Places letter on table and stares vacantly before him.*)

PROMPTER (*prompting him*): "Open letter."

PENELOPE: "*Shut up! Do you think I don't know my part?*" (*Opens letter, begins to read.*) "My precious Penelope." (Ain't that lovely?) "Since I last saw your gorgeous face—"

PROMPTER: "Beautiful face."

PENELOPE: "Beautiful face, I——" (*Not being able to read*). "*Hang it all. Can't see the thing! Want my glass!*" (*Enter Cox hurriedly with a large glass of whiskey and soda, offering it with a salute as before*).

PENELOPE: "*Not that, you ass! My eyeglass!*" (*then finding he has it about him puts it in his eye and continues the reading of the letter.*)—"beautiful face I——"

PROMPTER: "*You mustn't use your glass.*"

PENELOPE (*continuing*): "I said you mustn't use your glass" —"*No, that's not it! I wish you wouldn't tell a fellow wrong.*"

"WHAT WIOLENCE-MY-LORD! 'ELP! 'ELP!!

(*Continuing letter, and wearing his eyeglass*): "I said the next time I sees you" (feeling for his handkerchief)—"*Oh, isn't it hot! Where the dickens is my handkerchief?*" (*Enter Cox as before*): "Handkerchief, Mr. S——"

PENELOPE: "*Clear out!*" (*snatches handkerchief and mops his brow, smearing eyebrows and "make up" all over his face. Audience shriek with laughter. S——, coming down to footlights, addresses them*): "*I say, I can't act if you interrupt; the funny part hasn't come yet.*" (*pause, audience still roaring.*) "*I say, this will soon be getting dem'd ridiculous.*" (*Redoubled laughter on part of audience*).

Here we may draw the curtain. The young officer certainly scored the success of the evening, and eventually acquitted himself well.

The above must not be taken as a specimen of the usual thing on board a man-of-war, theatricals being — as before stated—generally most excellently performed, but on the above occasion S—— was nervous, it being "positively his first appearance on that or any other stage." When it is remembered also that every soul in the audience knew him in every-day life and was only waiting for an opportunity to chaff him, perhaps his nervousness may be excused.

A scarcity of "props" etc., must not be forgotten among the many disabilities under which naval men labour in getting up a "show," even of the smallest pretentions. On shore there are shops and stores, whereat can be bought a thousand-and-one necessary articles, which they are unable to obtain in out-of-the way parts.

The assistance of the female element, when on rare occasions it is available, is of course invaluable. For not only do the ladies most willingly advise and help in the making of the dresses, but frequently lend some of their own. With the ladies to help, one no longer sees a midshipman putting on a skirt as if it were a pair of pants; *i.e.*, sitting on a chair and hauling it up over him instead of gently dropping it over his head. Nor do the male exponents of female characters find (as they did before) that their hands are always obtruding themselves, for they are taught to flirt the fan, put on and take off gloves, and perform various other little feminine artifices hitherto unknown to them.

Another difficulty which usually has to be overcome in the production of a stage play on board a ship is the manufacture of wigs. It is possible sometimes to procure these from the shore, but there are occasions when from various causes this cannot be done. Then it is that the proverbial ingenuity and "handiness" of the sailor is brought into play. Frequently wigs, beards, and moustaches are made from *tow*, oakum, and—sometimes the actor's zeal going so far as to prompt him to pick his mattress—horsehair. And creditable specimens of the *coiffeur's* art are often turned out, which though perhaps not sufficiently life-like to stand the close inspection they would be subject to if seen in the full glare of electric footlights, are certainly good enough to pass muster on the boards of the Theatre Royal, Quarter-deck.

Enough has been said about the stage and its appertanances. Now to turn for a moment to the audience.

The friends from the shore are always most delighted; for although the performance may not, perhaps, rival one of the Lyceum or Haymarket productions, the surroundings are so novel, and they themselves so determined on enjoying whatever is put before them that success is a foregone conclusion.

The ladies especially, invariably find great scope for criticism and sometimes amusement in remarking upon the *toilettes* adorning their representatives on the other side of the footlights. Every naval officer seems to enjoy an entertainment of this sort; even the commander or first lieutenant not grumbling so *very* much if his upper-deck paint work *does* get scratched a little.

As for the ship's company, except for their pertinacious encroachment upon the footlights before alluded to, nothing can equal their enjoyment on these occasions. And they are proverbially one of the best of audiences to play to, though at times rather disconcerting in their very audible remarks.

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THE EVOLUTION OF THE MILITIA,

BY AN OLD COLONEL.

FROM its inception, seven hundred years ago, when its duties were limited to the preservation of the peace within its shires; down to the present day when, as an integral portion of the Army, it has been made available for service, when required, not only, throughout the Kingdom but also in our Mediterranean garrisons; the evolution of the constitutional force has been undoubtedly slow. It has been reserved for the present generation to witness the conversion of this admirable force into an active second line of defence, and a portion of it, the Militia Reserve, into an immediately available adjunct to the standing Army; while it is seen to still further justify its existence in that it prepares for, and sends to, the regular forces, with which it is so closely associated, a constant stream of recruits.

Since 1756 the Militia, in whole or part, has been embodied for permanent duty just forty years, an average of rather more than three months in every twelve, and although the legend that it put in an appearance at Waterloo in its Militia uniforms is only half a truth, the whole of it being that no inconsiderable portion of the heterogeneous Army under Wellington, hurriedly dispatched to oppose the Emperor Napoleon's advance into Belgium, during the Hundred Days, was composed of volunteers from the Militia, for whom time had not permitted their being completely clothed anew in Line uniforms; nevertheless a brigade of three Buckinghamshire battalions did land in France towards the close of the Peninsular War; too late however for the final action at Toulouse in 1814.

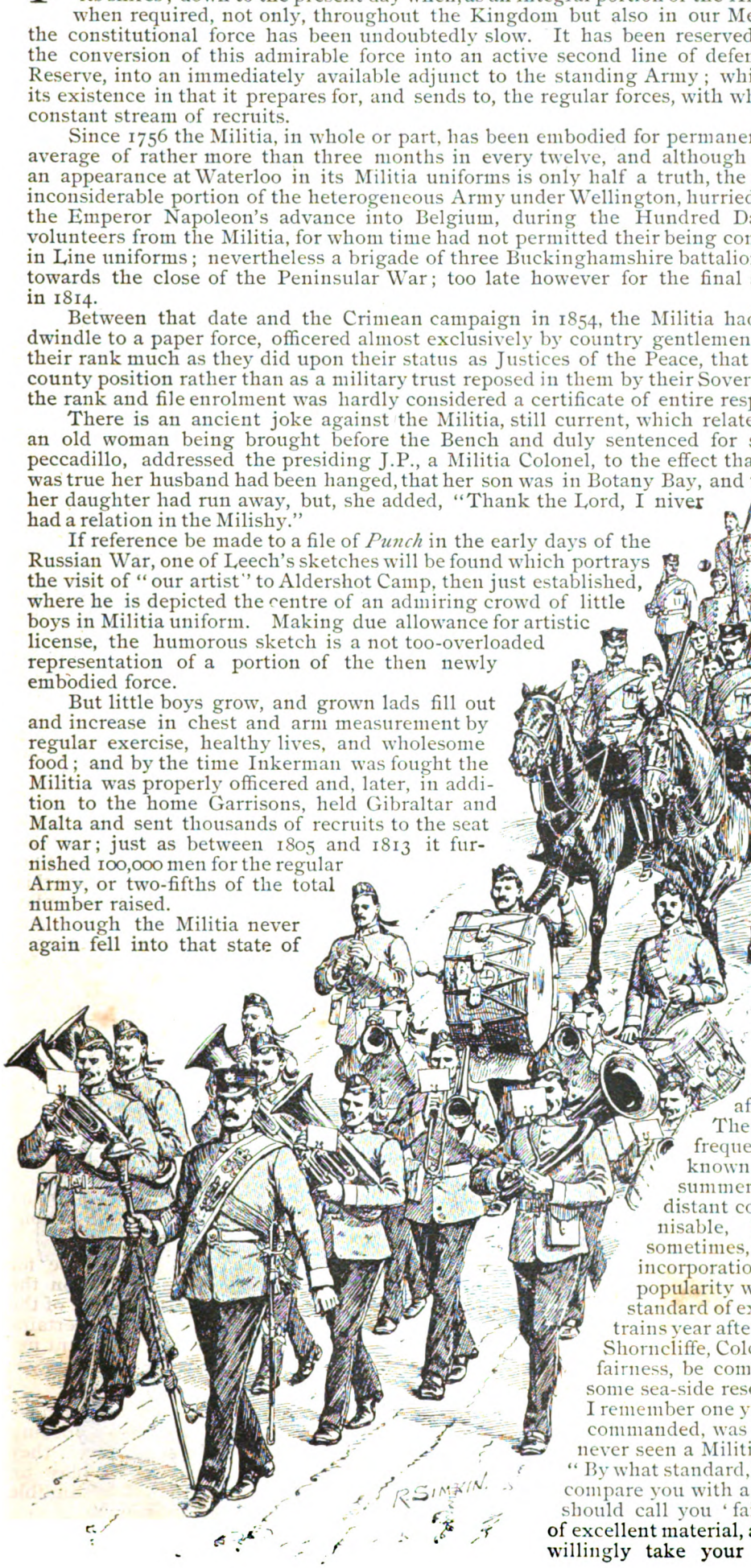
Between that date and the Crimean campaign in 1854, the Militia had been allowed to dwindle to a paper force, officered almost exclusively by country gentlemen who looked upon their rank much as they did upon their status as Justices of the Peace, that is as evidence of county position rather than as a military trust reposed in them by their Sovereign; while for the rank and file enrolment was hardly considered a certificate of entire respectability.

There is an ancient joke against the Militia, still current, which relates how an old woman being brought before the Bench and duly sentenced for some peccadillo, addressed the presiding J.P., a Militia Colonel, to the effect that it was true her husband had been hanged, that her son was in Botany Bay, and that her daughter had run away, but, she added, "Thank the Lord, I niver had a relation in the Milishy."

If reference be made to a file of *Punch* in the early days of the Russian War, one of Leech's sketches will be found which portrays the visit of "our artist" to Aldershot Camp, then just established, where he is depicted the centre of an admiring crowd of little boys in Militia uniform. Making due allowance for artistic license, the humorous sketch is a not too-overloaded representation of a portion of the then newly embodied force.

But little boys grow, and grown lads fill out and increase in chest and arm measurement by regular exercise, healthy lives, and wholesome food; and by the time Inkerman was fought the Militia was properly officered and, later, in addition to the home Garrisons, held Gibraltar and Malta and sent thousands of recruits to the seat of war; just as between 1805 and 1813 it furnished 100,000 men for the regular Army, or two-fifths of the total number raised.

Although the Militia never again fell into that state of "paper" from which it emerged in 1854, with the cessation of hostilities a certain reaction came and, for a short time, it looked as if the old order might again assert itself; but this phase was not of long duration and since then its development has been uniform and constant. In 1881 the crown of the arch was keyed in by the creation of territorial regiments; a blend of Line and Militia. The ideal Militiaman is a man who, married or single, lives and works in the shire where the depôt of his territorial regiment is located, one who has a stake, however small, in the county; he may or may not be a time-expired linesman who would, if permitted, willingly return to the colours. This type, the best of all, remains with the Militia, re-engaging regularly until age asserts itself; he is the true Militiaman. A different type, in the present day possibly of even greater value, is the well-grown youngster who wants to gain some practical experience of soldiering before taking it up as a business; which he seldom fails, eventually, to do. The third type is the under-grown but growing lad who hopes in time to reach the line standard which the new and healthy life, for even such a short period as the annual training affords, often enables him to attain.



There is a fourth type; fortunately not met with so frequently as the pessimists would have one believe. He is known as the "perambulator" and contrives during the summer months to put in as many trainings in as many distant counties as circumstances permit. He is easily recognisable, but seldom recognised. Recruiting officers are, sometimes, conveniently blind of one eye. The Militia, since its incorporation in the territorial regiment, is steadily growing in popularity with the class from which it draws its recruits. Its standard of excellence is of course relative, and a battalion which trains year after year in a large camp of instruction such as Aldershot, Shorncliffe, Colchester, Strensall or Chipping, should not, in common fairness, be compared with one which trains in solitary grandeur, at some sea-side resort or in its county town.

I remember one year when the official inspection, of the battalion I then commanded, was made by an officer, recently from India, who had never seen a Militia battalion on parade.

"By what standard," said he, "am I to judge you. I cannot of course compare you with a line battalion in India; but if with a home battalion I should call you 'fair.' Taken, however, by yourselves, you have a lot of excellent material, and not a few line C.O.'s would, after a little weeding, willingly take your battalion over *en bloc*." Better arrangements have

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MILITIA OFFICERS
UNDRESS & REVIEW ORDER.

now been made, and all Militia battalions, in turn, train in conjunction with regular troops.

At the Crimean embodiment it was found that the county gentleman, by whom the commissioned ranks were then more or less filled, proved a very broken reed on which to lean, and resource was had to "outside the county," in the persons of half-pay and retired army officers, by whose assistance the Militia slowly but surely emerged from the chaos in which it was hidden, and into which it has not been allowed to return. Profiting by experience, the purely Militia officer of to-day, recognising what is required of him is versed in something more than the rudiments of Infantry drill, and often loses nothing in comparison with the acquirements of the ex-linesman. Tactics, topography, military law, and field fortification are now within his reach, and, not infrequently, are grasped; perhaps, however, not so eagerly as might be; but the evolutionary process moves along at a different rate to-day than heretofore and not less slowly with the Constitutional Force than with the regular Army.

Examinations, perfunctory as those incident to promotion often are, and purely voluntary as are the other tests of military knowledge to which many submit themselves, may have had something to do with this improvement, but the greatest incentive to merge the civilian in the soldier is to be traced to the stitching together of Line and Militia. The strain upon the thread which joins them is not very severe, for while the Militia officer strives to adopt not only the tone and manner of the linesman, which by itself would not amount to more than a very thin military veneering, and endeavours to conform in thought and feeling to the model with which he is now constantly brought in contact, the linesman, on his side, has abandoned that bearing which he once thought it incumbent to assume in his professional relations with the Militiaman, has extended to him the hand of good-fellowship, and is mindful, and even jealous, of the good name of those who wear the uniform and badges of the territorial regiment to which he himself belongs.

This point of tone and bearing recalls to mind an amusing incident of which, very many years since, I was a witness. I was then an Ensign in the W—— Militia and the regiment was in billets in the county town. General Shirley, temporarily home from the Crimea, happened to be in the neighbourhood and was asked by the Colonel to have a look at the regiment. He came in uniform and was received with due honours. As he passed along the front of the line the Colonel named to him the officer commanding the Grenadier company, a county magnate. "This is Captain J——, General."

"How d'ye do General, how are you? D——d hot isn't it," said the magnate, waving his sword in the air.

The regiment, however, was a good one; and, later, when in garrison at Plymouth, was noted by General Eden as one of the smartest Militia battalions in his command. During the war it gave many hundred recruits to the Line. Militia battalions vary very much, a circumstance due chiefly to their localization There is a marked difference between the North, the Midlands, and the South, between the recruits drawn from the workers in cities or in the great towns and in purely agricultural districts; between English, Welsh, Scotch and Irish; while no one battalion, no particular class or nationality, can justifiably lay claim to predominence in all points and in all respects. Everyone has heard of that London corps, recruited chiefly from the costermonger class which at some Aldershot manœuvres, of an unusually fatiguing description, is said to have marched down a battalion of the Guards and swung joyously past them into camp, while the band played "Tommy make room for your uncle," and could it have been made prisoner by the Rifle Brigade, would never have been seen again except in the green jacket.

A Welsh corps, with which I was once brigaded, would, in point of physique, have made the mouth of a Guardsman water with envy.

There is a well-noted Highland Militia which has never (?) been known to send a recruit to the regular Army, and which, composed entirely of seafaring folk, trains in the coldest part of the year and prefers bad weather because it doesn't interfere with the fishing.

The "tall young men from Kerry," forty years ago stood "head and shoulders" above the lithe, active and somewhat over-energetic "boys" from Limerick, who on first arrival in England did their best to paint Plymouth a bright vermilion, and then settled down to as steady a lot of soldiers as one could desire.

There are battalions the cadres of which are alway complete; others which never seem to get along without extraneous assistance; while in nearly all regiments the subaltern ranks are filled with candidates for the Line. The proportion of really efficient company leaders of purely Militia origin however increases yearly. The drafting of Militia recruits to the Line, during the "preliminary" at the depôt, occasionally causes a battalion to be overrun with very youthful material, (which earlier in the year would have been rejected), in order to complete the establishment in time for the training, and in such cases a C.O.'s hands are pretty full if he desires to make a fairly good appearance alongside other troops. Youth is apt to assert itself; e.g. the total absence of the quarter-guard, with the exception of the sentry, was explained on one occasion by the fact that "they had gone to be photographed." These boys had never been instructed in guard duties at the depôt and, as time hung heavy on their hands and no danger to the State was imminent, had thought to combine duty with amusement in the way indicated.

At this same "boys'-year" training one very hot afternoon, the Camp Commandant told me he had seen three of my youngsters lying fast asleep by the road side, and should have passed them by without remark had not one, with some difficulty, managed to get on his feet and, after kicking his comrades violently but fruitlessly, turned to the officer and, with the greatest urbanity, as he raised his hand to the salute, remarked, "All right, sorr. I'm a salutin' for the three; they've 'ad too much beer."

It is pleasant to compare the marked improvement in physique of the Militiaman at the beginning and at the end of a training, especially if he has been under canvas. The excellent rations, healthy exercise, regular habits, proper clothing and enforced cleanliness, slowly but surely work a change. The newly-joined youngster is prompted by the smartness of the old soldier to emulate him in appearance, and to keep belts as white and buttons as bright as his neighbour; and, were it not for the tell-tale "M" on his shoulder straps, he might when "down town," swagger cane in hand and forage cap not over-angled, easily pass muster as an embryo "regular." Few would recognise in the trim soldiery of twenty-seven days' service, the rough, unkempt individuals forming the majority of those who passed the barrack-gates on the day of assembly. It seems anomalous to speak of *esprit-de-corps* in connection with a Militia battalion which is dissolving and being renewed unceasingly, and which only meets for one month in the year. Nevertheless it is a strongly-marked feature of the constitutional force, and the regard for, one might almost say the devotion to, their officers is proverbial.

In regard to the system of training now adopted there cannot be two opinions. It is as good as it is possible to make it considering the time allowed, the exigencies of the musketry course, and the expenditure which the country sanctions. It would be foolish even to compare it with the old system with its billets in public-houses and its parade-ground in the market-place.

That sort of thing has long since been abandoned, and very fortunately; as for the officers it was a costly pic-nic and for the men often little better than an orgie. Even in more recent times the annual training has caused unpleasant and quite unnecessary tugs on paterfamilias's purse-strings, but since General Officers have not deemed it *infra dig* to occasionally cast a paternal glance on the doings of the 3rd and 4th battalions of the territorial regiments in their command, and thus judge for themselves, instead of relying entirely on their subordinates, much good work is accomplished without unduly interfering with proper relaxation.

MILITIAMEN
UNDRESS & MARCHING ORDER.

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Photo. WALERY, Regent Street

GENERAL LORD CHELMSFORD, G.C.B

ENTERING the army in 1844, Lord CHELMSFORD was first under fire in the Crimea, where, as a captain in the Grenadier Guards, he served in the trenches before Sebastopol. With the 95th foot, as lieutenant-colonel, he served in India during the Mutiny; a few years after that he again saw service in the field as Deputy Adjutant General of the expeditionary force in Abyssinia—winning the C.B. appointment as A.D.C. to the Queen, and mention in despatches for "great ability and untiring energy." From 1868 to 1876 he filled the high position of Adjutant General in India, and after that, after commanding brigades at Shorncliffe and Aldershot, in 1878 he went to the Cape as Commander-in-Chief. There he first brought the Kaffir War to a satisfactory end, being promoted to K.C.B. for his services, and then took charge of the operations of the Zulu War, conducting that memorable campaign to its successful close at Ulundi, where Lord CHELMSFORD was in personal command on the battlefield. The Zulu War made Lord CHELMSFORD a G.C.B., and he was finally promoted full General in 1888.

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THE VETERAN.—IMPROVING THE OCCASION.

HERE we see a Bugler of the Coldstream Guards utilising an old Chelsea pensioner—an ex-Guardsman and the bearer of war and good service decorations—as an object lesson, as it were, for the benefit of a younger comrade, a Drummer Boy of the Grenadiers. The moral ought not to be a hard one to point, for good character is the all important essential of the qualifications required of old soldiers who are desirous of being enrolled among the five hundred and odd in-pensioners at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Preference is at all times given to those among the out-pensioners of the institution (old pensioned soldiers), who have borne the best characters and rendered the longest service, and at the same time are unable to supplement their pensions owing to loss of limbs, wounds and other injuries received on service, or are incapable from other causes (if over fifty-five years of age) of earning anything additional. The in-pensioners are clothed, housed, fed and medically attended to at the expense of the State, and receive a small allowance of pocket money in lieu of their out-pension, which ceases on admission within the walls of Chelsea.

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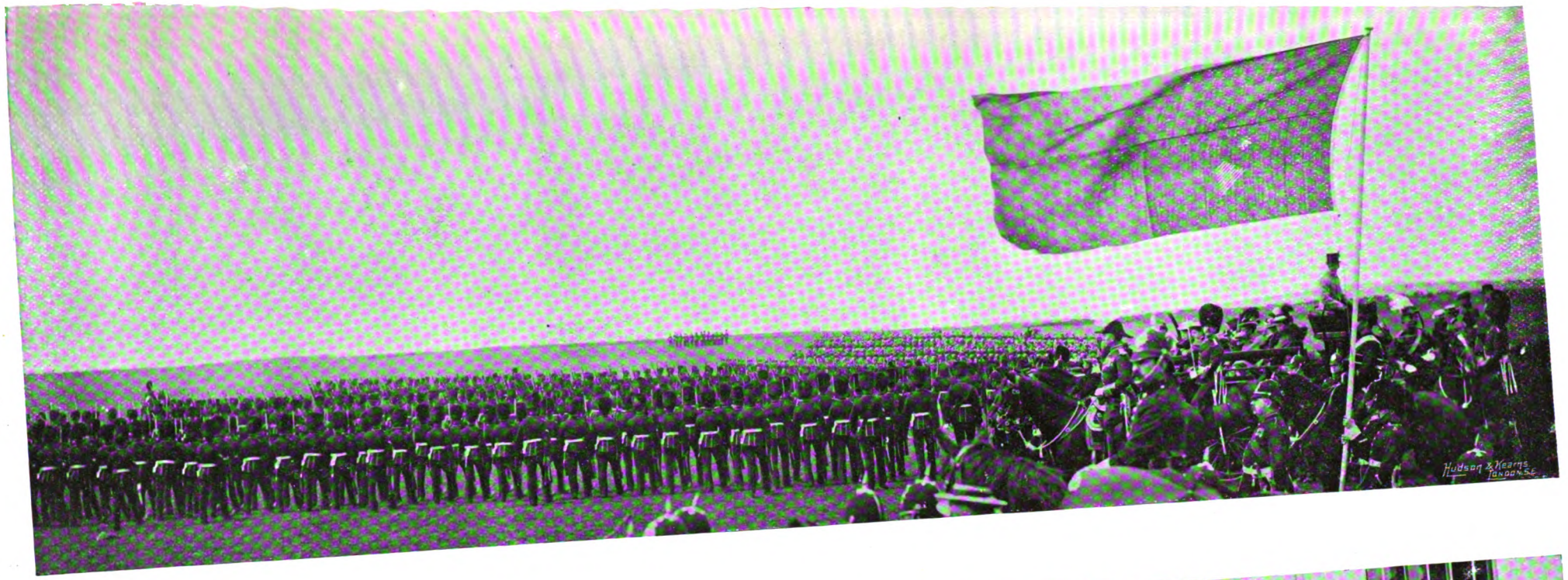

Photo. LAFAYETTE, Dublin.

J. ROBINSON & SONS, Dublin.

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY REVIEW OF THE DUBLIN GARRISON BEFORE THE VICEROY.

THE Queen's Birthday was celebrated in Dublin by a grand review of the troops on the Fifteen Acres, Phœnix Park before Lord CADOGAN, the Viceroy, and Lord ROBERTS, V.C., the Field Marshal Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Ireland. Three thousand two hundred and fifty of all ranks took part in the review, comprising the Royals and 15th Hussars and two infantry [illegible] Battalion of the Scots Guards. The brilliant array of officers seen on either side of the Viceroy (who appeared in civilian costume wearing the badge of the Order of [illegible] the officers of the Head-Quarter Staff of the Army of Ireland who accompanied the Viceroy and Lord ROBERTS on the field and

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Photo. PLATIN PORTRAIT STUDIOS, Secunderabad.

OUR INDIAN FEUDATORIES:—OFFICERS of the HOUSEHOLD TROOPS of the NIZAM.

THE Nizam of Hyderabad in Southern India, three of the chief officers of whose Household Troops we show here, is the master, under the Government of India, of the biggest of the armies kept up by the Native States. The Nizam's Army comprises a purely native "Subsidiary Force," established for general service nearly a century ago by compact with the East India Company, and numbering some 40,000 of all arms, and an "Auxiliary Force" under British officers, known as the "Hyderabad Contingent," 8,000 strong, created forty years ago for the support of the Nizam within his own dominions. The command of the Household Troops of the Nizam is a hereditary office in the family of the veteran AMIR SHUMS UL UMRAH, who, during the youth of the present Nizam, was the colleague of Sir SALAR JUNG in administering the affairs of the State. As an Indian potentate of the first rank, the Nizam is entitled within Her Majesty's territories to a twenty-one gun salute.

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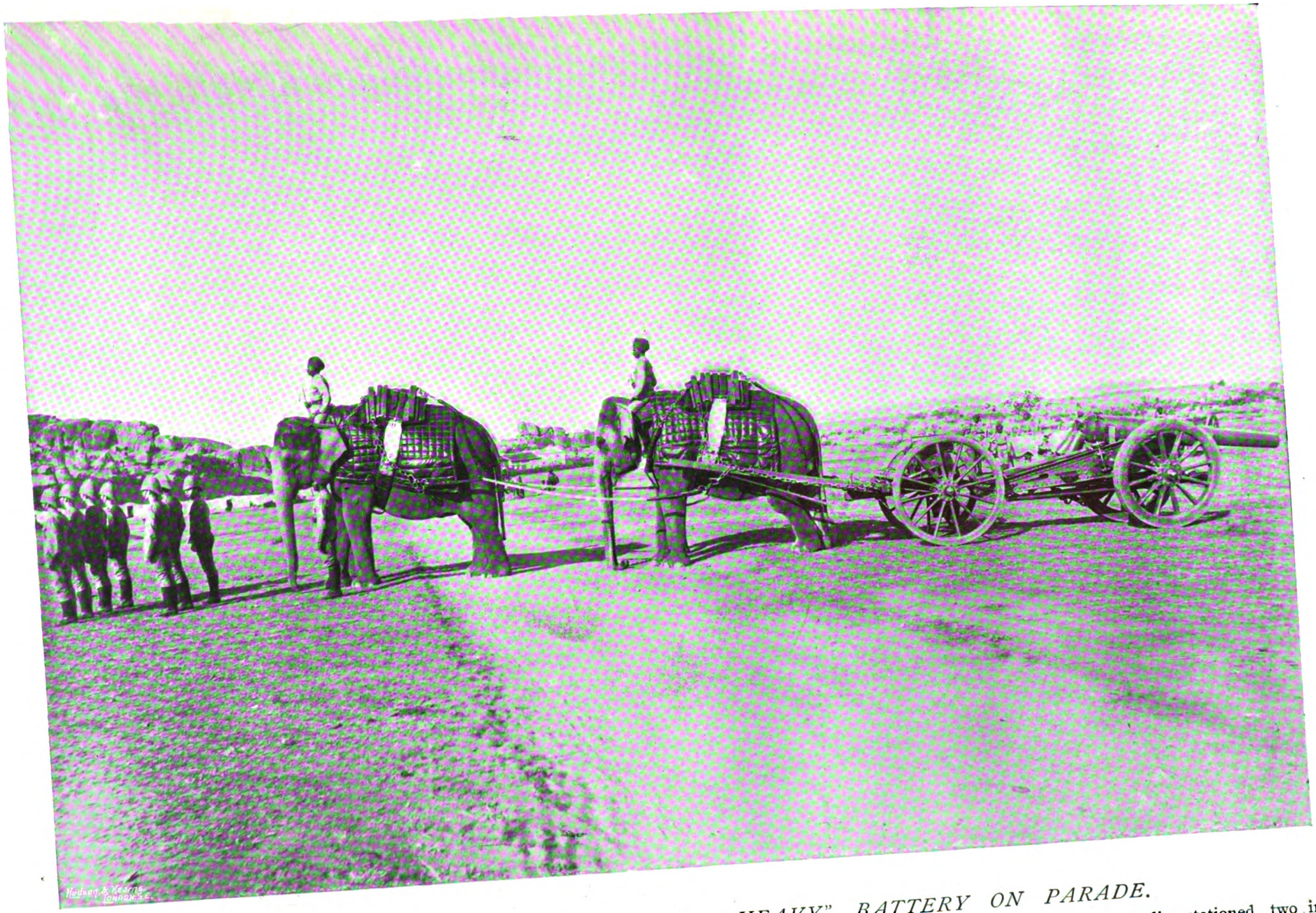

Photo. PLATIN PORTRAIT STUDIOS, Secunderabad.

ONE OF THE GUNS OF AN INDIAN "HEAVY" BATTERY ON PARADE.

HERE we see drawn up on parade a gun team belonging to one of the "Heavy" Batteries of the Indian Army. There are four such batteries in India, stationed, two in Bengal, one in Madras, and one in Bombay. Each battery comprises six guns; four heavy 40-pounder muzzle-loading guns and two 6·3 inch bore muzzle-loading howitzers (guns specially designed for high-angle shell fire) drawn by two elephants to each piece—twelve elephants in all for the battery. Five British officers, who are mounted as usual on horseback, are attached to each battery with gunners of the Royal Artillery to man the guns, and native elephant mahouts and drivers for the attendant bullock vehicles (262 bullocks are used in the battery), wagons and carts—

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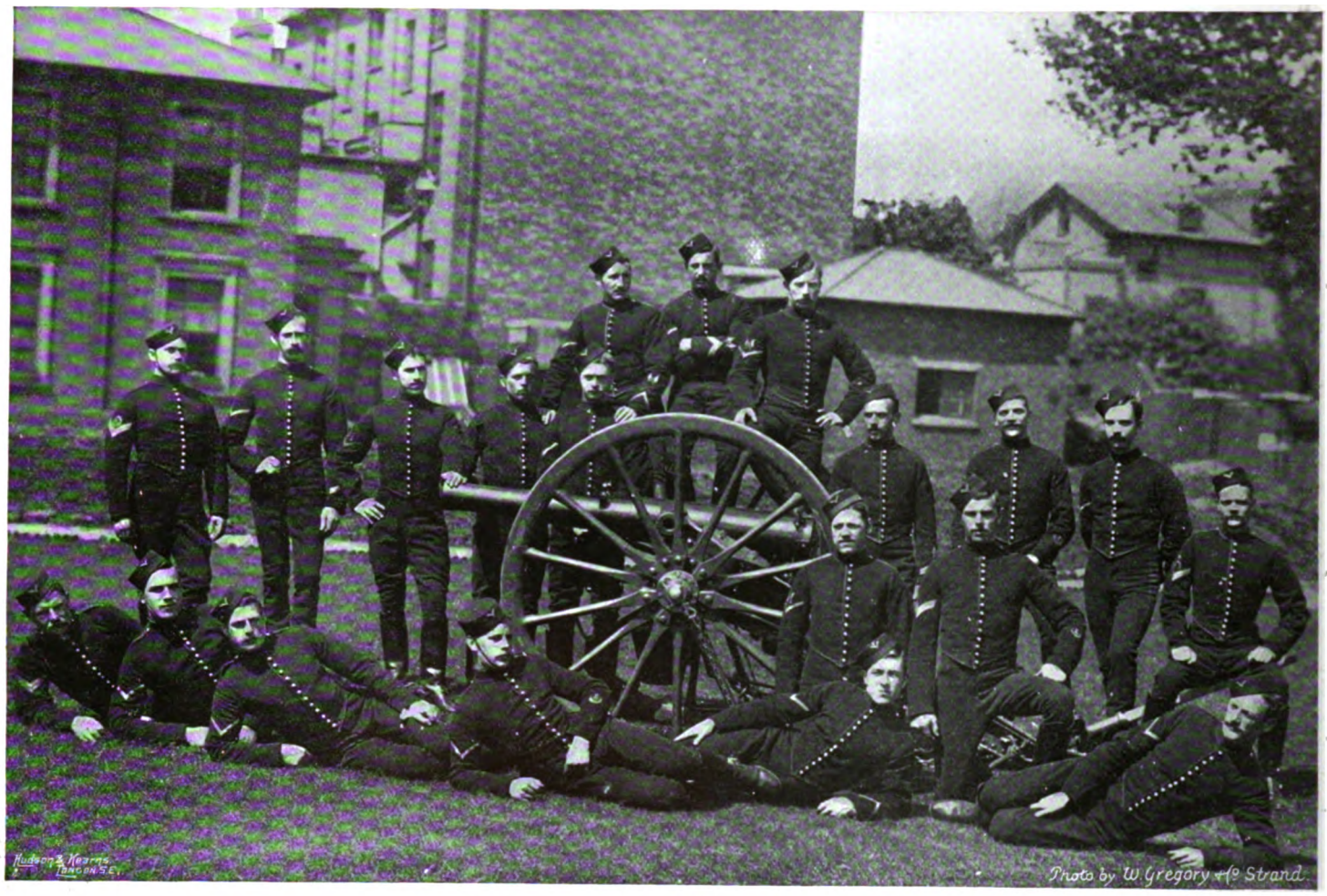
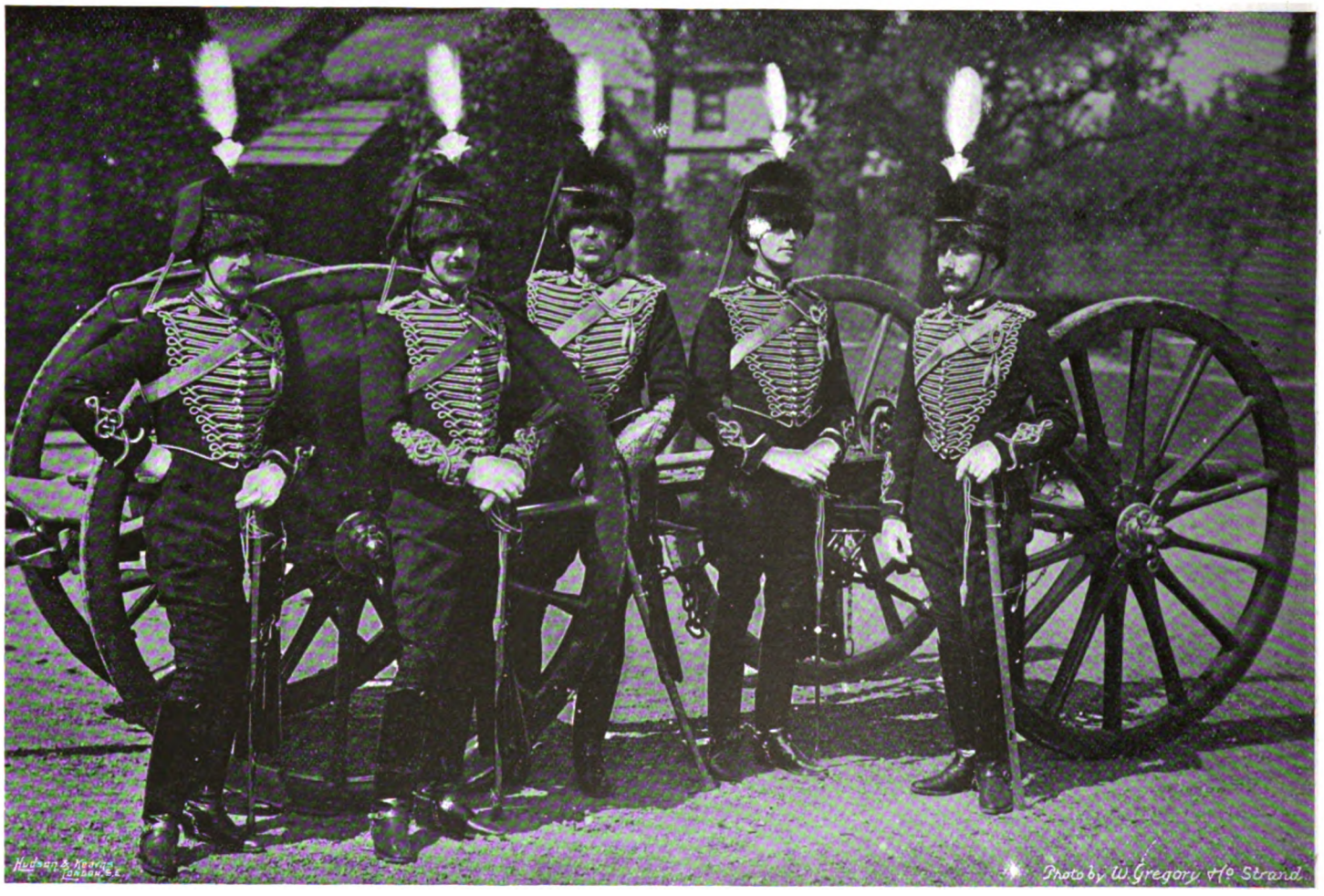


NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS OF "D" BATTERY, R.H.A.



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OFFICERS OF "D" BATTERY, R.H.A.

THE first "D" Troop of the Horse Brigade, as the battery, in the order of its seniority, was first called, was raised in November, 1793, and did distinguished service in the Great War with France, notably under WELLINGTON in Spain. At Waterloo it lost its captain. After 1816 the original "D" troop was disbanded. The name "battery" was substituted for "troop" throughout the Horse Artillery in 1859. Our present "D" Battery R.H.A. was originally formed as "F" troop, and has only recently been known as "D." It made a great reputation for itself in the Indian Mutiny, particularly at Lucknow, where on one occasion (at Secundra Gunge) the officers and men left their guns and fought as cavalry. It also went through the last Afghan War. "D" Battery R.H.A. for the past three years has been stationed at St. John's Wood, and the skill of its gunners in the musical ride at this year's Tournament will, doubtless be familiar to most of our readers. The officer commanding the battery is Major F. W. J. EUSTACE, under whom are a captain and three lieutenants. The officers other than commissioned officers, number thirty, and comprise three staff-sergeants and six sergeants (each in charge of one gun), nine artificers (to keep the mechanism of the guns and *matériel* in order), six corporals and six bombardiers.

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Photo. P. CHARLETON & SON, *Newbridge, Ireland.*

No. 11 (FIELD) COMPANY R.E., AT BRIDGING PRACTICE AT THE CURRAGH.

THE Royal Engineers are organized in two battalions (each of two troops) for bridging and telegraphic work, a Field Depôt comprising two "parks," and in upwards of fifty separate companies specially established as Field Companies, Fortress Companies, Survey, Railway, and Submarine-mining Companies, besides a Coast Battalion of eleven sections and eight Depôt Companies. The men we see here at work belong to the 11th (Field) Company now stationed at the Curragh They are shown throwing a light military bridge across the Liffey. Four of these Field Companies would be told off to an Army Corps, and each is at all times provided with tools, explosives, and technical equipment to undertake operations, such as the construction of field defences, the attack of field fortifications, making or destroying roads telegraphs, bridges, or railways, and the crossing of small rivers for which special purpose a small section of bridging equipment is carried. Each Field Company comprises one major one captain, four subalterns, with sergeants, corporals, artificers, sappers, drivers, and wagonmen. It numbers two hundred and thirteen of all ranks, with pontoon and trestle wagons and forge, forage, and tool carts.

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PATROL OF THE 4th HUSSARS IN ACTION:—SKIRMISHING DISMOUNTED.

HERE we have a patrol of light cavalry, in the presence of a similar and somewhat stronger body of the enemy, exchanging shots while acting on the defensive. In the British cavalry the Hussar regiments, more particularly, are considered as "light" cavalry. It is a party of the 4th (Queen's Own) Hussars that we see engaged. The drill in question is of Cossack origin, and though very effective as a spectacle and often used for purposes of display, is by the majority of cavalry officers considered as likely to be of doubtful utility before an enemy under conditions of real war. The patrol in question would be one of those employed on outpost duty and sent forward from a picket to reconnoitre some little distance to the front of the line of vedettes or stationary mounted sentries, in order to "feel" for an enemy and "get touch" with him. These fellows are now "in touch" and the enemy has "felt" them.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. II.—NO. 16.] *FRIDAY, JULY 24th, 1896.*

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ADMIRAL SIR M. CULME-SEYMOUR.

SIR MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR, G.C.B., who is here shown in the undress uniform of his rank as Admiral, is to remain Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean until next year, when he will have completed upwards of four years in the command—comprising his own regulation term of three years and the unexpired term of his predecessor's command. Sir MICHAEL succeeded the lamented Sir GEORGE TRYON, lost in the "Victoria." The mantle of that gifted officer, however, fell on worthy shoulders, for Sir MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR has ably filled the vacant post and more than kept up the standard of high efficiency for which the British Mediterranean Fleet is proverbial. As a Naval administrator and disciplinarian, and a tactician to whom "nerves" are absolutely unknown, Sir MICHAEL'S reputation is of the very highest. He was Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific and in the Channel before he held his present post

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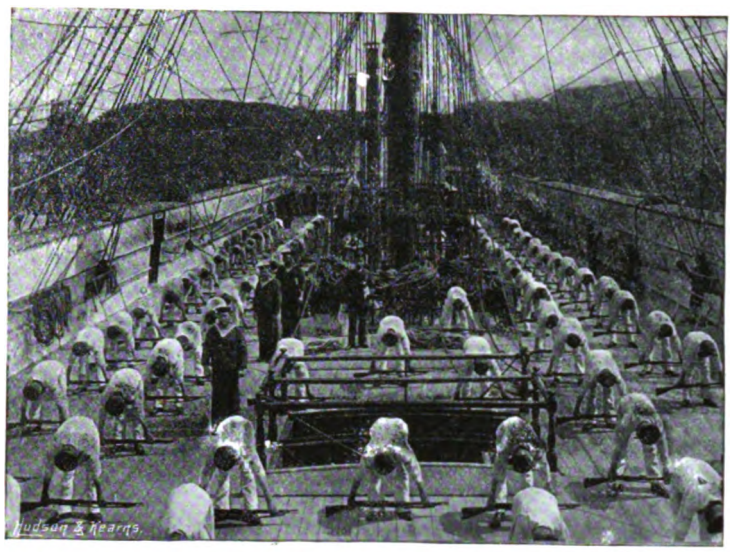
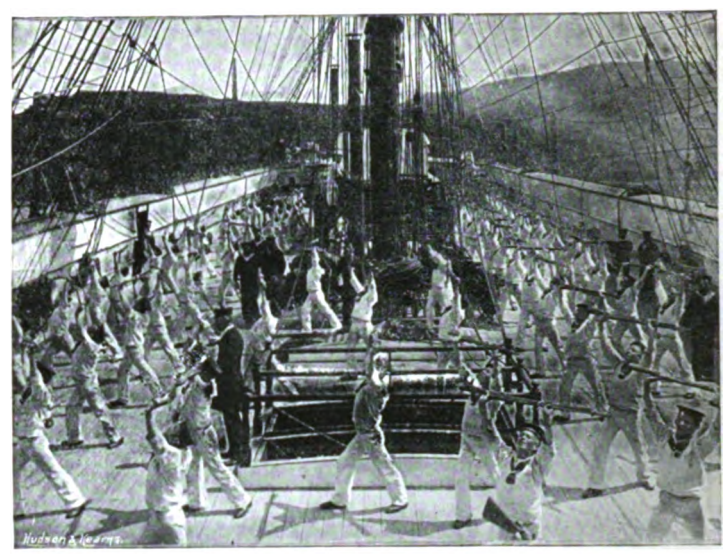


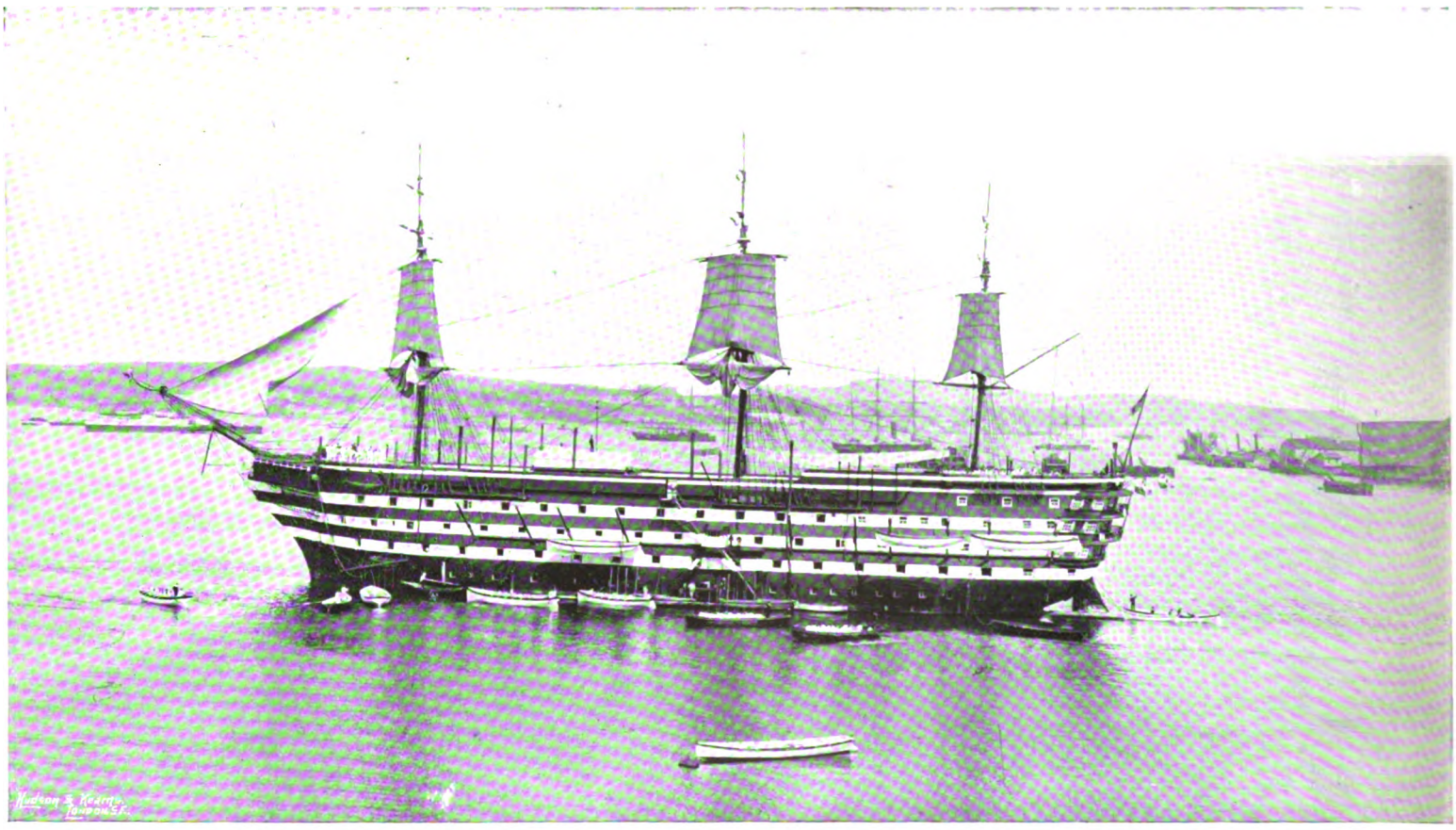
H.M.S. "IMPREGNABLE"—DRILL.



H.M.S. "IMPREGNABLE"—DRILL.

CAPTAIN BOSANQUET AND OFFICERS.

INSTRUCTORS—H.M.S. "IMPREGNABLE."



Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

SAIL DRILL ON BOARD THE TRAINING SHIP "IMPREGNABLE."

THE boys' training ship "Impregnable" at Devonport forms part of the Naval Recruiting Establishment at our great Western Dockyard. She is under the immediate command of Captain D. H. BOSANQUET, the "Inspecting Captain of Boys' Training Ships," seen here with his officers beside him, headed by Commander GEORGE F. S. KNOWLING, who is seated on the Captain's proper right. The Instructors of the "Impregnable" who teach the lads their duties and the details of their work, under the supervision of the Lieutenants and Warrant Officers of the ship, are, as the crossed anchors badge worn on the arm shows, all Petty Officers, and men specially selected for their very responsible position. The lads are shown here going through a series of extension motions in physical drill. The "Impregnable" herself, of which we get a good view with some of the lads aloft at sail drill, is an old 121-gun ship of 1860. She was launched as the "Howe" (the ship still bears Lord HOWE's bust for figure-head), was renamed the "Bulwark," and again, just ten years ago, finally renamed the "Impregnable."

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Photo. by W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE LADS OF THE TRAINING SHIP "IMPREGNABLE."

THESE are some of the British Lion's cubs; sailor boys in various stages of their training, undergoing their course of preliminary instruction. The "Impregnable" has room on board for plenty, for her complement of men as a commissioned sea-going three-decker of the 'Sixties was over eleven hundred all told. Boys enter for the Royal Navy between the ages of fifteen and sixteen and a half, after having passed a very stiff physical examination in regard to robustness of frame, soundness of constitution and health, hearing, sight, and muscular development—a test so severe that barely 40 per cent. of the applicants get through. Every boy who offers has, furthermore, to bring a parent or guardian's written consent, and a certificate of good character from some responsible third party. In a word, the hearty sturdy lads of the "Impregnable," that we see here, are among the pick and flower of the youth of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

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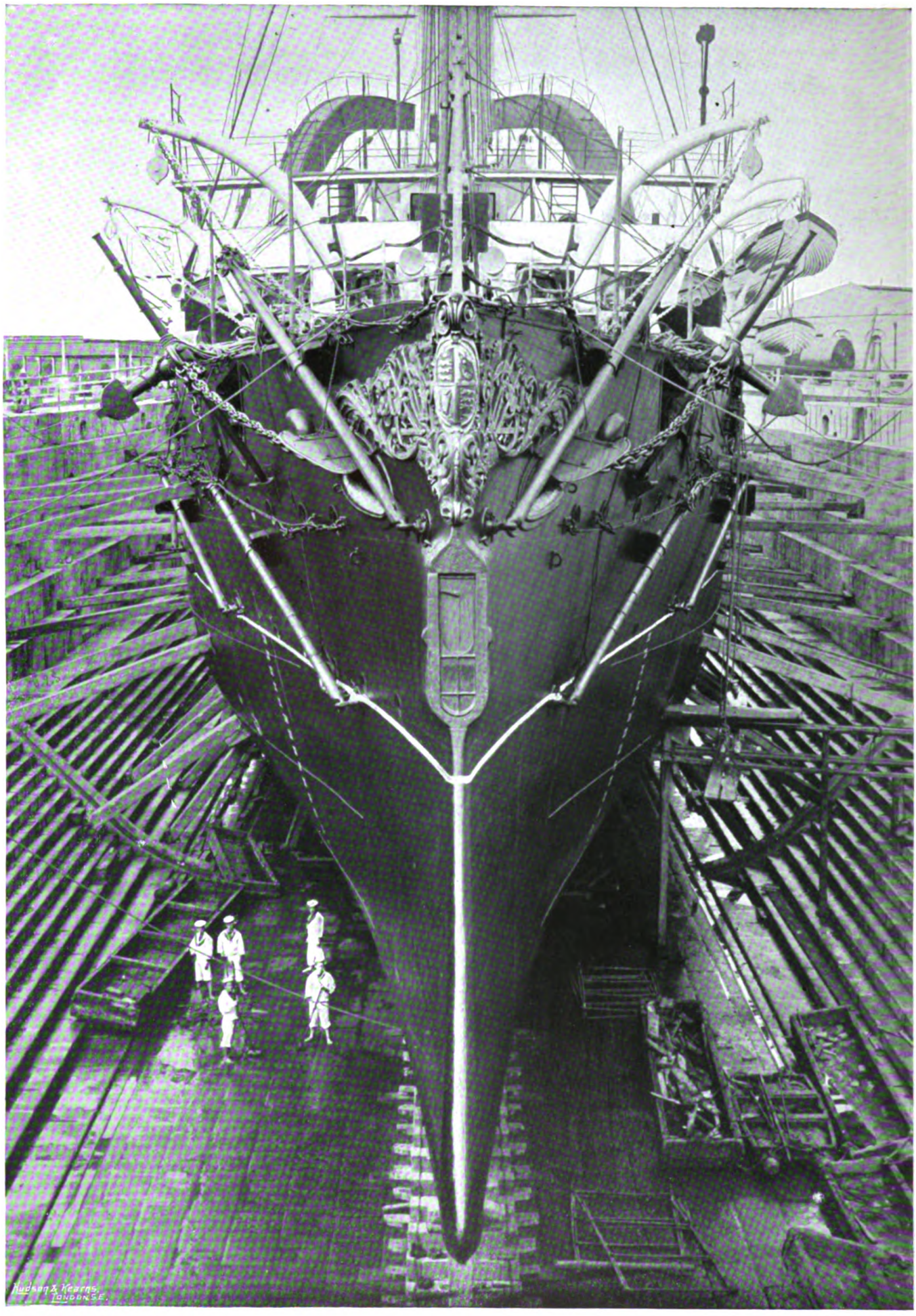

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H.M.S. "VULCAN."

THE "Vulcan," here seen bows-on, is the only craft of her special class in existence. She is at once a cruiser, fighting ship, repairing shop, torpedo depôt, and floating dockyard. As a cruiser and fighting ship, she mounts twenty quick-firing guns and torpedo tubes; as a repairing shop, she is fitted up with lathes, drilling, planing, slotting, and punching machines, circular saws, workshops and smithery, forges and furnaces; as a torpedo depôt, she carries on board large supplies of torpedoes, torpedo stores, mines and mining apparatus; as a floating dockyard, she contains a small flotilla of torpedo boats with cranes for lifting them, as well as all sorts of special appliances. Her *raison d'être* is torpedo nurse and general repairing establishment afloat for general service with a Fleet. An idea of the "Vulcan's" size—she measures 350 feet between perpendiculars, with a breadth of 58 feet, mean draught, 25 feet, and a displacement of 6,630 tons—will be obtained by a comparison of the ship with the men at work on the floor of the Dock.

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Photo. by R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT MALTA:—THE BRITISH SQUADRON FIRING A ROYAL SALUTE.

HERE we see the Mediterranean Fleet in Grand Harbour, Malta, celebrating the Queen's Birthday this year, by "dressing" and "manning" ship and then, on the stroke of noon, firing a Royal salute of twenty-one guns, followed by "God Save the Queen" from the bands of the Fleet. Among the vessels in harbour, here seen in the act of firing, are specially prominent, the "Ramillies" bearing the flag of Admiral Sir MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR, G.C.B., the Commander-in-Chief; the "Barfleur" (in the centre of the photograph) flying the flag of Rear-Admiral HARRIS, the second in command, and the "Nile" (on the extreme right of the ships and easily to be known by the black tops to her double funnels). The flagships on the Queen's Birthday always fly, in addition to the flags of their own admirals, the Royal Standard.

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The CHAMPION "STOKERS' CUTTER'S" CREW of the "HAWKE."

Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE CHAMPION "DUTY BOAT'S" CREW OF THE "HAWKE."

THE upper picture shows the racing cutter's stokers' crew of the first-class cruiser "Hawke," of the Mediterranean Fleet—the champions in their class in the Fleet regatta of 1895. The trainer of the crew (J. MOORE) is in uniform with the boat flag, while the coxswain, G. WILLIAMSON, is shown in the centre of the front row. The men all wear the ship's crest or badge—a Sea horse bearing a flag—one of the supporters originally granted to the famous Admiral, Sir EDWARD HAWKE (after whom the "Hawke" is named, on his being made a peer as the first Lord HAWKE. The lower picture shows the duty boat's crew who carried off the championship in this class during two successive years—1894 and 1895. The two coxswains are here shown in uniform with their boat's flag, Petty Officer E. PORTER, the coxswain of the 1895 crew in the centre, and—on his proper left—Petty Officer W. PEARSE, the coxswain of 1894.

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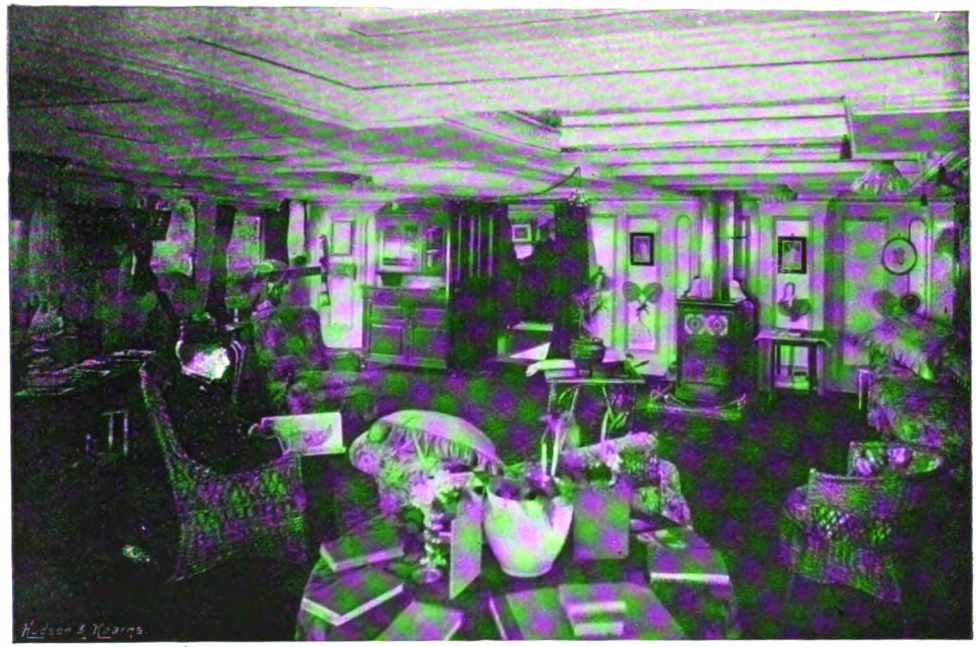
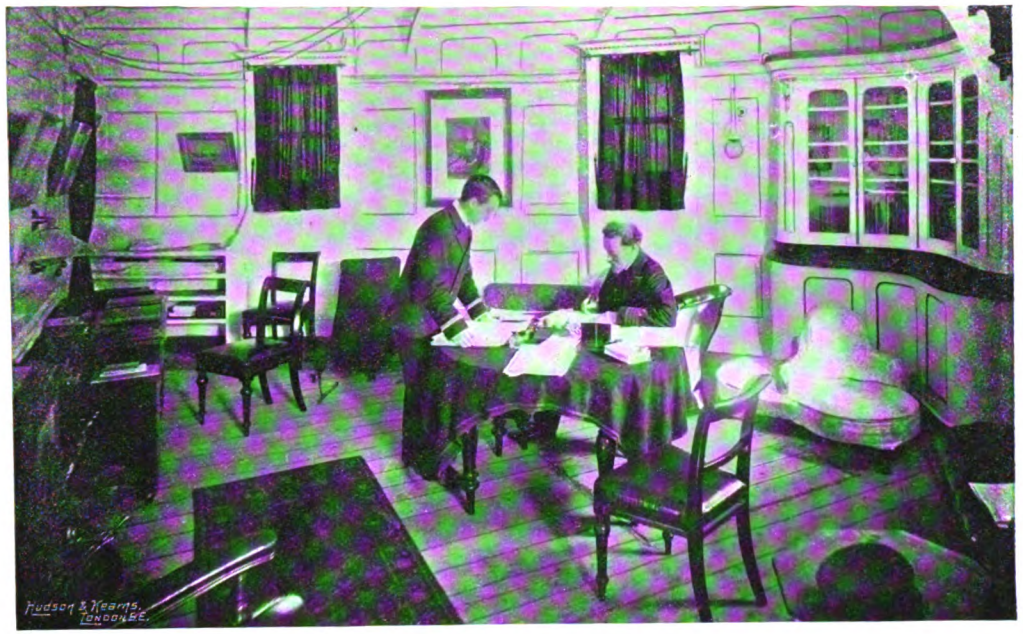
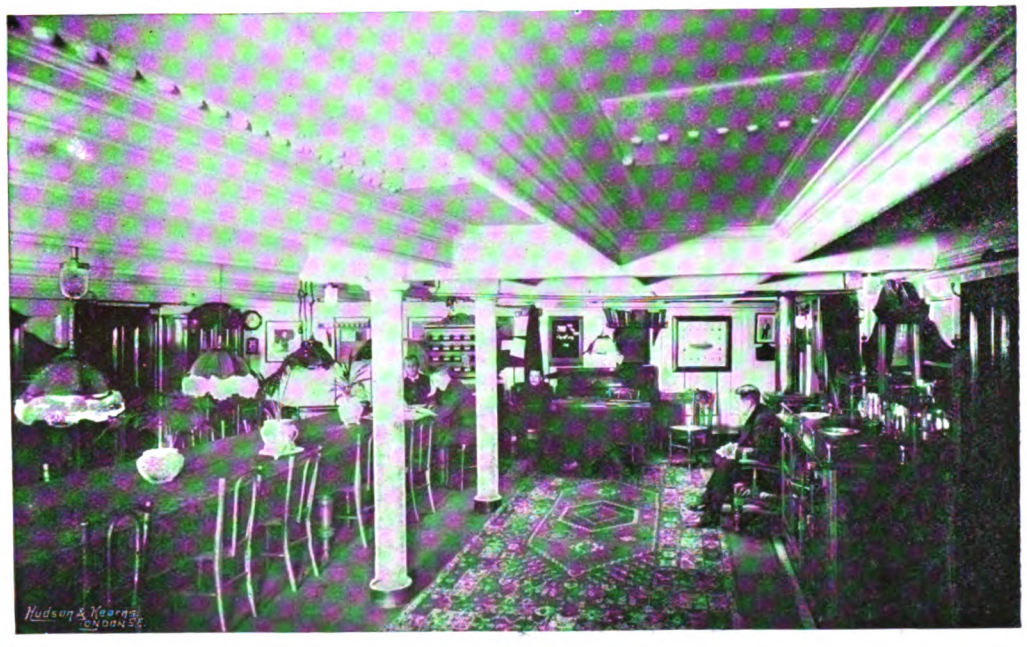


THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN—H.M.S. "RESOLUTION."



CAPTAIN W. H. PIGOTT IN HIS CABIN—H.M.S. "ALEXANDRA."

THE GUN ROOM—H.M.S. "RESOLUTION."



THE WARD ROOM—H.M.S. "RESOLUTION."

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand.

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HOW THE OFFICERS ARE HOUSED ON BOARD SHIP.

THE three pictures on board the battleship "Resolution," one of the ships of the Channel Squadron, give a good idea of how the officers in a seagoing vessel are provided with quarters. The captain, of course, and from time immemorial, has special accommodation allotted him, it being left to each captain's individual taste and pocket to furnish his floating home and make it look comfortable. The officer seen in the cabin is one of the "Resolution's" naval cadets. The ward and gun rooms are on a different footing. They form the living rooms of the lieutenants and non-combatant officers, and of the midshipmen, cadets, and junior branches of the civil departments, and are furnished and substantially fitted by government, the occupants being permitted to embellish them further according to mutual arrangement at their own expense. In the pictures of the captain's cabin in the "Alexandra" and in the "Resolution" respectively the difference in style of fitting up may be partially accounted for by the fact that when his ship goes to sea Captain PIGOTT has to vacate his apartment for the Admiral who flies his flag in the "Alexandra."

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THE PRESENTATION OF NEW COLOURS TO THE ROYAL MARINES AT CHATHAM.

THIS is a portrait-group of the Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha (the Duke of Edinburgh) Honorary Colonel of the Royal Marines, with the officers present on the occasion—the 22nd of June last—of the presentation of new colours by His Royal Highness to the Chatham Division of the Marines. In addition to the Marine officers of the division under Colonel Commandant COLWELL, C.B., Colonel 2nd Commandant FAGAN, and Lieut.-Colonels CHAPMAN and DOWDING, there are present Vice-Admiral NICHOLSON, Commander-in-Chief at the Nore, Rear-Admiral Sir FREDERICK BEDFORD, 2nd Sea Lord, Rear-Admiral ANDOE, Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard, and Lieutenant-General Sir H. B. TUSON, Deputy Adjutant-General Royal Marines, with Baron von WANGENHEIN, A.D.C., to the Duke.

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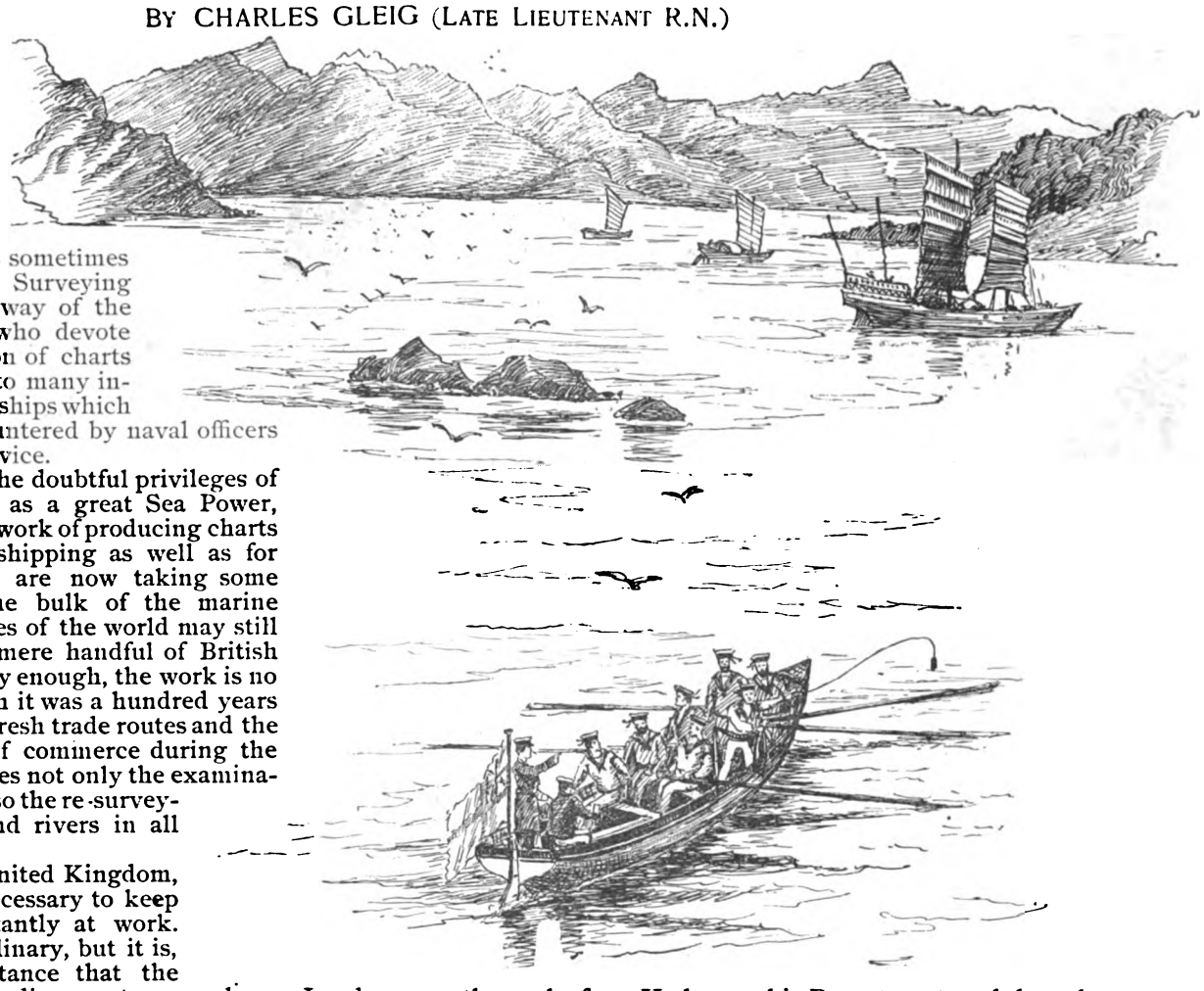
How Seas are Surveyed and Coasts Charted,

BY CHARLES GLEIG (LATE LIEUTENANT R.N.)

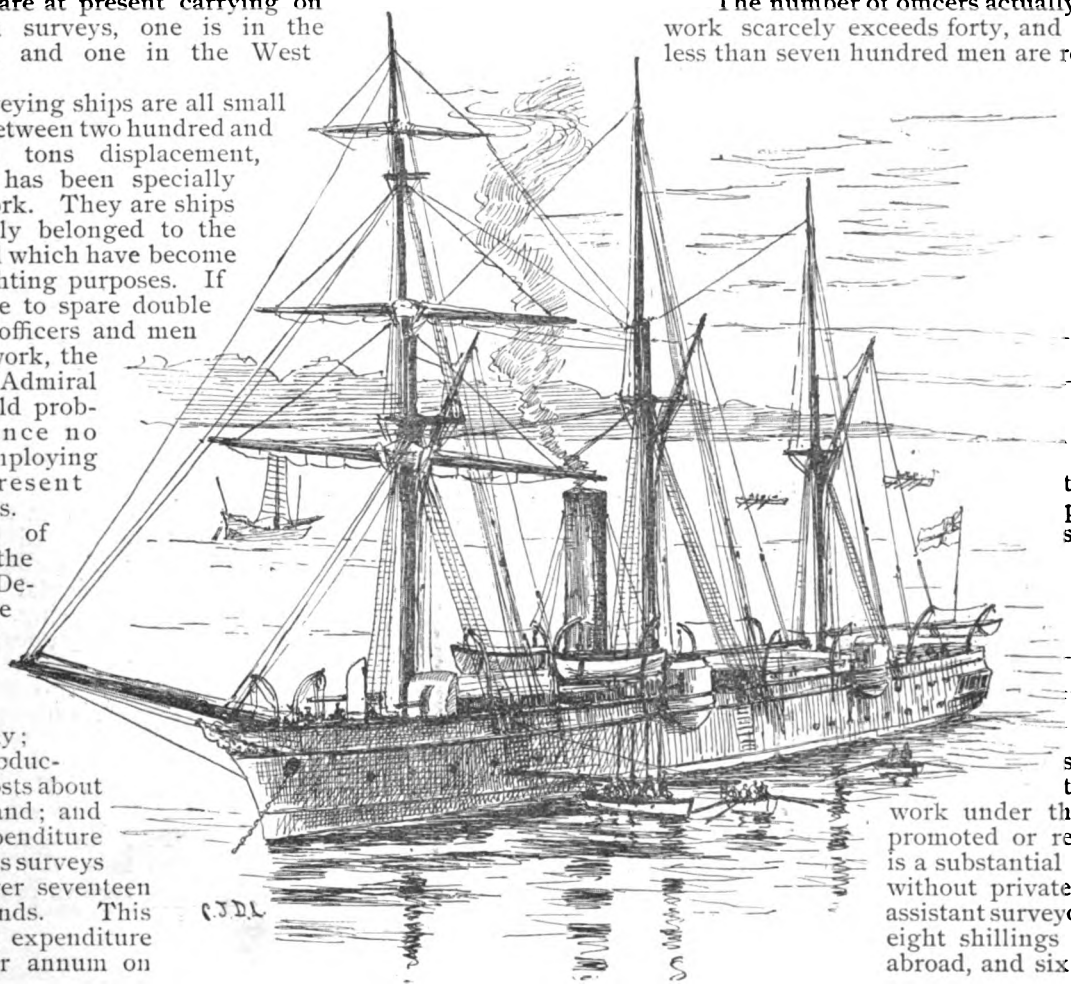


IN these days of Cycling most people understand the difference between scudding smoothly along the even surface of some wood-paved main road in London and struggling over the rough side streets through which it is sometimes necessary to pass. The Surveying Service is essentially a by-way of the Royal Navy, and officers who devote their lives to the production of charts have to submit cheerfully to many inconveniences and even hardships which are only occasionally encountered by naval officers in the main road of the Service.

It seems to be one of the doubtful privileges of England, in her capacity as a great Sea Power, to undertake the important work of producing charts for the benefit of foreign shipping as well as for her own. Foreign navies are now taking some share in the work, but the bulk of the marine surveying of the trade routes of the world may still be said to devolve upon a mere handful of British officers and men. Curiously enough, the work is no nearer completion now than it was a hundred years ago. The opening up of fresh trade routes and the enormous multiplication of commerce during the past half century necessitates not only the examination of new channels, but also the re-surveying of coasts, harbours, and rivers in all parts of the world.

On the coasts of the United Kingdom, for instance, it is found necessary to keep two surveying ships constantly at work. This may appear extraordinary, but it is, of course, of vital importance that the approaches to our great trading centres—such as London, Liverpool and Southampton—should be re-surveyed from time to time with the greatest possible accuracy. So thickly is the chart of the English Channel strewn with soundings that a skilful navigator can ascertain his position even when making the land in a dense fog. This method of pilotage by means of the lead has been much facilitated of late years by the invention of sounding machines, which can be used when steaming at a high rate of speed.

In addition to the two surveying ships in home waters, there are five constantly engaged abroad. Three of these are at present carrying on the Australian surveys, one is in the Mediterranean, and one in the West Indies.



These surveying ships are all small craft, varying between two hundred and eight hundred tons displacement, and only one has been specially built for the work. They are ships which originally belonged to the active fleet, and which have become obsolete for fighting purposes. If it were possible to spare double the number of officers and men for surveying work, the hydrographer (Admiral Wharton) would probably experience no difficulty in employing twice the present number of ships.

The cost of maintaining the Hydrographic Department of the Admiralty is a little over thirteen thousand pounds annually; the actual production of charts costs about eighteen thousand; and the average expenditure upon the various surveys amounts to over seventeen thousand pounds. This shows a total expenditure of £48,000 per annum on the work of our Hydrographic Department, and the only return for it in hard cash is by the sale of charts to the public at an extremely moderate rate. Almost any Admiralty chart can be obtained for less than two shillings, although the actual cost to the country for their production is so considerable. From 150,000 to 180,000 charts are thus sold annually, and the amount obtained for them does not much exceed £10,000. Nevertheless, the country should not grudge this expenditure, which is the merest bagatelle in comparison with the enormous importance of protecting our shipping as far as possible from the dangers of navigation.

The number of officers actually engaged in surveying work scarcely exceeds forty, and the ships being small, less than seven hundred men are required to make up the crews.

The officers all belong to the regular service, but are volunteers for this by-way of the Navy, and receive extra pay for their services. The men, on the contrary, are drafted to these surveying ships in the ordinary course of service, and are offered no special inducements to tempt them to remain permanently in the surveying branch.

Some officers revert to the Fleet after a commission in a surveying ship; but the majority of the surveyors — or assistant surveyors, as they are termed — continue to work under the Hydrographer until promoted or retired. The extra pay is a substantial inducement to officers without private means. A first-class assistant surveyor receives an additional eight shillings a day when employed abroad, and six shillings if in a home

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ship, while lieutenants and commanders in charge of surveys are far better paid than any of their contemporaries in the general service. Still the work is arduous in the extreme, and officers who enter the Surveying branch need to possess considerable energy and strong physique.

For about nine months in each year the ships are constantly engaged on the surveying ground allotted to them by the Hydrographer. During this time the work commences at about 6 a.m. and is systematically continued till dusk, the officers in command of ships vieing with one another to produce the largest results. In every coast survey a great deal of sounding work is involved, and this is the most arduous and monotonous portion of the surveyor's task. The inshore area is examined by the officers in the ship's boats, while the ship herself sounds in the deeper waters. For many weeks at a time an officer may have to spend whole days running these lines of soundings in a small boat, and practically the only excitement within his reach is the possible discovery of a rock or shoal dangerous to shipping. In steam boats the work for the men is comparatively light, but few surveying ships carry more than one or two steam boats, so that much of the inshore sounding has to be carried on in pulling boats.

On remote stations it is not always possible to obtain fresh meat and vegetables for the crews during the progress of a survey, but every means are taken to supplement the ship's provision from local resources. It is a curious sight to see a boat's crew at dinner on the surveying ground, very likely surrounded by native fishermen waiting on the off chance of receiving an empty pickle bottle in reward for their patience. Pickles are issued to the men by a grateful country in the proportion of one bottle between every three men, and if they are able to boil their coffee in the dinner hour the labours of the long morning are lightly regarded.

During the process of triangulating a coast line, small parties of men, each under an officer, are detached from the ship, sometimes for several weeks at a time. The duty of the officer in charge of these little parties is to make sketches of the principal headlands and mountain ranges, and subsequently to take angles with his theodolite so that all such points and mountains may be accurately set down on the chart. Thus the party may be required to camp for some days on the summit of a high mountain or upon some little island off the coast from whence angles can be taken. These little outings are really enjoyable, and Jack is quite in his element over the camp fire, even though he has to drag stores and instruments over much rough ground before the camp can be formed.

On one occasion an officer with a few men was sent to a lonely rock off the coast of China, not far from Hong Kong, and, after spending some days there a man of war came along and utilised the rock as a target for her guns. The surveying detachment experienced a *mauvais quatre d'heure* until the captain of the ship discovered that the rock was temporarily inhabited. Fortunately no lives were lost.

On some isolated parts of the China coast, as indeed in other parts of the world, camping out is, at times, attended with unsuspected risks. It is a common thing to see an officer taking angles with his theodolite surrounded by the entire village, and the surveyor on these occasions may find it necessary to keep his audience in good humour, otherwise the latent dislike to "foreign devils" may break out in the unpleasant form of a shower of stones, very damaging both to theodolites and to heads. But during three years the writer spent on the China coast in a surveying vessel there was but one instance of a party being fired upon by the natives, although being stoned was a more frequent occurrence. In this instance the officer in command of a small party endeavoured to reach the summit of a mountain near the coast which appears to have been regarded as sacred to the memory of some pagan deity. On the whole the Chinese coast peasants and fishermen are wonderfully peaceable in their dealings with Europeans. If a small party of Chinese was to land near Plymouth and perform some heathen ceremony on the hilltops, I fancy it would incur a risk of being mobbed by our enlightened countrymen.

Allusion has been made to a small portion of the year during which the surveyor is not at work on the surveying ground. In home waters it is quite impossible to survey during the winter months, and even on foreign stations there are always two or three months during which sounding and theodoliting have to be suspended. These intervals are utilized by the surveyors in preparing charts from the rough materials previously accumulated, so that even when laid up and awaiting the return of suitable weather the officers have plenty to do.

The "fair sheet" which is ultimately sent home to the Admiralty, and upon which a vast amount of care is bestowed by the officer selected to draw it, is gradually built up from the individual work of all the assistant surveyors engaged in the survey of the coast, river, or harbour, as the case may be. Each assistant keeps a record of his own work, and all soundings, and coast lines, and positions fixed by observations are transferred as the survey progresses to a large sheet which is kept in the chart room. It is from this so-called "rough sheet" (which, however, is just as accurate as possible) that the "fair sheet" is drawn in elaborate detail and with much embellishment in the way of delicate tinting and shading. On its arrival at Whitehall, the "fair sheet" is handed over to the engravers, after a careful examination, and is ultimately published either as a complete chart or as a portion of a larger chart according to circumstances.

The names of all the officers responsible for the work are recorded upon each chart issued, and it will be noticed by those who look carefully at one of these sheets that a good many islands, mountains, bays, etc., are named after these naval officers. In uncivilized places it is not always possible to ascertain the local names of mountains, bays, or even small islands, and names have to be provided.

Some captains of surveying ships are very zealous in endeavouring to ascertain local names, but the results are often remarkable in the absence of a qualified interpreter. An officer, for example, may point to a mountain and ask its name of a native. He receives a reply which he rashly assumes to be an answer to his question, and may find out long afterwards that he has christened his mountain by some such roundabout name as "I do not understand you." In China especially these mistakes have often been made, and must have caused great amusement to students of the language.

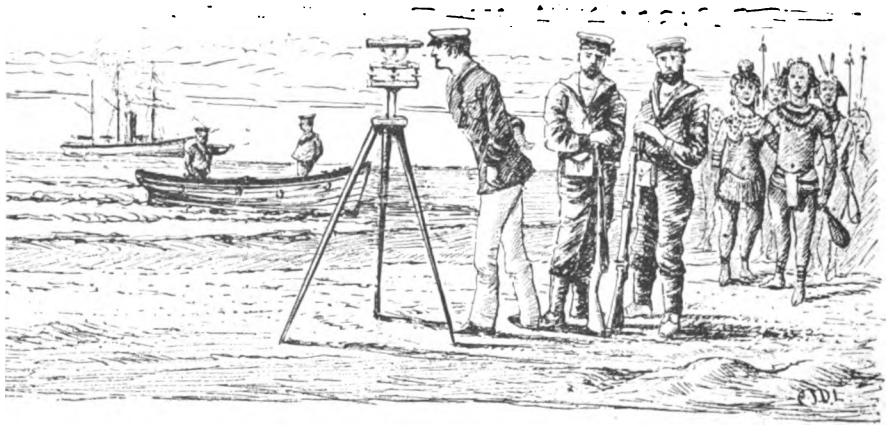
In the course of every year, as may be seen from the Hydrographer's annual reports, a very large number of new rocks and other dangers to navigation are invariably discovered, whilst a much larger number is reported, many of which turn out to be imaginery.

It is an unfortunate fact that the majority of new rocks are discovered through more or less serious accidents to shipping, and by the loss of many fine vessels which will persist in hugging the coast too closely. However careful the survey, one can rarely be absolutely certain that all dangers have been discovered by the lead, and the experienced navigator, who knows something of the process of a marine survey, will always distrust irregular soundings. There must inevitably be intervals between the lines of soundings, and it is only in frequented harbours and channels, through which much shipping constantly passes, that the navigator can be absolutely sure that no fresh dangers are liable to be found.

In some parts of the world pinnacle rocks rise sheer out of quite deep water, and the soundings in their immediate vicinity give no clue to any probability of danger.

That surveying vessels are never wrecked is a remarkable circumstance, seeing that these ships are constantly examining waters that have not been previously sounded. In reality, nothing more than ordinary precaution and experience is needed to avert accidents, because the ship actually feels her way with the lead, and can be stopped at the first indication of shoal water. When once a rock or shoal is discovered the ship takes no further part in the examination of that particular area, but leaves the work to her boats.

The work of the naval surveyor is hard, and officers who enter this branch must be content to spend a great portion of their time upon barren and cheerless coasts far removed from clubs and the society of the white man. The earlier surveyors devoted a good deal of attention to the more civilised parts of the world, and the consequence is that their successors rarely have the good fortune to work in frequented harbours. The zeal of the officers of this small branch of the Navy is beyond praise, and there is no doubt whatever that they are keenly interested in their work and indifferent to the incidental hardships of surveying. Work that may appear monotonous to outsiders, and even to naval officers of the general service, is not in reality tedious to the zealous expert who has learned to feel a peculiar joy in the discovery of rocks, and to whom the long day's work brings its own reward.



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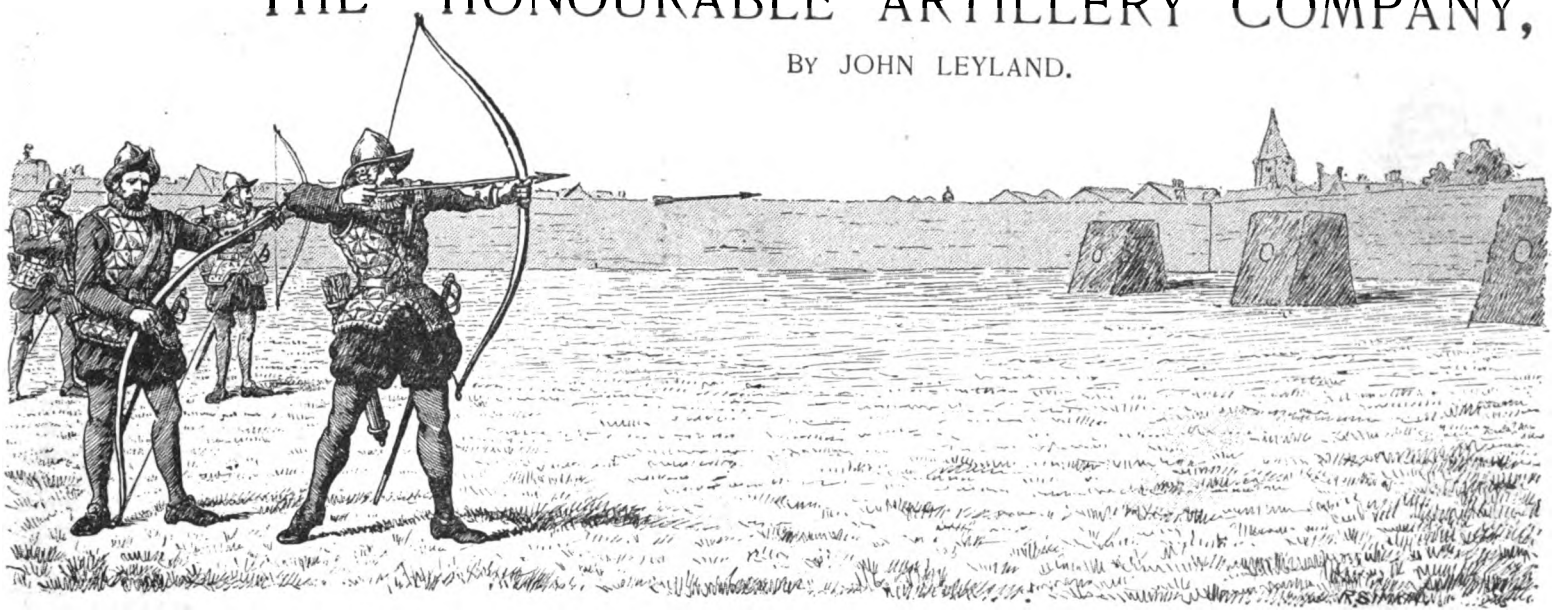
THE HONOURABLE ARTILLERY COMPANY,

BY JOHN LEYLAND.



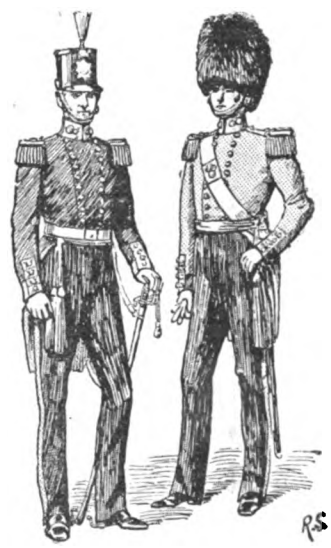
ARCHERS PRACTISING AT BUTTS, 1537.

UNIQUE among the organized military bodies of Europe stands the Honourable Artillery Company of London. Another like corps there is in the United States, an early outgrowth from the parent English stem, the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, embodied in 1638 under charter from Governor Winthrop, by those who were, or had been, members of the English corps. Between the two bodies there have long existed the most friendly relations, and the visit of a number of members of the Boston Corps to London as guests of our Honourable Artillery Company, is another illustration of the truth of Tatnall's saying that "blood is thicker than water." The London Company is proud of its distinctions, and tells us that it belongs, strictly speaking, neither to the militia, the yeomanry, nor the volunteers, that Parliament has no control over it, since it receives no capitation or other grant from the public funds, and that it has been governed by successive Royal warrants from the time of Henry VIII. downward. Its picturesque history is bound up with that of the City of London, though, as in lovers' quarrels, dark clouds have from time to time overshadowed the charms of that relationship. The possession of a fine tract of open land in the crowded heart of London, held as a high privilege under long leases based upon ancient prerogative, has not been without danger to the Company, and some have thought the holding to be a *damnosa hæreditas*, endangering even at times the very existence of the corps. The Artillery Company, however, has weathered many a storm in maintaining its rights, and now enjoys the honourable fruit of its victories.

It is well known with what assiduous care the monarchs of England all through the middle ages encouraged practice with the long bow, and how suspiciously they watched the introduction and extended use of its cross-bow rival. The cloth-yard shafts of the London archers winged their way to butts in the Finsbury fields, and when the time came found better mark in the ranks of French and Scottish foemen. In 1537 the archers in and about the city were first incorporated by charter as the "Fraternity or Guild of St. George," and certain gentlemen were appointed overseers of the Guild and of the science of artillery or long bow, of cross bow, and of hand-guns. The members of this Guild, which afterwards became the Artillery Company, shared the use of the "Artillery Garden" in Spitalfields with the "Fraternity of Artillery in Great and Small Ordnance." Between them—unless, indeed, as some suspect, they were one and the same body—it seems clear they trained many who were sent afloat and mustered ashore when the Spaniards came in 1588. The "Society of Citizens Practising Arms and Military Discipline"—for so was the Company named in the reign of James I.—was the nursing school of officers who commanded the City Trained Bands. Its services gained great repute, and the names of many exalted personages who were enrolled in it appear in that fine historical record, the Great Vellum Book, which opens in 1610. The Master-gunner of the Tower, however, becoming, as would appear, jealous of the Company's position, made the use of the Artillery Garden a bone of much contention. With its assistance he had procured a grant of the Garden from the Crown for training purposes, and yet would no longer allow its members to exercise on the ground, nor permit their servants or armourers to repair their armour, nor to mend or clean their arms thereon without rent being paid to him. This insufferable conduct so incensed the Artillery Company that it procured from the Court of Aldermen license to exercise in the uppermost field of Finsbury. It was not, however, until 1641, that the ground the Company now holds was granted, by the name of the "New Artillery Garden," nor until 1658 that it transferred its armoury to that place, arousing curious opposition in some inhabitants, who presented to the House of Lords a curious picture of evils that would result from the coming of the "military gentlemen."

The Artillery Company had now reached a high estate. Charles, Prince of Wales, afterwards Charles II., the Count Palatine and Duke of Bavaria, and James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., entered the force in 1641, and since that time the King, or Prince of Wales, has nearly always commanded the Company, with the ancient title of Captain-General. All the officers of the City Trained Bands belonged to, or were taken from, the Artillery Company, and the Lord Mayor and Aldermen were very liberal in their support, one practice being to make an annual vote for sack and wine for the Company's feast. There were three grand parades in each year, when the Company marched out to a village called Balmes, or Baumes, in the neighbourhood of Shoreditch or Hackney, and went through the formal evolutions of those days. It was under arms on apprentices' holidays when turbulent spirits threatened riot, and it furnished a guard of honour on Lord Mayor's Day. Some old customs, fallen into disuse here, are still observed by the Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, in which the officers, still elected annually, carry halberds and espontoons, and are allowed or encouraged, as was formerly the case in London, to hold commissions in other corps.

The London Artillery Company—it first styled itself "Honourable" in 1685—took no part in the Civil War, but it was well represented in the quarrel, through many of its members who, as captains of the Trained Bands, joined Essex when Charles advanced against the capital after Edgehill. In Stuart times, on "general days," the company would march out regimentally with drums, fifes, and pioneers, files of men with partisans and half pikes escorting the colours, a train of artillery, consisting of six field-pieces and two waggons, gunners, matrosses, and firelocks, marshals with blunderbusses, clad in buff coats, and musketeers with bright head-pieces and red plumes. Of the occupations of the Artillery Company, the changes it underwent, and the difficulties it surmounted, some even endangering its existence, there is little space to speak here. How changed was its position in the eyes of the City in later times may be inferred from the fact that, when George I. entered London, the Lieutenancy vainly opposed the appearance in the procession of its grenadiers and its buff-coated members—the pikemen afterwards had scarlet—with their gold-edged cocked hats, red feathers, white hose, and hair tied with red ribbons behind and black ribbons before. But the Company which had done so much in making efficient the City Trained Bands deserved better treatment and won it, and,



H.A.C. UNIFORM, 1855.
OFFICERS ARTILLERY & INFANTRY

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in the time of George II., it flourished again, and a new armoury was built.

Curious difficulties subsequently arose. Lord Mayor Kennett, in 1779, refused the services of the Company on November 9th, and declined to entertain them, and it coming to the ears of the Court of Assistants that a member had offered to raise a military escort instead, an order was issued that no member of the Artillery Company should join it; and about a dozen members, including the Lord Mayor himself, who was colonel of the Orange Militia, were subsequently expelled. Upon this the Lieutenancy took steps to break the connection between the Artillery Company and the London Militia, which from this time forward practically ceased to exist. A very interesting feature in the history of the Company is the persistence with which it pursued the practice of archery in Finsbury Fields, notwithstanding the determined opposition of the inhabitants, who frequently fenced in the land and removed the marks. The last march out to the archery butts was in the year 1792.

Very shortly afterwards a great dispute arose between the Company's Court of Assistants and the Lieutenancy of the City in regard to the use of the Artillery Ground by the New Militia. That would have been granted to the Lieutenancy as a privilege which was strenuously refused as a right. The New London Militia Bill, giving to the force the rights and privileges of the ancient Trained Bands, one of which was the use of the Artillery Ground and armoury, was allowed to pass on condition that its provisions should not be made use of to enable the Court of Common Council to bring claims against the Company. So aggressive did the attitude of the Lieutenancy, nevertheless, become that bolts and locks were looked to, and, when the Grenadier Companies of the Militia marched to the ground on October 29th, 1796, to demand admittance, they found the gates closed, and the Artillery Company under arms within prepared to resist their entrance by force. Wiser counsels which prevailed among the aggressive militia officers alone prevented a conflict between two armed forces of the Crown. In the end a compromise was agreed to, the militia being empowered to use the ground on certain days of the week, and a piece of land was conceded for the erection of their head-quarters. The Company has since declined to allow the ground to be used by volunteer corps under a clause inserted in the lease which confines the use of it to their own parades and exercises and to the purposes of the City Trained Bands, and it has proudly vindicated its rights.

The Honourable Artillery Company, waging a battle through its Court of Assistants in such civil matters, has often rendered excellent service in times of public disturbance or emergency. It was under arms during the Gordon Riots in 1780, and did much to quell the tumult, in reward for which the Corporation presented it with two field-pieces. In 1794 it was called out again, when Hardy, Horne Tooke, Thelwall, and the Corresponding Society caused disturbances, and the bread and other riots of the beginning of this century gave it useful employment. It was under arms in 1810 when Sir Francis Burdett was committed to the Tower, and it served usefully during the public agitation of succeeding years. Again, during the Trades Union and Chartist disturbances it was employed in quelling tumult, and it has been thanked often by the Home Secretary, the Lord Mayor, and the Corporation for its services. The conservative character of the Company was curiously illustrated by a remarkable display of feeling in 1849-50. It had long been a privilege of the corps to elect its own officers, and when, at the time mentioned, the appointments were taken into the hands of the Crown, many malcontents, refusing to regard the grant of the Queen's commission as a mark of royal favour, represented to the Prince Consort, then Captain-General, their opposition to the change. His Royal Highness, with much tact, intervened in the dispute, and the commission was accepted, and is now held with pride by the members of the Company.

In 1780 the Company was complete to its establishment of ten companies, including Grenadiers (some of whose officers' caps it still preserves) and Light Infantry, and it received its two brass field-pieces from the Court of Common Council at that time. It was accustomed to practise ball firing with sham fighting in Sydenham and Dulwich, but afterwards transferred the scene of these exercises to Highgate. The officers assumed the sword instead of the fusil in 1795, and in 1799 the sergeants gave up the pike. A Rifle or "Yager" Company was established in 1804, with a green uniform, and existed up to 1854. The artillery and infantry were ordered to wear gold lace in 1821, and continued its use until the accession of William IV., who gave the whole Company a scarlet uniform of the same pattern as the Grenadier Guards, but with silver lace, and ordered his own tailor to make a pattern coat. He further gave them the privilege of wearing gold sashes in full dress. Percussion muskets replaced the old flint-lock in 1842; the bearskin was adopted in 1855, and the coatee was replaced by the tunic three years later, when Enfield rifles were served out. Great interest was displayed in the formation of a troop of Horse Artillery in 1860, which did the highest credit to the Company, but the heavy expense caused it to be disbanded in 1869. The Light Cavalry Troop had been added in 1861, and with the Infantry companies and the Field Battery, now constitutes the force of the Honourable Artillery Company of London.

It is a military body, with a long, curious and interesting history, proud of its independence and of the great roll of distinguished men who have belonged to it; proud, too, that it has given rise to another ancient corps beyond the Atlantic as independent and at least as tenacious of old rights and customs as itself. In the Great Vellum Book of the Honourable Artillery Company of London there are inscribed the names, not only of kings and nobles who have belonged to it, but of many celebrated men of former times, of John Milton, Samuel Pepys, and Sir Christopher Wren, for example, who were proud to be enrolled in so famous and honourable a corps.

The Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company of the Massachusetts inherits the old spirit of its English sire through the sturdy Englishmen who founded new England, and it numbered among its early members many trained soldiers, men like Miles Standish, the "captain of Plymouth," who had organised and commanded the military associations upon which the colony depended for its security. The maintenance of old discipline, and the training of officers of fighting corps, have been the chief traditional occupations of the Boston Company, as of the English. Many of its members fought for us in our harassing wars with the Indians, and our great struggle with the French for the conquest of Canada. The meetings of the Company were suspended during the revolutionary war, but not a few of the "Ancients" enrolled themselves against us, and one among them seized two guns by stratagem in Boston. But those times, and the war of 1812, are alike forgotten in the friendly and cordial relations that have since grown up between the London and Boston Companies. These naturally honour and respect one another, and the American corps took particular pride some years ago in enrolling the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales as special honorary members in its ranks, to which many famous American soldiers and patriots have belonged.

H.A.C. IN PROCESSION ON ENTRY OF GEORGE I. INTO LONDON.

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Photo. RUSSELL & SON, Baker St.

SIR HARRY BURNETT LUMSDEN, K.C.S.I., C.B.

WORLD-WIDE is the fame of that *corps d'élite* of the Indian Army, the "Queen's Own" Corps of Guides. It was Sir HARRY LUMSDEN who, then a subaltern of eight years' service, in 1846, under Sir HENRY LAWRENCE, first raised them, and first rode at their head in chief command during a brilliant five years' term of dashing service on the North West Frontier—in sixteen fights—with HODSON of "Hodson's Horse" for his second in command. Before that he had taken part in two campaigns, with Pollock's avenging army up the Kyber to Cabul, and in the Sutlej campaign, had won two medals, and been at least once wounded (at Sobraon). In 1849, Sir Harry again did good service at the siege of Multan and elsewhere, winning the Punjab Medal with two clasps, special mention in despatches, and the brevet of Major. In 1857 he was on political duty at Candahar; in 1860 fighting the hill tribes of the wild North West he won the Frontier Medal with clasp. He again commanded his own Guides as Colonel, and in 1875 retired from active service.

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CORPS OF COMMISSIONAIRES.

HERE we have together in one body representatives of every arm, regiment and battalion in Her Majesty's regular service, one man for each. The Royal Artillery is on the extreme right followed in order by the three regiments of Household cavalry, and the other cavalry regiments of the Army—Dragoon Guards, Dragoons, Lancers, Hussars; the Guards Infantry; and then the Infantry of the Line, Fusiliers, Rifles, Light Infantry, from the Royal Scots (the old First Royals) to the old 109th Foot (now called the 2nd Battalion of the Leinster Regiment). On the right flank, in Staff-Sergeant's uniform, is seen what we may call the Centurion of this Pretorian Band, the Sergeant-Major of the Corps of Commissionaires, Sergeant-Major ROBERT SOMERVILLE, late of the 8th (Royal Irish) Hussars.

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

STAFF OFFICERS OF THE COMMISSIONAIRES.

EACH of the local Divisions into which the Corps of Commissionaires is divided, is in charge of a retired commissioned officer of the Army. These Divisional officers number ten, with, in addition, at the head of all, Colonel Sir EDWARD WALTER, the Founder and supreme Commanding Officer, and the Adjutant Major F. E. WALTER. Our photograph shows the officers in a group at the Annual Parade and Inspection on the 14th June last at Chelsea Hospital. Taking them from the proper right of the line, they comprise: Captain DUKE (late of the 101st Regiment), Belfast Division; Captain WAITE (late 7th Hussars), Newcastle; Major STANILAND and Captain BRAY (late of the 15th Hussars and 30th Regiment), Headquarter Division; Colonel RIND (late 107th Regiment), London Division; Captain PARR CAMPBELL (late 78th Highlanders), Glasgow; Lieutenant Colonel BRUND (late 17th Regiment), Liverpool and Manchester; Major HAWKINS (late 24th and 85th Regiment), Birmingham; Sir E. WALTER—shown, walking stick in hand in front—(late 44th Regiment and 8th Hussars); Major F. E. WALTER (late R.A.); Captain MAYES (late 6th Dragoon Guards), Leeds Division; and Captain SINCLAIR (late 71st Highlanders), Edinburgh Division.

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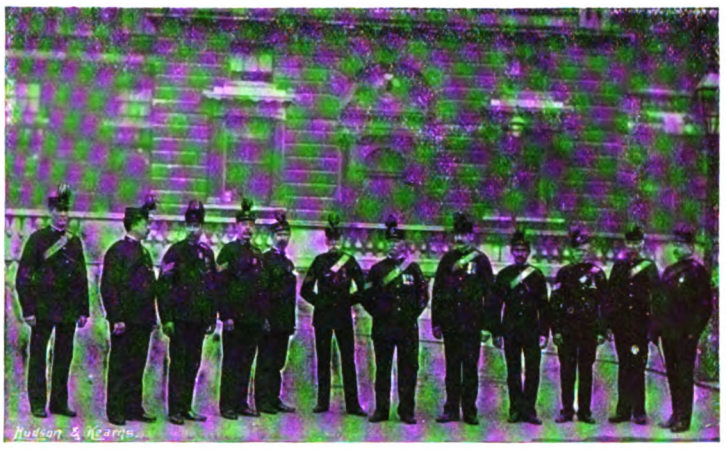
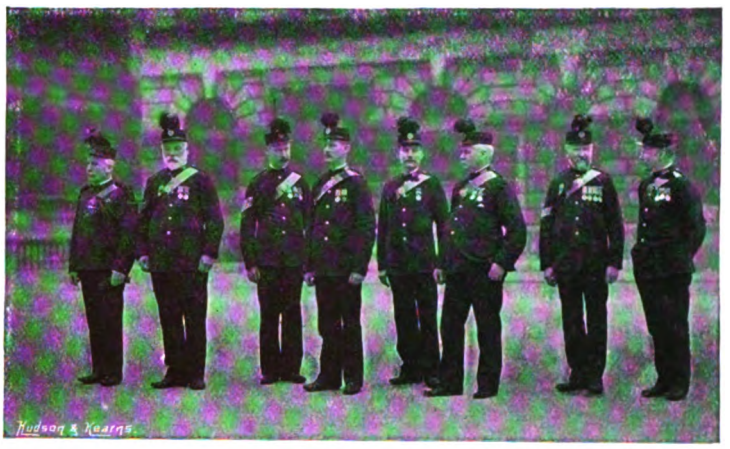
GUARD OF HONOUR.

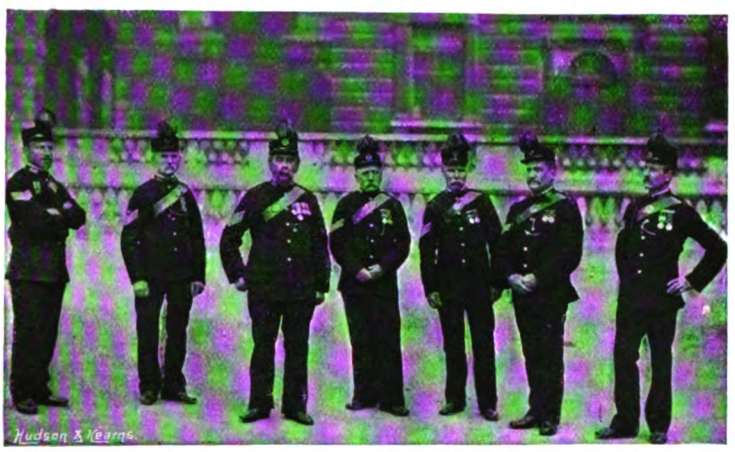
ROYAL NAVY.



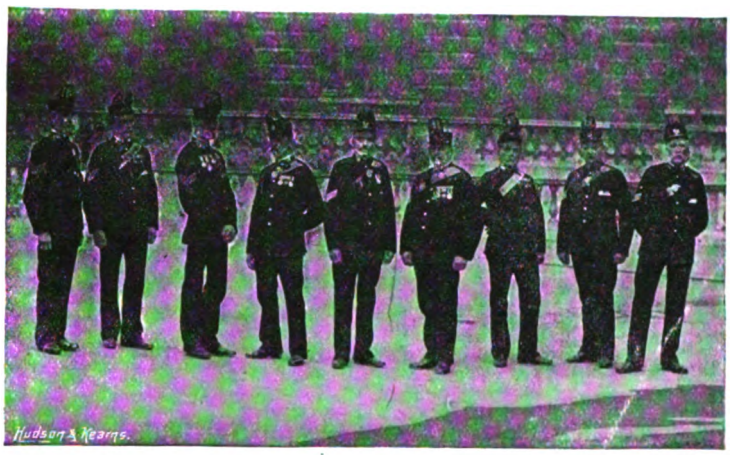
HOUSEHOLD CAVALRY AND DRAGOONS.



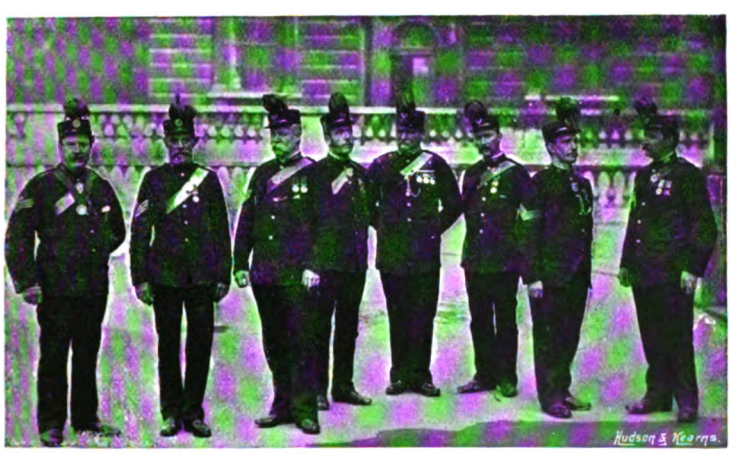
ROYAL ENGINEERS.



RIFLES.



ROYAL MARINES.



ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY.

LANCERS.

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval and Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

MEN of the COMMISSIONAIRES at the ANNUAL PARADE of the CORPS, JUNE, 1896.

THE Corps of Commissionaires was first founded in 1859 by Sir EDWARD WALTER (then Captain WALTER) to furnish wounded sailors and soldiers with occupation suitable to their peculiar circumstances, but after a short experience the success of the scheme proved so great that its scope was enlarged to provide for the able-bodied also. The men admitted to the corps are all carefully selected and of reliable character, strictly sober and honest, industrious, and smart in appearance. They pay on admission an entrance fee, with caution money, and have to make a deposit in the Savings Bank, which has to be added to weekly, and small monthly payments for clothing, to the sick and convalescent and corps insurance funds, having in return permanent employment at a fair wage found, with uniform, free medical attendance and sick pay, and other special benefits. There are some 2,206 men on the books, distributed in the London Division and nine Out-quarter Divisions, in Belfast and Dublin, Birmingham, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, and Nottingham. The annual parade of the corps is held at Chelsea, in the grounds of the Royal Hospital, on the Sunday before Waterloo Day. This year the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE was the inspecting officer.

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Photo. J. E. LIVERNOIS, Quebec.

THE DEFENCES OF THE EMPIRE:—THE 8th BATTALION OF THE ACTIVE MILITIA OF CANADA.

OUR photograph represents one of the battalions of the Active Militia of Canada, the "Royal Rifles," at it appeared when leaving its headquarters at Quebec, to take part at the celebration of Her Majesty's Birthday. The regiment, which is one of the crack corps of the Dominion, was organized in February, 1862, and is now commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel GEORGE ROBERT WHITE. Its uniform is similar to that of the King's Royal Rifles of the Imperial Service. Its present establishment is 278 of all ranks, and it has a brass and bugle band, and pioneers, signallers, and Ambulance Corps. The regimental badge and motto are:—a Maltese Cross, surrounded by a laurel wreath, with the Imperial Crown above and the Roman numeral "VIII." beneath. A scroll above is inscribed "Volens et Valens," and a scroll beneath "Royal Rifles."

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Photo. P. CHARLETON & SON, Newbridge.

IN MEMORY OF WATERLOO:—The PRESENTATION of the KAISER'S WREATH to the ROYALS at the CURRAGH.

THIS Photograph was taken on Waterloo Day at the Curragh, on the occasion of the presentation of the Wreath sent to the 1st Royal Dragoons by his Majesty the German Emperor, as Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, in memory of the distinction won by the Royals on the 18th of June, 1815. The officer selected to present the Kaiser's Wreath was Baron ECKHARDTSTEIN, of the Brandenburger Cuirassiers, the senior Attaché to the German Embassy in London, who was accompanied by his newly married wife, formerly Miss MAPLE. The Wreath, which was received with all honour by Colonel MCLAREN and the Royals at a full dress parade and attached to the regimental standard, was of three feet diameter, and comprised of laurel leaves interspersed with leaves of gold, and bound with a crimson sash impressed with the Imperial Monogram. Baron ECKHARDTSTEIN, in his white and gold uniform, is the central figure of our group, taken after the luncheon given by the "Royals" to celebrate the event.

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44th GURKHAS: TYPES OF UNIFORM.

44th GURKHAS: SOLDIERS' WIVES AND CHILDREN.

Photos, BOURNE & SHEPHERD, India.

OUR INDIAN ARMY:—NATIVE OFFICERS OF THE 44th GURKHAS.

THE two upper photographs represent, one, three men of the 44th Gurkhas, a havildar (sergeant) in dark green "drill order" uniform, a havildar in "heavy marching" order khaki uniform, and a Sepoy in "drill order" khaki uniform; the other, wives and children of men in the regiment, themselves also pure-bred Gurkhas from Nepaul. There is no limit in numbers to the men who are married in a Gurkha regiment, and recruits are allowed to bring their families from across the frontier. The lower photograph shows the Adjutant of the 44th Gurkhas, Lieutenant J. A. WILSON, with the native commissioned officers of the battalion, who all wear the Indian Frontier medal with clasps for various campaigns. Several in addition wear the "Order of Merit," given for conspicuous gallantry in action, as the "V.C." is in the British Army. No fewer than seven of the native officers of the battalion have been wounded in action. On the proper right of the Adjutant is seated the Suabadar Major, the senior native officer, *Sirdar Bahadur* KALU THAPA, the distinguished possessor of the Order of British India (1st class), the Imperial medal, and the Frontier medal with six clasps, covering over thirty years' service and six campaigns.

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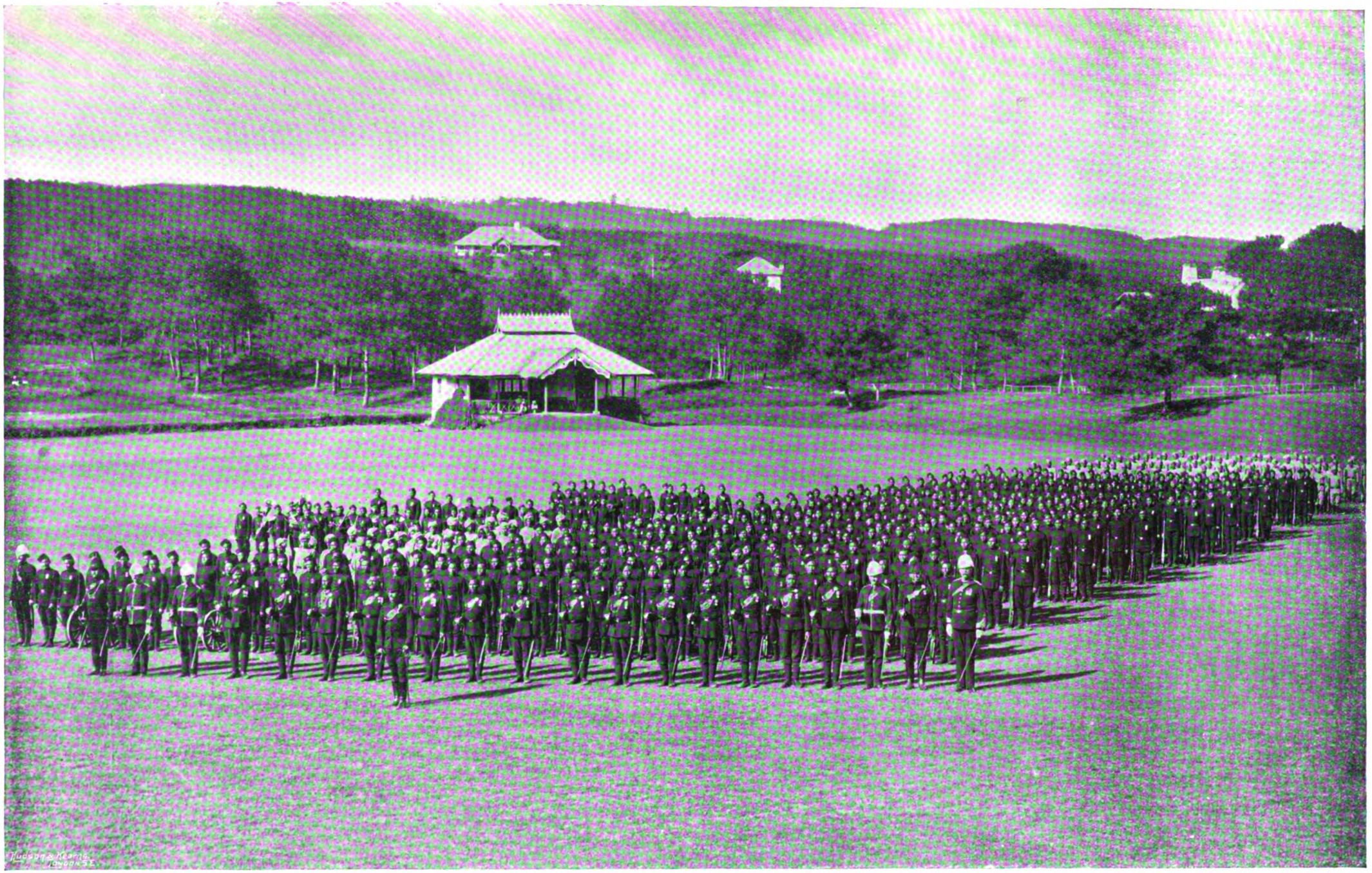

Photo. BOURNE & SHEPHERD, India.

OUR INDIAN ARMY:—THE 44th GURKHAS ON PARADE.

THE 44th Gurkhas are the reorganised "Sylhet Light Infantry Battalion," first raised in 1824. As the Sylhet Battalion the regiment did good service under the East India Company, and was one of the few corps that remained faithful in the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857. When the Bengal Army was reconstituted in 1859 it was numbered as the 44th. It first became a Gurkha battalion some eight years ago when a number of the Hindustani regiments of the Indian Army were re-formed by substituting men of a better fighting class for the men then in the ranks. Since the 44th have become a Gurkha corps they have seen active service in Burmah. On parade here, to the right of the leading company of the column, are seen the two 7 pr. mountain guns manned by the regiment and permanently attached to them and in rear are seen two companies of recruits who have not yet been given their regimental uniforms of dark green cloth faced with black.

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Photo. by R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY AT MALTA:—THE TROOPS FIRING THE "FEU DE JOIE."

HER Majesty's Birthday is always observed by the troops of the Malta garrison with a special military display and celebration in the form of a general parade on the ramparts of the forts, lining the bastions right round Grand Harbour, and the firing of a *Feu de Joie* in the presence of the Governor and Commander-in-Chief, who takes up his position, attended by a brilliant staff and the heads of departments, at the Fort Lascaris saluting battery. The Naval salute from the Fleet opens the ceremony, and then the Artillery and Infantry battalions fire a *Feu de Joie* into the air, each arm of the service and battalion in turn, commencing from Fort Ricasoli. That done the men of the seven infantry battalions in the garrison fix bayonets, shoulder and present arms, the bands playing six bars of the National Anthem, and the ceremonial concludes with three cheers for the Queen led off by His Excellency the Governor (Lieut-General Sir LYON FREMANTLE), after which is given another salute with presented arms and "God Save the Queen" again. The Royal Standard at Malta on the Queen's Birthday flies on land on the San Antonio Palace, the Governor's official residence, and on Forts Ricasoli and St. Elmo.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
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VOL. II.—No. 17.] *FRIDAY, AUGUST 7th, 1896.*

Photo. FRIPP, Cape Town.

REAR-ADMIRAL SIR FREDERICK BEDFORD, K.C.B.

A LORD of the Admiralty under two administrations, the Captain of the "Shah" in her memorable fight with the Peruvian "Huascar," the organizer of the Nile Flotilla for the Khartoum Relief Expedition, the author of—among other Naval works of acknowledged merit, "The Sailor's Pocket Book"—an A.D.C. to the Queen; such are some of the salient points in Rear-Admiral Sir F. BEDFORD'S highly distinguished career. As midshipman, his first service afloat was in the thick of the fighting in the Russian war; first in the Black Sea at the bombardments of Odessa and Sebastopol, then in the Baltic at the bombardment of Sveaborg—winning both the Crimean and Baltic medals. The Nile Expedition gave him the C.B. As an Admiral, his latest service afloat—two years ago—has been as Commander-in-Chief on the Cape and West Coast of Africa station, to conduct to its successful issue, the Gambia campaign of 1894. From the Cape Sir FREDERICK BEDFORD came home last year to take his seat as Second Sea Lord at the Admiralty. As an administrator and leader of men he has been equally successful, while he is as popular as he is capable.

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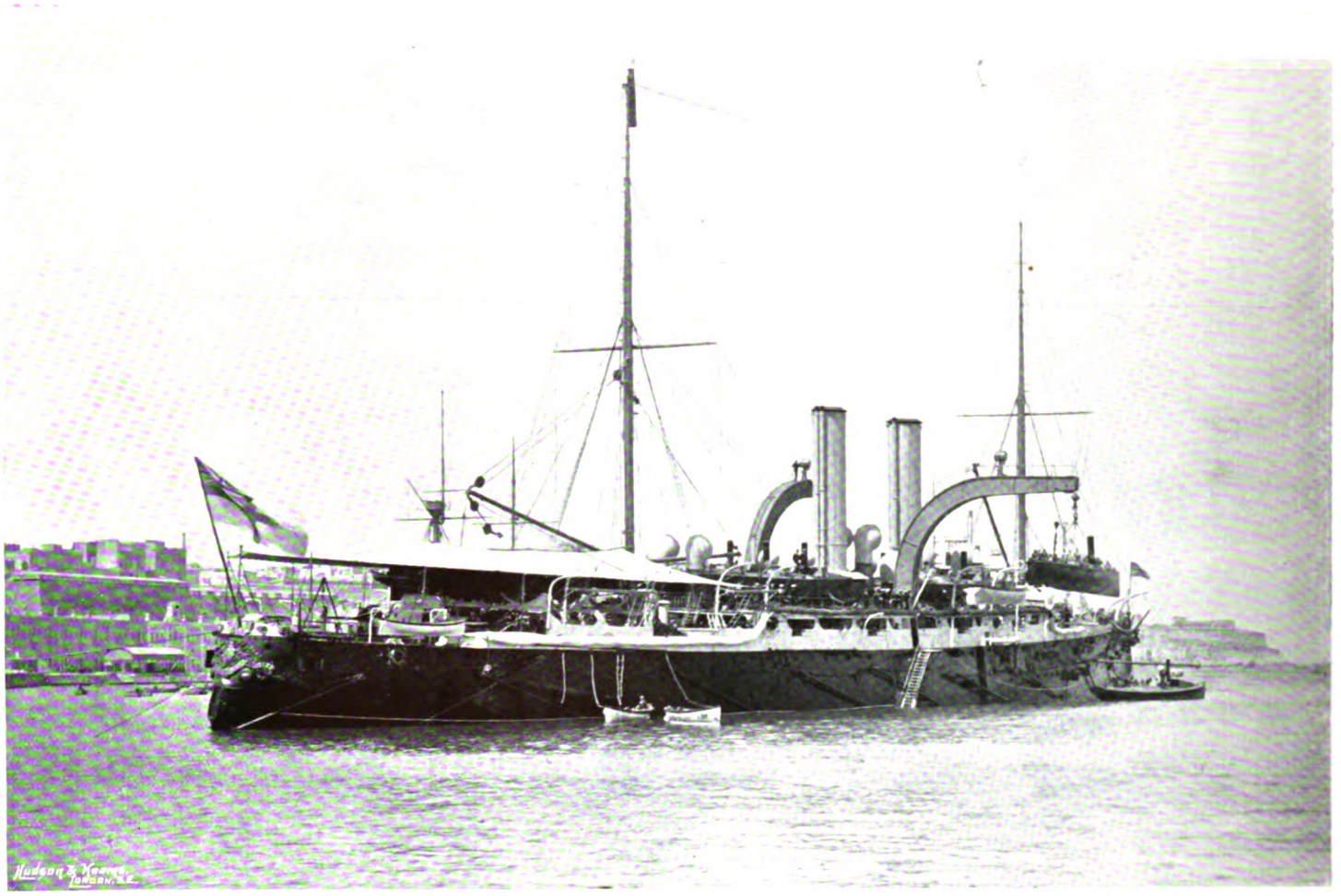

H.M. TORPEDO-DEPOT SHIP "VULCAN":—Hoisting Out a Torpedo Boat.

Photos. R ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright,—HUDSON & KEARNS*

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "VULCAN" AND HIS OFFICERS.

THE upper photograph shows the "Vulcan" hoisting out one of the six torpedo boats that the ship carries. The "Vulcan" is the only ship in the British Navy where special cranes (a prominent feature in the photograph) are employed for this purpose. The motive power employed is hydraulic, and the cranes are capable of lifting 30 tons each. The lower photograph shows Captain CHARLES GREY ROBINSON, in command of the "Vulcan," and the officers of the ship. The "Vulcan" is employed on what is officially termed "Particular Service" on the Mediterranean station. During the winter months the "Vulcan" generally goes to Volo or Platæa in the Ægean Sea for the purpose of carrying out torpedo and mining classes, and the ships of the Mediterranean Fleet are detached in turn, two or three at a time to bear her company.

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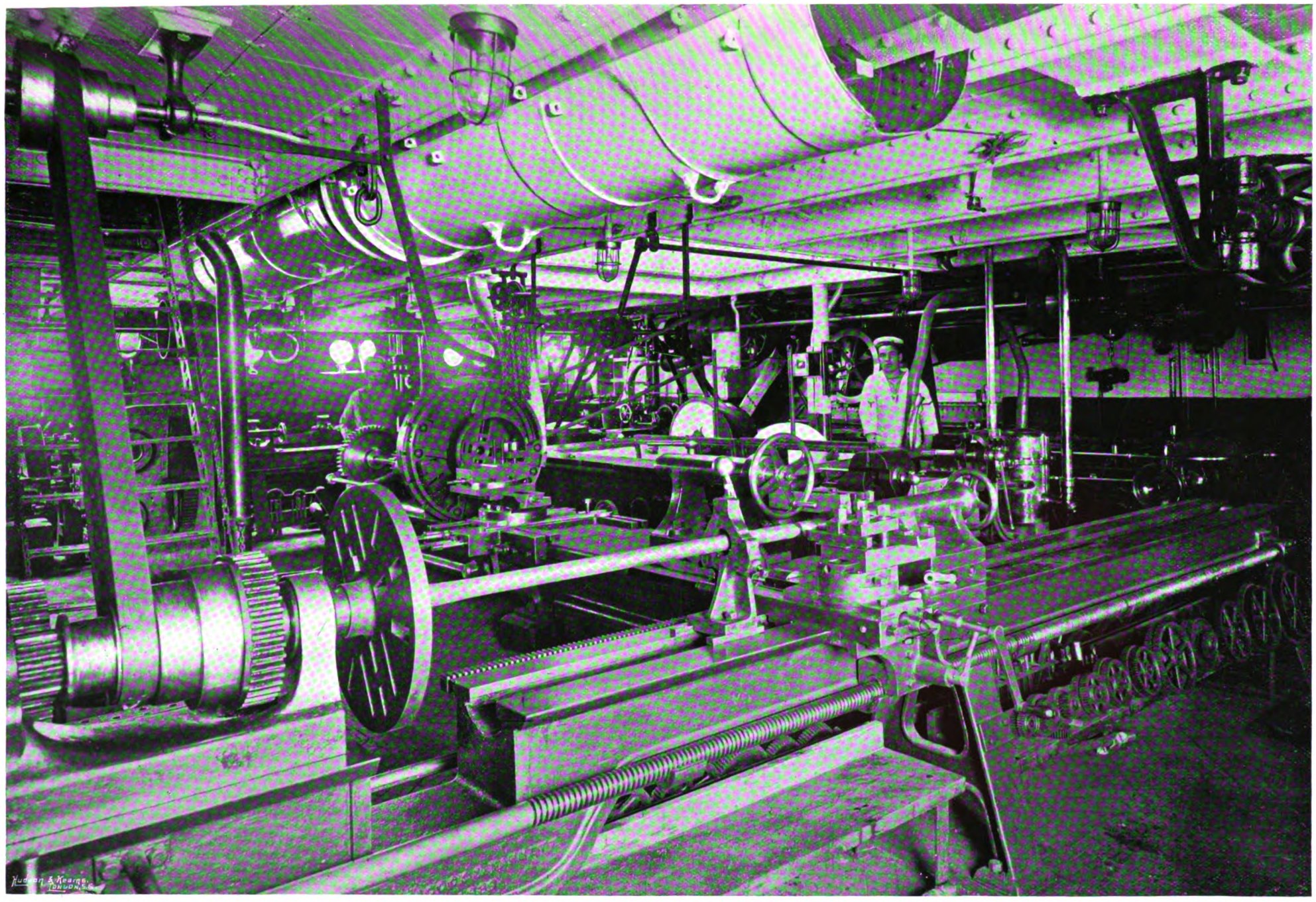

Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE WORKSHOP ON BOARD H.M.S. "VULCAN."

ONE of the special features of the "Vulcan" is the ship's "workshop." In it are five lathes of various sizes (from 18-inch centre and 17-feet bed, down to 5-inch centre and 3 ft. 6 in.-bed), two drilling machines with complete sets of twist drills and boring bars, planing, shaping and slotting, punching and shearing machines, and a circular saw bench. These are all driven by an engine placed in the workshop. For casting and founding purposes there is a hot-air furnace, complete with crucibles capable of melting down 2 cwts. of iron or brass, the air being supplied under pressure by a fan working at 2,000 revolutions a minute. A sand pit, moulding boxes, and other appliances are also placed at hand in close proximity, so that any work required can be expeditiously performed. There are also fitters' benches and vices, and a store-room complete with all kinds of tools likely to be needed.

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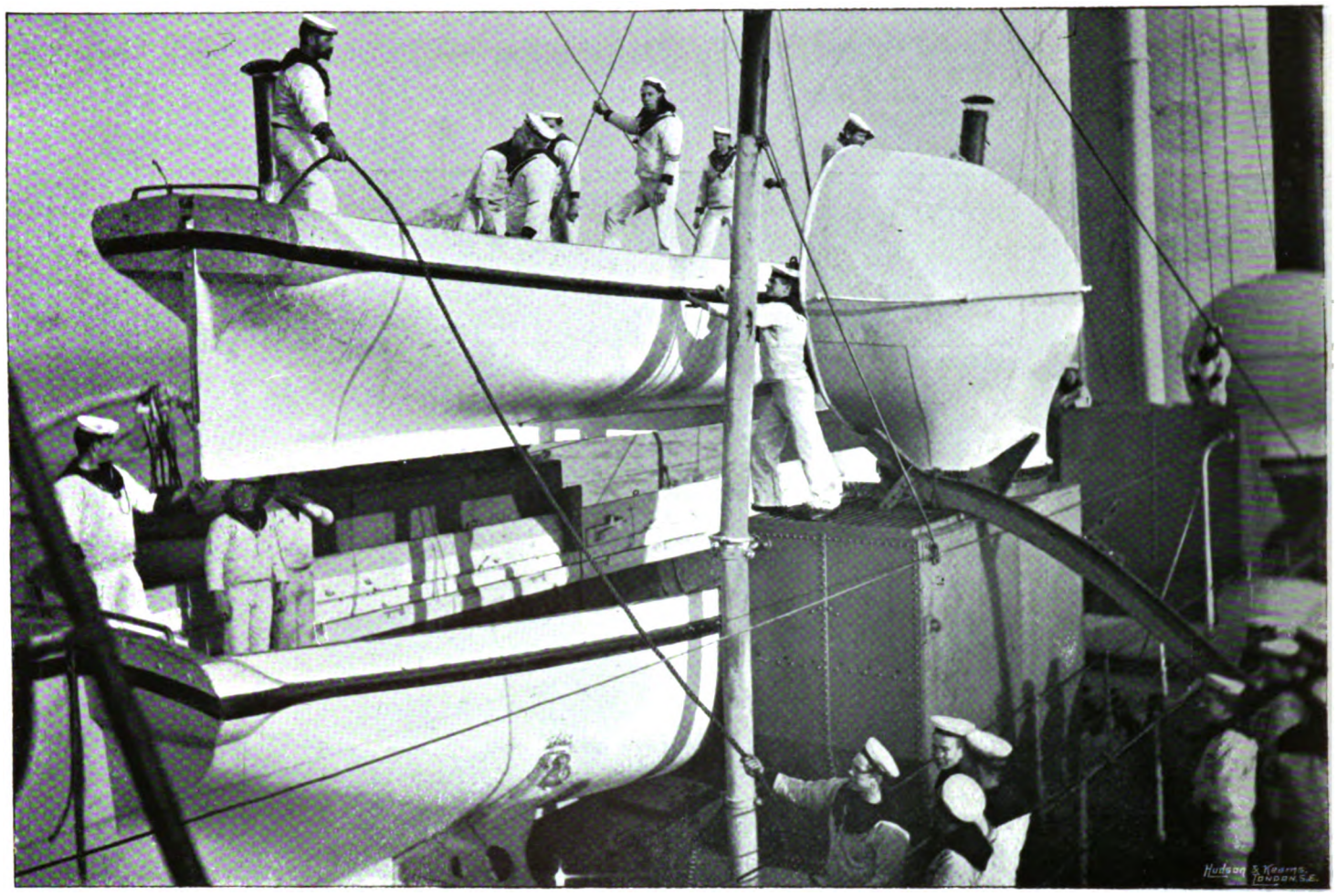

HOISTING OUT THE SAILING PINNACE ON BOARD THE "BLAKE."

Photos F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

"SPELL OH!" AFTER DINNER ON BOARD THE "BLAKE."

THESE are two scenes on board the first-class cruiser "Blake" of the Channel Squadron. One represents the operation of hoisting out the "Blake's" sailing pinnace from its resting place amidships, to be lowered into the sea for exercise or any special service that the Captain may order. Boat exercise is regularly practised in the Navy in all ships in commission for both sailing boats and steam pinnaces at least once a week; sometimes in drill manœuvres when several ships are in company as a sailing squadron, and sometimes as a steam fleet—using the signal book and rehearsing man-of-war tactics as if the pinnaces were battleships in action, sometimes in "manning and arming boats'" practice and "laying out anchors." The second photograph shows some of the "Blake's" men, in the thirty odd minutes' "Spell Oh!" after dinner, between the bugle for the issue of grog at half-an-hour after noon, and the bugle to put out pipes, at ten minutes past one o'clock.

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Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

JACK AS A SOLDIER:—A MARCHING OUT BATTALION PARADE on BOARD the TRAINING SHIP "LION."

AS men-of-war are liable to be called on at any time to carry on shore operations with an enemy, or in cases of emergency where regular troops are not on the spot, or before soldiers can be sent out from home to begin hostilities the tuition of bluejackets in landing party and battalion exercise is a necessary part of the sailor's education. It is carried out by sending the men ashore equipped with small arms and fitted as an infantry battalion, with pioneers and a stretcher party for ambulance work, and the ship's band to play the "troops" from the landing-place during the march to the scene of the "manœuvre," as Jack calls it, the selected place of attack, and back to the boats. Here we have the sailor boys of the Devonport training ship "Lion" stationed in the Hamoze, paraded with rifles and fixed bayonets on board ship, as for an infantry march inland, with their pioneers (axe on shoulder) at the head of the column in fours, and stretcher bearers all fallen in and awaiting the order to go forward.

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Photo. W. M. Crockett, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

The MAKING of our SAILORS:—Reefing Topsails on Board the Training Ship "Impregnable."

HERE we have the sailor lads of the training ship "Impregnable" at Devonport—whom, in a previous number, we have already seen on board their ship—engaged at sail drill, reefing topsails. Although in the new order of things afloat, on board our modern "mastless" battleships and cruisers, sails have no place, drill aloft it is universally acknowledged as an exercise and means of training in smartness and general readiness of resource, as an aid in the development of nerve and muscular power so indispensable to the bluejacket and all seafarers at all times, has no equal. For that reason it is that sea-going masted corvettes are still kept in regular commission in the "Training Squadron," while the lads in the still earlier stage of their career on board our harbour training ships are incessantly practised at sail and spar drill. The lads reefing topsails are here shown "laying out" on the yard, while others who are to reef the sails on the lower yards are shown awaiting orders collected in the "tops" or racing up the shrouds.

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AT DRILL WITH A 22-TON CHASER GUN ON BOARD H.M.S. "WARSPITE."

Photos. J. THOMSON, Brompton Road. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

Rear-Admiral CLAUDE E. BUCKLE and the OFFICERS of H.M.S. "Warspite," Queenstown.

THE upper photograph shows a gun detachment of bluejackets handling one of the 22-ton chase guns carried by the first-class cruiser "Warspite." The "Warspite" (like her sister, the "Impériéuse") carries four 22-ton heavy breech-loaders, one training forward, one aft, and one on each broadside. The gun parties are all protected by shields and screens of thick steel, while the guns have the advantage of being rapidly worked by hand in case the hydraulic power, their primary motive power, should fail. Our lower photograph shows (in the centre of the group), Rear-Admiral CLAUDE E. BUCKLE, Commander-in-Chief at Queenstown, who has his flag in the "Warspite," with, (on the Admiral's proper right), Captain F. R. BOARDMAN, C.B., and (on the Admiral's proper left) Commander J. M. STOKES. The reason why so few other officers are seen is that the "Warspite" is just now a ship of the First Reserve, and only half her seagoing complement are ordinarily kept on board.

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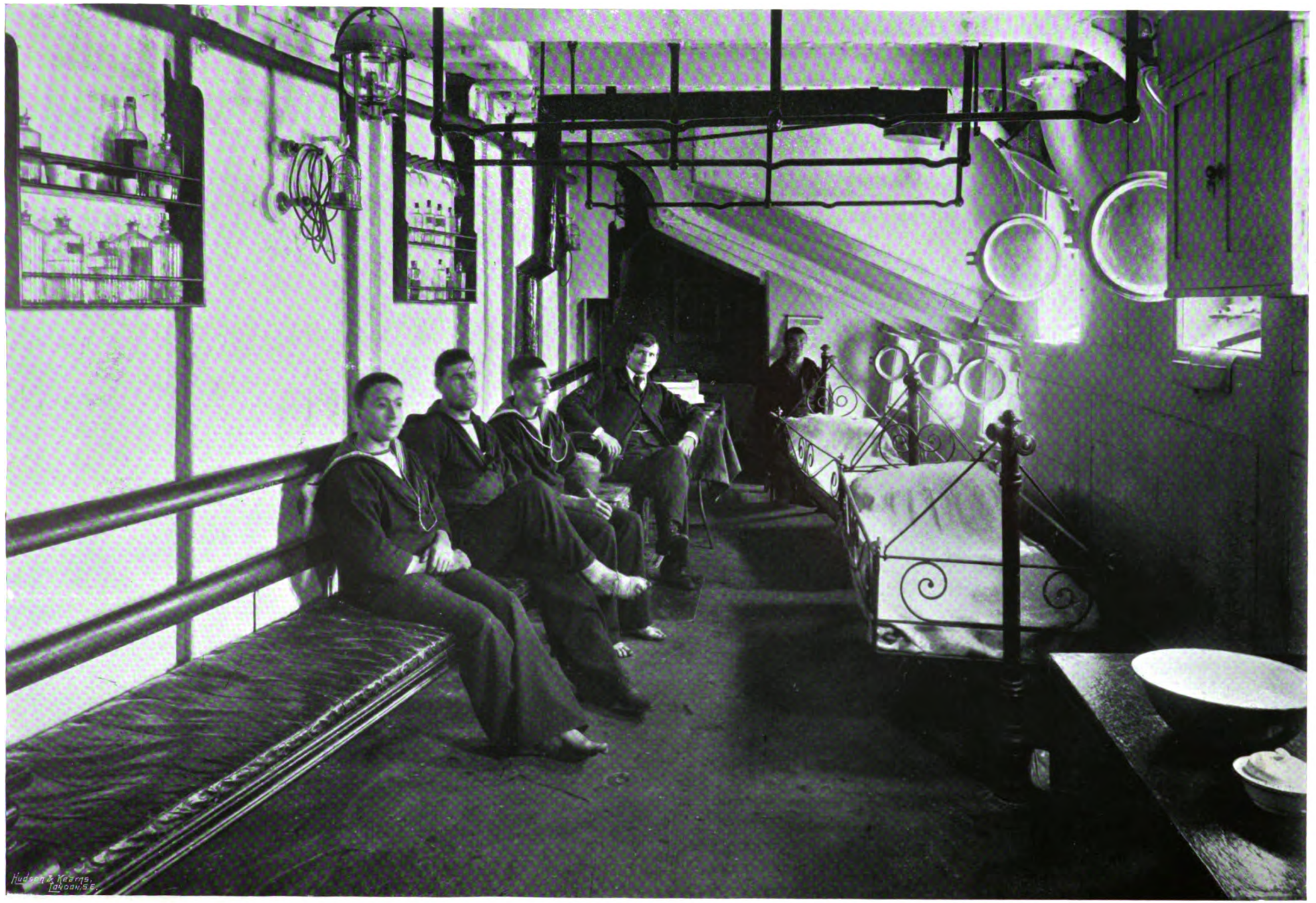

Photo. J. THOMSON, Brompton Road.

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IN THE SICK BAY OF THE CRUISER "WARSPITE."

THE "Sick Bay," the general hospital quarters on board ship are always in a carefully selected place, as far forward as convenient space for comfort and airiness can be got, away from the noise and vibration of the ship's engines and propelling machinery. Here we see the accommodation for the sick on board the first-class cruiser "Warspite," of the First Reserve Squadron, stationed as guardship at Queenstown. Though a ship of ten years ago and perhaps in some ways hardly as roomy as our more modern first-class cruisers, such as the ships of the "Royal Arthur" and "Gibraltar" class, the Sick Bay on board the "Warspite" is all the same, a sufficiently comfortable and healthy apartment, and fitted completely with up-to-date appliances of every kind to ensure rest and quietude to its occupants from first admission to final convalescence and discharge to duty.

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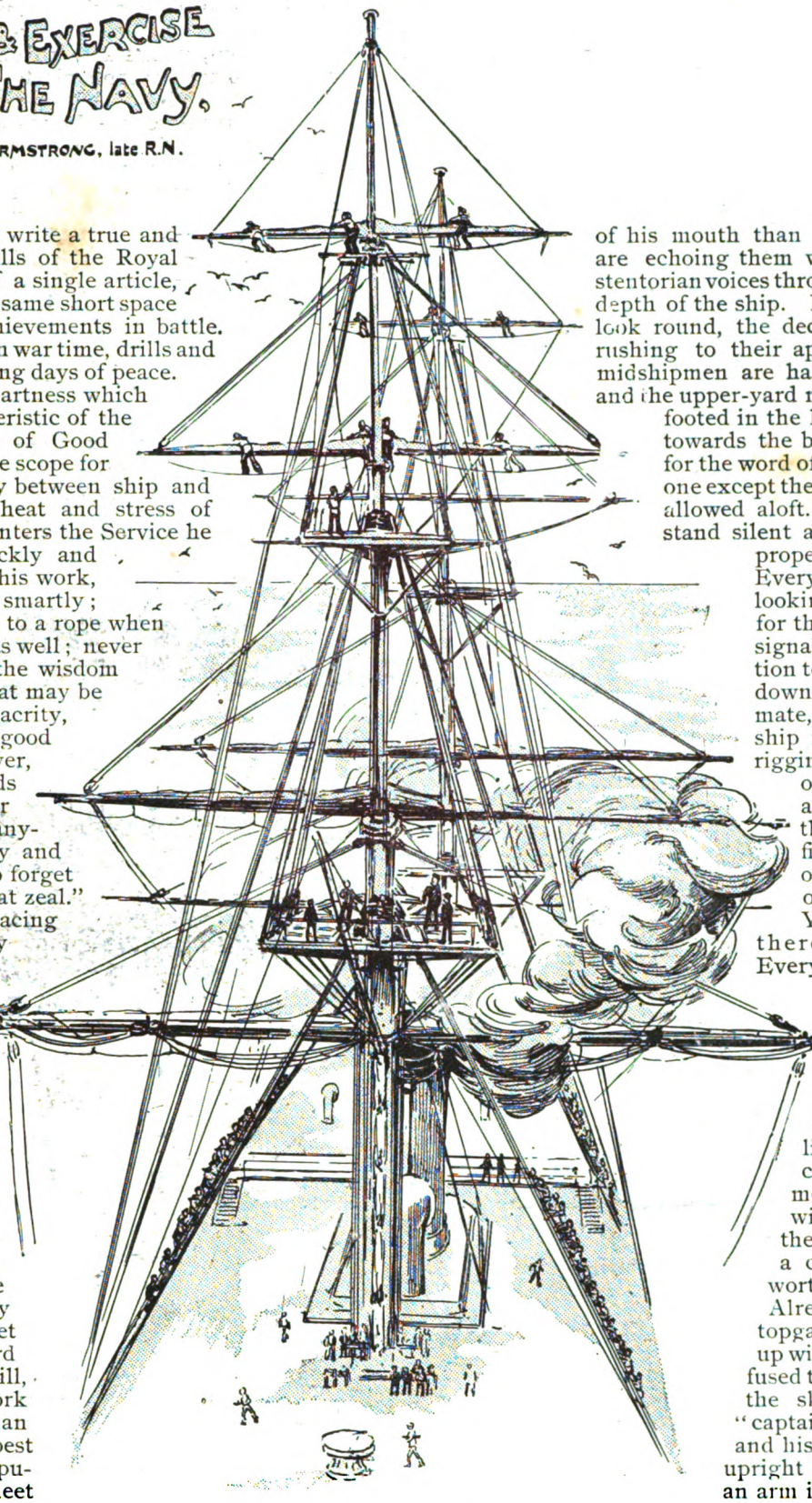
DRILL & EXERCISE IN THE NAVY.

By Lieutenant GEO. ARMSTRONG, late R.N.



IT is just as impossible to write a true and proper account of the drills of the Royal Navy within the compass of a single article, as it is to condense within the same short space a record of all its glorious achievements in battle. What fighting is to the Navy in war time, drills and evolutions are to it in the piping days of peace. That passion for zeal and smartness which has been the leading characteristic of the Service ever since the days of Good Queen Bess, finds almost as free scope for its working in friendly rivalry between ship and ship, as it does during the heat and stress of battle. From the time a lad enters the Service he is taught to do his duty quickly and thoroughly; never to walk to his work, but rather run to it, and run smartly; never to give two light hauls to a rope when one heavy one will do the job as well; never to consider for a moment the wisdom or expediency of any order that may be given him, but to act with alacrity, and trust implicitly in the good judgment of his superiors; never, when on duty, to place his hands in his pockets, but rather ever to hold them in readiness for anything or anybody; and lastly and most important of all, never to forget that "no difficulty baffles great zeal." With such a spirit as this, embracing all ranks of the Navy, it is only the natural consequence that every opportunity should be seized of acting up to it both in spirit and letter; and drills in the Service are accordingly invested with a keenness and interest which is very remarkable from the point of view of the outside world. Until the last few years, when the introduction of mastless ships in the Navy revolutionised the whole system of drills, the crowning ambition of every young able-bodied bluejacket was to be a smart "upper-yard man." Sail drill was and is still, where opportunity offers, the work upon which every officer and man in the ship concentrated his best energies and abilities. The reputation which a ship held in a fleet for smartness, was gauged almost entirely by her work aloft. Those who know the wonderful *esprit de corps* which obtains in the Navy, will understand what this fact really means. The routine of a fleet is such that no opportunity is allowed to slip of encouraging the healthy rivalry between the different ships. Every morning in harbour, except Saturday and Sunday, at eight o'clock punctually, the hoisting of the white ensign over the stern is accompanied by a competition of some sort between every vessel in the Fleet, and every evening the process is repeated. Where ships carry masts and yards—and be it remembered there are many such in the Service still—the drill is invariably aloft. One morning it will be "cross royal yards," from yards in the tops; another time the same from top-gallant masts on deck, or upper yards only. But whatever the evolution may be, it is done at break-neck speed, and every morning, wet or fine, the drill is carried out as if the lives and reputation of every officer and man who takes part in it were dependent upon the period in which the work could be finished. And no wonder. The margin of time which is generally gained by one ship over another is not measured by minutes but by seconds. Yet for all this frantic haste there must be no slurring over of the work, nor must the smallest part of it be left undone.

Let us suppose that royal yards are to be crossed from top-gallant masts on deck. Before the signal flags announcing it have reached the flagship's masthead, each signalman in the different ships has reported their meaning to his officer of the watch. In an instant the latter shouts the order, "Clear lower deck, cross royal yards," and hardly are the words out of his mouth than the boatswains' mates are echoing them with shrill pipes and stentorian voices throughout the length and depth of the ship. Before one has time to look round, the deck is filled with men rushing to their appointed stations, the midshipmen are halfway up the rigging, and the upper-yard men are standing bare-footed in the lower ratlines, looking towards the bridge with eager faces for the word of command. As yet no one except the midshipmen has been allowed aloft. On deck the hands stand silent and expectant at their proper station on the ropes. Every one on the bridge is looking towards the flagship for the hauling down of the signal, the sign for the evolution to commence. "Signal down, Sir," shouts the signal mate, and in a moment the ship is transformed. The rigging is filled with a crowd of seamen racing aloft as if the devil was after them, while the air is filled with the roaring of orders and stamping of hundreds of feet. Yet for all the noise there is no confusion. Every man, whether on deck or aloft, knows exactly where he has to go and what he has to do, and indeed if this were not the state of things, the lives at least of the cluster of upper-yard men who by this time will be seen clinging to the masthead like flies on a ceiling, would not be worth a moment's purchase. Already the heads of the topgallant masts are rising up with their seemingly confused tangle of rigging, under the skilful guidance of the "captain of the cross-trees" and his men into their proper upright position. Of a sudden an arm is seen thrust suddenly outwards, as a signal that the mast is "fidded," the mast-rope is dropped, and without a a moment's breathing time the work of getting the royal and top-gallant yards across is proceeded with. Blondin is a fool to a smart upper-yard man, while this part of the drill is being carried out. Before the "lifts" of the yards are hauled taut, and while each spar is playing at see-saw, the men run out on them, taking no more note of the giddy height at which they stand than if they were in a car on the Great Wheel. There is no time here for squeamishness. Every second is precious alike to the men and the ship's good name, for until every man is down in the "tops" the evolution is not taken as completed. Then, and not till then, comes the coiling down of ropes, "calling of the watch," and most important and interesting of all, the question of precedence in the fleet for the drill just finished. When one remembers that competitions such as this are a daily occurrence, and that in addition to the regular morning and evening evolutions there are numerous other drills carried out during the course of the week, it is easy to understand why bluejackets are justly famed for their smartness and handiness.

Of all the foreign stations which our ships are continually serving on, the Mediterranean is *par excellence* the one where drill aloft has always been carried to the highest pitch of perfection. The mild and equable climate, and the long time spent in harbour, are the two chief causes for it. Perhaps the very smartest ship for work aloft that was ever commissioned, was the "Marlborough," the flagship in the Straits during the sixties. At the period of her prime she carried the flag of

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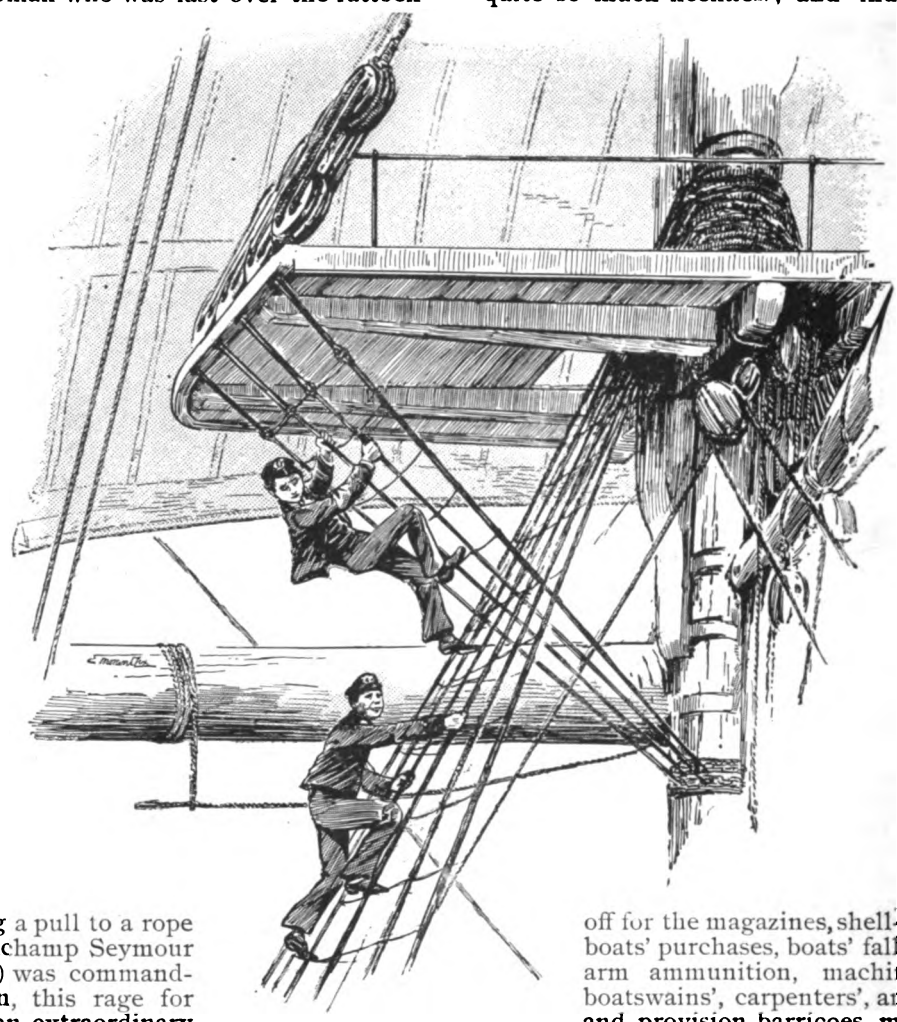
Vice-Admiral Sir William Fanshawe Martin, K.C.B., commonly known as "Fly Martin," one of the greatest martinets and smartest officers who ever trod a quarter-deck. His flag captain was Captain (now Admiral) Sir Houston Stewart, and his Commander was Thomas Brandreth, also afterwards an Admiral. My Lords were fully aware of Admiral Martin's reputation for smartness, and it was doubtless on account of his reputation in this respect that he was given the command of the Fleet. The times in which the "Marlborough's" men performed the different spar and sail drills are talked about in the Service to this day, and even to naval men they appear fabulous. So breakneck was the speed at which the work was done, not only in the flagship, but in the other vessels of the Fleet who were forced to emulate her, that it is said a return was made out every week of the number of killed and wounded by falling from aloft. To a landsman such a statement may appear extravagant, yet those of us who took part in the sail drill of the Mediterranean Fleet only fifteen years ago, will not have much difficulty in believing it, so constant were the instances then of men and midshipmen falling from aloft or sustaining serious injuries. The middies, by the way, have to be as smart as the upper-yard men in their work. There was, for instance, a standing rule in a ship a few years ago that the "junior" midshipman who was last over the futtock rigging on each mast at each evolution, got six strokes with a dirk scabbard over his person when he rejoined the gun-room after the drill was finished; there was no shirking the punishment by arranging for a "dead heat," for in that case both received it. A smart mast-head midshipman can conduce very much to the excellence of the drill, for not only can he aspire to be a thoroughly good upper-yard man, but he can manage to sneak a little bit of preliminary work—though of course it is against the rules—while his men below are waiting for the signal to go aloft. His facilities for making ready on the quiet are generally much enhanced by his aptitude for inventing wonderful trick toggles and slips. By this means all sorts of work aloft can be effected automatically by simply giving a pull to a rope on deck. When Sir Beauchamp Seymour (afterwards Lord Alcester) was commanding in the Mediterranean, this rage for "trick" rigging reached an extraordinary extent. So much so, in fact, that on one occasion when the Admiral was making his yearly inspection of a ship that was notorious in this respect, he found that by inadvertently touching a rope in one of the fifrails he had set the machinery in motion for making "plain sail," and before he and his astonished staff had scarcely time to realize what had happened, the ship was standing under a crowd of canvas, without a man having gone aloft—at least so it is reported.



Sail and spar drill in the Navy is now, however, confined chiefly to the training brigs, training squadron, and a certain number of corvettes and sloops on foreign stations. It must not be imagined, however, that officers and men have less to do. On the contrary, the drills are heavier and more diversified than ever, and conduce far more to the fighting efficiency of the ship than any amount of "playing with sticks." The most important drill of all is "general quarters," which takes place, as it has from time immemorial, every Friday morning. At the last sound of the bugle the crew rush to their allotted posts and clear the ship for action, as thoroughly as circumstances will permit. Guns are cast loose and run out, magazines and shell-rooms opened, pumps rigged, torpedo tubes manned—everything in the ship, in fact, prepared for action as hastily as possible. When the guns' crews have closed up to their proper positions, the officers in charge of the different batteries report them ready to the captain stationed on the bridge. Then when all is prepared the position and direction of the imaginary enemy are given, as also the orders for the various arms and batteries throughout the ship. Of course, in drill such as this it is impossible to sacrifice everything to quickness. The delicate breech mechanism of a heavy gun, for instance, will not stand much banging about, and it is utterly impossible to play slap-dash with hydraulic rammers and lifts. Guns which are fitted with these up-to-date contrivances keenly resent any undue hurry or rough treatment, for the touch of a baby's finger on a hydraulic lever at an improper time is sufficient to tear steel bolts asunder like carrots, and to play "old gooseberry" generally with the gun and its mountings. "General quarters" in a modern man-of-war is, in fact, a trial of discipline and perfect organisation rather than of quickness, and it will be readily believed that while it requires just as much smartness and intelligence as work aloft, it is of far more use to the ship and the State. Not only do the crew work the guns every week with dummy charges, but they are also given real gun practice to carry out every quarter. On these occasions there is a tremendous amount of competition between the guns' crews, especially when "prize firing" is taking place. In the latter case the excellence of the work is gauged by the number of rounds fired and the hits scored from each gun while the ship is steaming past the target. When the ordinary quarterly practice is being carried out there is naturally not quite so much keenness, and indeed the time is often too limited for very careful firing. Still the work is done in a thoroughly business-like manner, and the ship, under such circumstances as these, presents a very exciting and interesting spectacle.

Another favorite and important drill in the Navy is that of "man and arm boats." This consists, as its name implies, in preparing all the boats in the ship for active service. Every boat, from the steam picket boat down to the dinghy, has its proper crew, arms, accoutrements, and fittings carefully allotted to it beforehand, and the most detailed arrangements are made for the quick supply of all the necessary gear. Here again perfect organisation is more necessary for the successful carrying out of the evolution than mere haste. For instance, the proper hands have to be told off for the magazines, shell-rooms, ammunition hoists, boats' purchases, boats' falls, ammunition racks, small arm ammunition, machine guns, boats' fittings, boatswains', carpenters', and armourers' stores, water and provision barricoes, medical appliances, and the hundred and one things that have to be lowered into the boats before they can be considered as properly ready to leave the ship. As each boat is prepared the officer in charge of her jumps on board and "lays off" the ship until all the others are ready, when all get in tow of one another, the steamboats leading and the remainder tailing off according to their size, with the little dinghy bringing up the rear; the only boat which is kept aloof being the gig with the doctor and his assistants. Every man in the boats has his belt and side-arms buckled on, but the rifles are kept stowed away under the thwarts ready for use at a moment's notice. When the evolution is carried out in a fleet, all the boats assemble in their respective lines under the stern of the flagship where they, their crews and contents, are carefully examined and mustered by the inspecting officer. As may be imagined, boats which are fully "manned and armed" lay pretty heavy on the water, for, in addition to all their multitudinous stores, they carry in the stern sheets a number of marines and a sprinkling of extra seamen of different ratings. In spite of all the care which is taken it is inevitable in a drill of this sort that the guns and valuable stores should receive a good deal of rough handling, and so thoroughly is this recognised by the authorities that only last winter the Admiralty issued an order directing more gentle treatment in this respect. The order is easier, however, to issue than to obey, for the race which exists in the Navy for smartness is apt to overshadow such considerations as these, though, of course, in actual warfare the work is carried out with more care and deliberation.

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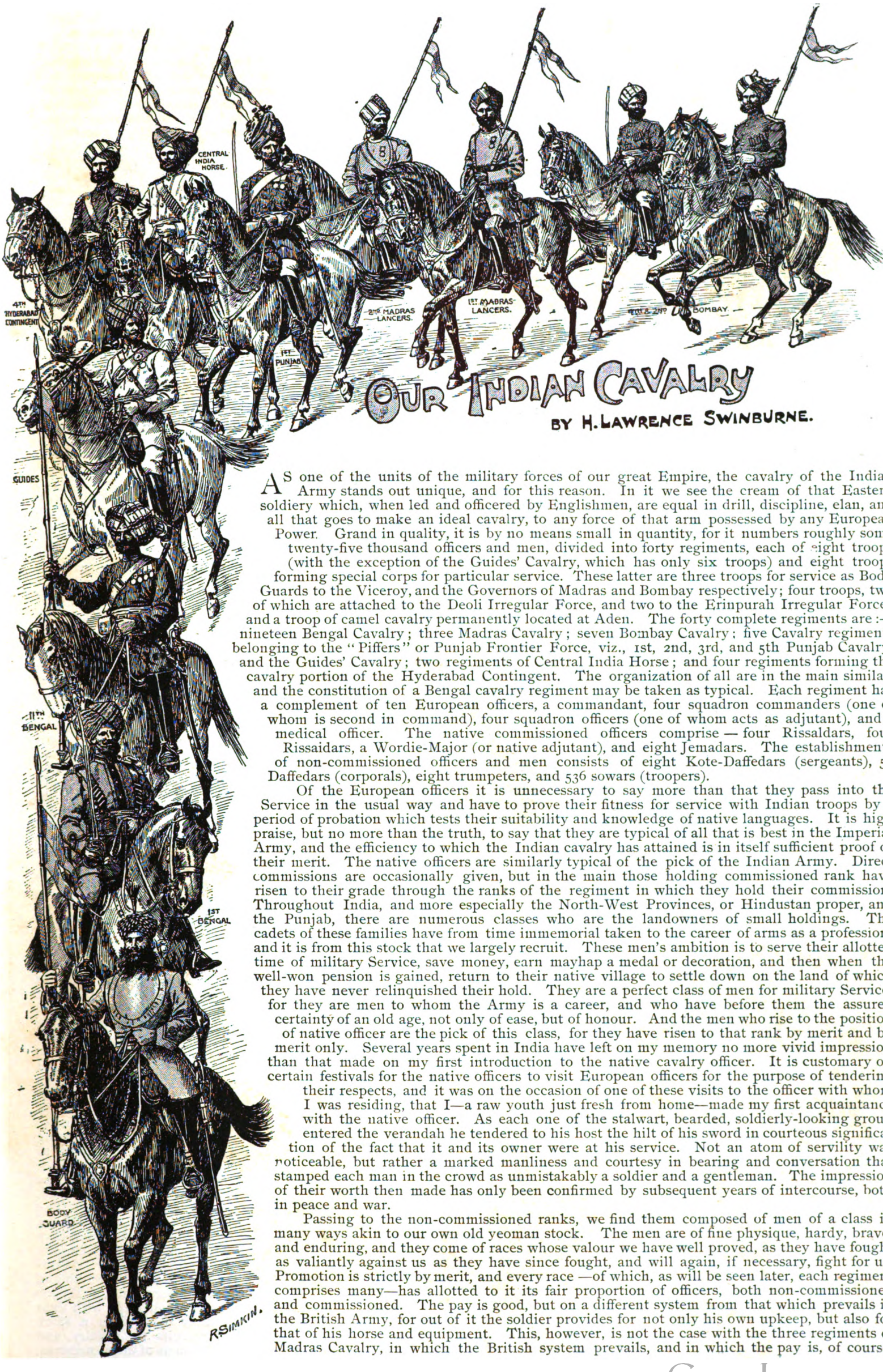

OUR INDIAN CAVALRY

BY H. LAWRENCE SWINBURNE.

As one of the units of the military forces of our great Empire, the cavalry of the Indian Army stands out unique, and for this reason. In it we see the cream of that Eastern soldiery which, when led and officered by Englishmen, are equal in drill, discipline, elan, and all that goes to make an ideal cavalry, to any force of that arm possessed by any European Power. Grand in quality, it is by no means small in quantity, for it numbers roughly some twenty-five thousand officers and men, divided into forty regiments, each of eight troops (with the exception of the Guides' Cavalry, which has only six troops) and eight troops forming special corps for particular service. These latter are three troops for service as Body Guards to the Viceroy, and the Governors of Madras and Bombay respectively; four troops, two of which are attached to the Deoli Irregular Force, and two to the Erinpurah Irregular Force; and a troop of camel cavalry permanently located at Aden. The forty complete regiments are:—nineteen Bengal Cavalry; three Madras Cavalry; seven Bombay Cavalry; five Cavalry regiments belonging to the "Piffers" or Punjab Frontier Force, viz., 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 5th Punjab Cavalry, and the Guides' Cavalry; two regiments of Central India Horse; and four regiments forming the cavalry portion of the Hyderabad Contingent. The organization of all are in the main similar, and the constitution of a Bengal cavalry regiment may be taken as typical. Each regiment has a complement of ten European officers, a commandant, four squadron commanders (one of whom is second in command), four squadron officers (one of whom acts as adjutant), and a medical officer. The native commissioned officers comprise — four Rissaldars, four Rissaidars, a Wordie-Major (or native adjutant), and eight Jemadars. The establishments of non-commissioned officers and men consists of eight Kote-Daffedars (sergeants), 56 Daffedars (corporals), eight trumpeters, and 536 sowars (troopers).

Of the European officers it is unnecessary to say more than that they pass into the Service in the usual way and have to prove their fitness for service with Indian troops by a period of probation which tests their suitability and knowledge of native languages. It is high praise, but no more than the truth, to say that they are typical of all that is best in the Imperial Army, and the efficiency to which the Indian cavalry has attained is in itself sufficient proof of their merit. The native officers are similarly typical of the pick of the Indian Army. Direct commissions are occasionally given, but in the main those holding commissioned rank have risen to their grade through the ranks of the regiment in which they hold their commission. Throughout India, and more especially the North-West Provinces, or Hindustan proper, and the Punjab, there are numerous classes who are the landowners of small holdings. The cadets of these families have from time immemorial taken to the career of arms as a profession, and it is from this stock that we largely recruit. These men's ambition is to serve their allotted time of military Service, save money, earn mayhap a medal or decoration, and then when the well-won pension is gained, return to their native village to settle down on the land of which they have never relinquished their hold. They are a perfect class of men for military Service, for they are men to whom the Army is a career, and who have before them the assured certainty of an old age, not only of ease, but of honour. And the men who rise to the position of native officer are the pick of this class, for they have risen to that rank by merit and by merit only. Several years spent in India have left on my memory no more vivid impression than that made on my first introduction to the native cavalry officer. It is customary on certain festivals for the native officers to visit European officers for the purpose of tendering their respects, and it was on the occasion of one of these visits to the officer with whom I was residing, that I—a raw youth just fresh from home—made my first acquaintance with the native officer. As each one of the stalwart, bearded, soldierly-looking group entered the verandah he tendered to his host the hilt of his sword in courteous signification of the fact that it and its owner were at his service. Not an atom of servility was noticeable, but rather a marked manliness and courtesy in bearing and conversation that stamped each man in the crowd as unmistakably a soldier and a gentleman. The impression of their worth then made has only been confirmed by subsequent years of intercourse, both in peace and war.

Passing to the non-commissioned ranks, we find them composed of men of a class in many ways akin to our own old yeoman stock. The men are of fine physique, hardy, brave, and enduring, and they come of races whose valour we have well proved, as they have fought as valiantly against us as they have since fought, and will again, if necessary, fight for us. Promotion is strictly by merit, and every race —of which, as will be seen later, each regiment comprises many—has allotted to it its fair proportion of officers, both non-commissioned and commissioned. The pay is good, but on a different system from that which prevails in the British Army, for out of it the soldier provides for not only his own upkeep, but also for that of his horse and equipment. This, however, is not the case with the three regiments of Madras Cavalry, in which the British system prevails, and in which the pay is, of course,

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proportionately lower. Roughly, the value of a sowar's kit, horse, and accoutrements, apart from his weapons may be put at about 370 rupees, and, of this, the recruit is supposed to bring with him on enlistment the sum of 200 rupees or a horse of that value. This, if he comes of a poor family, he cannot always do, but, if a good man and otherwise eligible, he will not on this account be rejected; and a man will be taken who, perhaps, cannot scrape together more than fifty rupees. The balance will be advanced to him from the regimental fund and repaid by him by deduction from his pay. For this the recruit is supplied with all necessaries. The pensions, too, are good, and honours and distinctions apart from war medals, are open to and highly prized by the native soldier.

The uniform of the cavalry is both picturesque and serviceable, and consists of a blouse-shaped tunic coming almost to the knees, with chain shoulder straps; a turban and kummerhund (or waist sash); and loose riding trousers fitting into long knee boots. The horses are, in the main, wiry serviceable country-breds, ranging from 14.1 to 15 hands in height, though on the Madras side Walers (horses imported from Australia), and on the Bombay side Arabs (mainly brought from the Persian Gulf), are to be found in the ranks. The men, on the average, ride about 14½ stone, a weight the horses are well up to doing hard work under. The colour of the various regimental uniforms varies very considerably, but blue and green largely predominate. Scarlet, so typical of the British army, is uncommon, as, apart from the Body Guard troops, it is worn by only four regiments of Bengal and one of Punjab cavalry. Drab is the colour worn by both regiments of Central India Horse, and by the Guides' Cavalry; a dainty French grey is the distinguishing mark of the three Madras regiments; while one regiment of Bengal Cavalry, the 1st, or Skinner's Horse, is unique by being clothed in yellow. The lance is undoubtedly the finest weapon for the cavalry arm, and a large percentage of the native cavalry are lancer regiments. Of the Bengal Cavalry eight, and of the Bombay Cavalry four, are lancers, as are also the three Madras Cavalry regiments, and the four regiments of the Hyderabad Contingent.

Turning to the constitution of the regiments composing our Indian Cavalry, we must remember that India comprises amongst its people a number of races hostile to one another, not only by racial instinct, but also by that most fertile source of enmity, difference of religion. To the Indian Army we look, not only for the safeguarding of India from external attack, but also for making impossible internal revolution, and for checking that tendency to internecine warfare which only smoulders, and would assuredly burst into flame were the strong hand removed that keeps "the Queen's peace" over all. For this reason the cavalry regiments of the Indian Army are composed of contingents from various races, and are, in being so composed, a standing monument of what British discipline, British leading, and British management can effect in turning races that not only were once our bitter enemies, but are to-day hostile to one another, into stalwart defenders of the great Empire into which they have been enfolded. The Sikh and the Pathan mutually dislike one another, the Jat is not popular with the Sikh, while he both hates and is hated by the Mahometan. In the Bengal Cavalry we enlist, of Hindu sects and races, Sikhs, Rajputs, Jats, Dogras, and a few Brahmins; while from the followers of the Prophet, we recruit Pathans, and Mahometans, either from the Punjab or down country, the latter being styled Hindustani Mahometans. In Bombay the classes recruited from are much the same, with the addition of Mahrattas; while in Madras the cavalry is enlisted mainly from Mahometans, with a sprinkling of Brahmins, Mahrattas and Rajpoots. In one or two cases a regiment is a "class" regiment, that is to say it is composed of men of entirely one race or religion. As for instance the 14th Bengal Lancers, Murray's Jat Horse, composed entirely of Jats; the 1st Bengal Cavalry, Skinner's Horse, composed of Hindustani Mahometans; the 15th Bengal Lancers, Cureton's Mooltanees, composed of three troops of Punjabi Mahometans, and five troops of Pathans; and the 17th Bengal Cavalry, which is composed equally of Pathans and Punjabi Mahometans. Mostly, however, the regiments are what are known as "class squadron" regiments, and as typical we may take the 3rd Punjab Cavalry, which has three troops of Sikhs, one of Dogras, two of Hindustani Mahometans, one of Punjabi Mahometans, and one of Pathans.

To many at home these names are but names and nothing more, and some account of the various races from which the cavalry of our Indian Army are recruited is necessary. To commence with Hindus, the Sikh is probably the name most familiar. Of the race that, before our annexation, held and ruled the Punjab, he is a born soldier and a splendid man, and is enlisted largely from the country around Amritsar, the holy city of the Sikhs, the birthplace of their religion, and the sacredotal capital of the Punjab. The Brahmin, the religious aristocrat amongst pure Hindoos, comes mainly from the north-west provinces. Clean, smart, and soldierly, he is unfortunately cursed with unbending caste prejudice and a love of intrigue unsuitable to a soldier. Rajpoots are of two kinds, the best being those from Rajpootana. These are splendid men and make magnificent soldiers, but those enlisted in the north-west provinces are not so good as the Rajpoot proper, and are in some respects very much akin to Brahmins. Dogras are a Punjab race enlisted largely at Sialkote and throughout the country comprised in and adjacent to the lower ranges of the Himalayas. They are of mixed Rajpoot descent, and though wanting in the dash of the Sikh, are brave, docile, and trustworthy. The Jat is another up-country race enlisted mainly in the country about Delhi, on the borderland where the north-west provinces merge into the Punjab. Of a land-tilling peasant stock, they are fine sturdy men and shape into excellent soldiers. During the wars of Lake and Wellesley the Mahratta horsemen had a great and well-earned reputation, and yet, curiously enough, the Mahratta of the present day is to be found in much greater numbers in the infantry than in the cavalry. Whether foot or horse, however, he makes a good soldier, and is enlisted in both the Bombay and Madras regiments. Turning to those of the Mahometan religion, we find the differentiation of races less marked. The Pathans come from those tribes which occupy the border between the Punjab and Afghanistan and are enlisted mainly in Peshawur. Proud, brave, turbulent, fierce, revengeful, and fanatical, they are, by dint of patient and careful management turned into excellent soldiers. As typical of the Pathan character, I will tell a short story, which to comprehend the reader must remember that the vendetta is as much a Pathan as a Corsican institution. In a certain frontier regiment a Pathan, of long service and good character, applied for a furlough which it was inconvenient at the time to grant. Coming to one of his British officers he said, "Sahib, the regiment is my father and mother, but in this matter my honour is concerned, and if I do not get the leave I ask I will desert; the night," pointing to the border not far distant from cantonments, "will find me there." The officer, unwilling to drive into insubordination or desertion a first-class soldier pressed the man's application for leave and obtained it for him. Punctually to the day he rejoined, and the officer then asked him, "In this matter of leave, Mahomed Khan, where existed such great urgency, that if you had failed to get it you would have dishonoured yourself and the regiment, which is your father and mother, by a desertion?" "Well, Sahib," said the soldier, "the matter was thus:—my brother was killed by one of another clan, and on me, as his nearest of kin, the blood feud devolved. Had I failed in my duty shame would have been on me, but by the pleasure of Allah this is not so, and our enemy's village now mourns one of its best and bravest." The man had sought out and slain his brother's murderer and quietly returned to again place himself in the iron bonds of discipline. Turning finally to the Cis-Indus Mahometan, we find him enlisted, as regards Punjahis, mainly from Rawal Pindi and the surrounding districts, while the chief recruiting centres for the Hindustani Mahometans are Delhi and its neighbourhood, and in Oude, Lucknow, and the adjacent country. The former are fine hardy athletic men, excellent material for soldiers, as indeed are the latter, provided always that they are enlisted from country as apart from town-bred classes. The Mahometans who compose the bulk of the Madras cavalry come mostly from the Tamil districts of the south and central Carnatic and Mysore, and are descendants of Tippoo Sultan's warriors. Though scarce quite on a par with their co-religionists of Northern India, they come from a stock that has for generations supplied recruits for cavalry, and they still retain much of the warlike instincts of their ancestors.

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Photo. BALL, Regent Street.

GENERAL SIR ROBERT PHAYRE, G.C.B.

SIR ROBERT PHAYRE is a veteran of the old Indian Army, which he entered upwards of fifty-seven years ago, at the time of the first Afghan war. He served from 1840 to 1845 with the Field force in Afghanistan and Sind, and took part in the battle of Meanee, where he was severely wounded. For his services he was mentioned in despatches and granted the medal. In 1868 Colonel PHAYRE, as he then was, served in the Abyssinian war as Quarter-master General to the Pioneer Force, receiving for his distinguished services in the campaign Mention in despatches, the C.B., the medal, and the appointment of A.D.C. to the Queen. In the second Afghan war of 1879-80, General PHAYRE commanded the Reserve Division and the Quetta line of communications along the Bolan Pass. Want of transport only prevented his forestalling the Cabul Column in the relief of Candahar. The Afghan war brought him Mention in despatches (for the third time), the K.C.B., the thanks of both Houses of Parliament, and the medal for the campaign. Sir ROBERT PHAYRE retired in 1887 and in 1894 he was promoted to G.C.B.

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Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

The DRUM-MAJOR and GOAT of the 1st BATTALION WELCH REGIMENT.

SERGEANT-DRUMMER McKELVEY has seen fourteen years' service in his regiment, which he joined at the age of eighteen. As he stands six feet high in his stockings he, moreover, makes, in the full dress of his rank, a very effective figure on parade and at the head of the battalion at a march past. The regimental goat is an important institution in all Cambrian regiments, and led by the Sergeant-Drummer (the modern official designation for the historic title of "Drum-Major") appears at all parades at the head of the regiment. The goat seen in the photograph is a new-comer, and was taken on the strength of the battalion in the place of an old regimental favourite that died in August last on the day after the 1st Welch reached Plymouth, after having marched through Wales at the head of the corps. "Gwell angau na Chywilydd" or, Anglicized, "Better death than shame" is the proud motto of the regiment.

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Photo. by R. ELLIS, Malta. Copyright—HUDSON & KEARNS.

THE OFFICERS OF THE ROYAL MALTA ARTILLERY.

HERE we show a portrait-group of the officers of the Royal Malta Artillery, with their commanding officer, Lieut.-Colonel SPERANZA. The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE is the honorary colonel of the regiment, which, while it is raised entirely in Malta, is yet one of the regular corps of the British Army, being paid and maintained out of an annual vote by the Imperial Parliament at Westminster. The corps numbers between four hundred and fifty and five hundred of all ranks, is drilled on the same lines as the Royal Artillery, and wears a similar uniform of dark blue and red facings, with, in addition, its own special badge, the Royal Cypher and a Maltese Cross. The Royal Malta Artillery took part in the Egyptian campaign of 1882 and bear as a distinction, "Egypt, 1882" on their appointments.

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General Lord WILLIAM SEYMOUR, late Commander of the South-Eastern District, and his Staff.

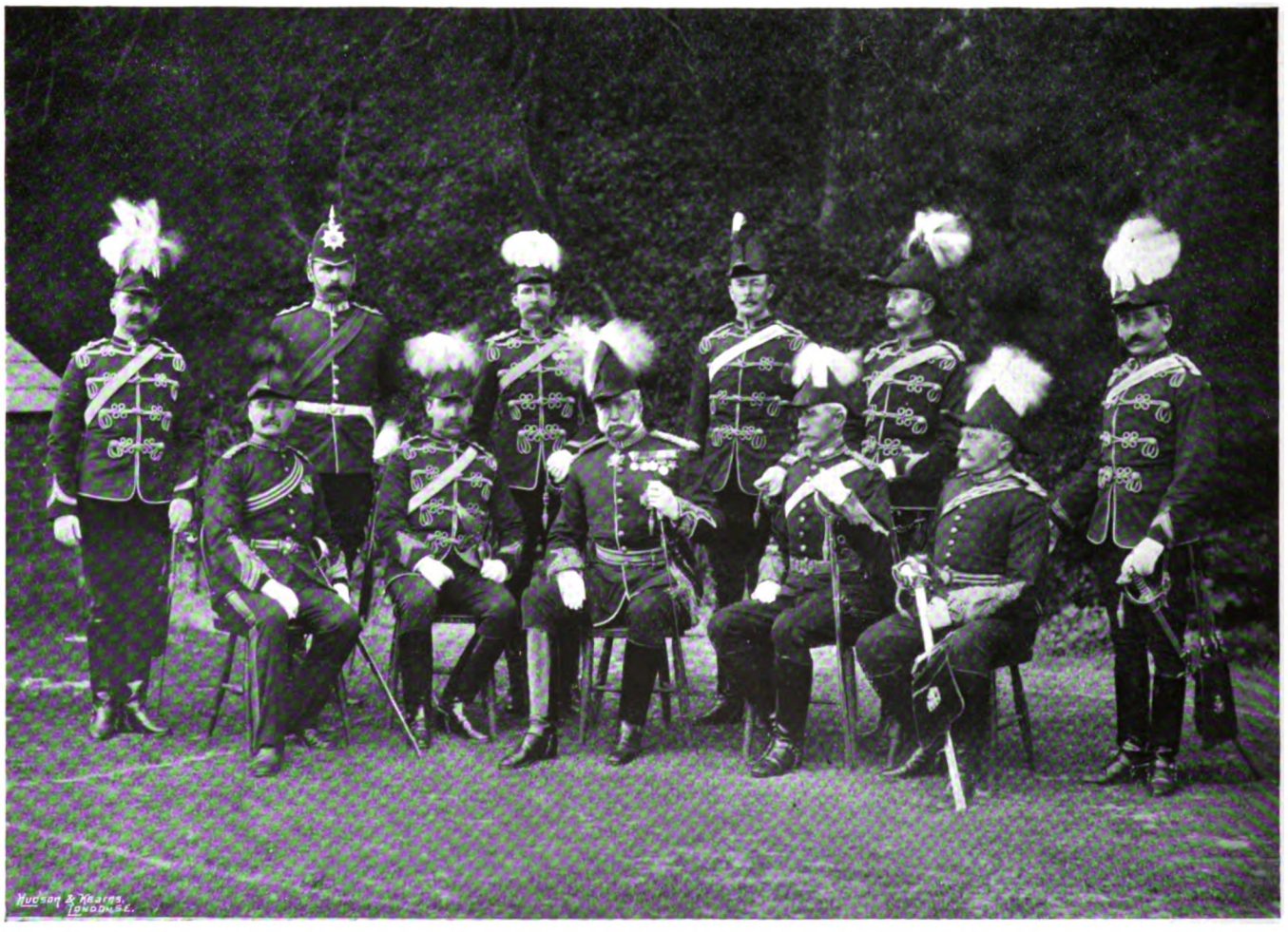

Photo. L. WESTON & SON, Folkestone.

General Sir WILLIAM BUTLER, now in Command of the South-Eastern District, and his Staff.

HERE we see two of the most distinguished and best known of the officers on the Generals' List of the British Army —each with the members of his personal suite:—the recently appointed Commander of the South-Eastern District, Sir WILLIAM BUTLER, one of Lord WOLSELEY'S most trusted companions in arms; and his predecessor in the command, Lord WILLIAM SEYMOUR, an officer of high distinction and well proved ability in the past, and one, it is safe to forecast, with a distinguished future yet before him. The South-Eastern District is a command of particular importance, for it comprises Dover and Shorncliffe, and that portion of the Coast of England between the Island of Sheppey and Langstone Harbour on the Sussex-Hants border, a region just where, in the case of a European war, an intending raider, designing to destroy signal stations and railways, might very probably make a midnight descent. Sir WILLIAM BUTLER relieved Lord WILLIAM SEYMOUR in the early part of the present year.

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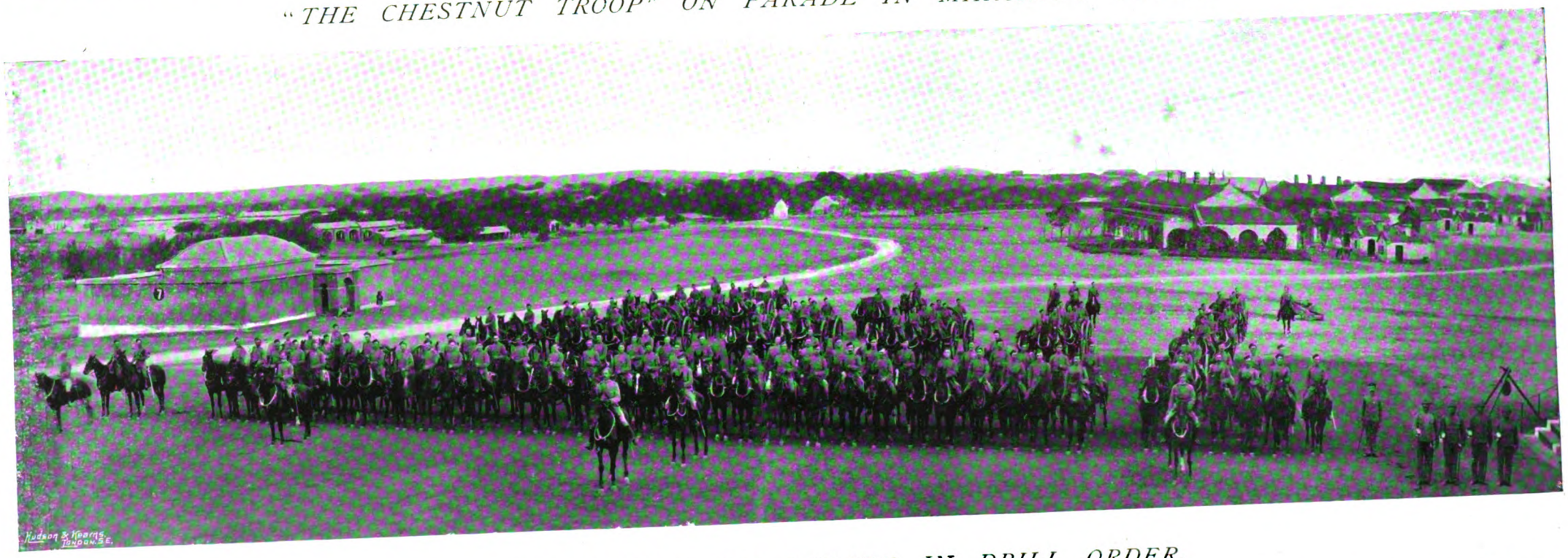
"THE CHESTNUT TROOP" ON PARADE IN MARCHING ORDER.



Photos. HERZOG & HIGGINS, Mhow.

"I" BATTERY R.H.A. ON PARADE IN DRILL ORDER.

"A" BATTERY of the Royal Horse Artillery is the celebrated "Chestnut Troop" of the old "Horse Brigade," of undying renown to this day for its dashing service under WELLINGTON and later in the Crimea, the senior of all our Horse Artillery Batteries. It is at present under the command of Major H. V. COWAN, and is stationed at the great military cantonment of Umballa in Northern India. "H" Battery R.H.A. (commanded by Colonel J. H. WODEHOUSE, C.B., C.M.G.,) is quartered at Mhow in the Bombay command. The "Chestnut Troop" dates from the outbreak of the war with the French Revolution, early in the year 1793, and "I" Troop dates some twelve years later from the time of the great national call to arms through England just before Trafalgar, when Napoleon arrayed his Grand Army in the camp at Bologne for the *Déscente en Angleterre* which never came off. The Horse Artillery batteries in the British Service are all

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Striking the Gong at the Main Gate of the Aldershot Cavalry Barracks.

THE Gong has an important part to play in the interior domestic economy, if one may use the term, of the British Army. There is one set up at the main guard of practically every regiment in the Service, used for notifying the time every hour to the barracks in general, or if the regiment is under canvas, to the camp. The main guard clock gives the time of day to the whole regiment for all duties and parades with an authority as autocratic and infallible as the Horse Guards' clock itself, and the Gong, so to speak, is its general mouth piece. Either the sentry on duty or, as in our photograph—taken at the main guard of the 3rd Hussars at the Cavalry Barracks, Aldershot,—the corporal of the guard is charged with striking the Gong to announce the time hourly during the period for which each guard is mounted day by day.

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Photo. HERZOG & HIGGINS, Mhow.

A HEAVY BATTERY OF THE INDIAN ARMY ON PARADE.

THE Indian Army has on its establishment four "Heavy Batteries," as they are called,—each battery being made up of four 40-pdrs. and two 6·3 inch howitzers—recently re-distributed, two in the Punjab, one in Bengal, and one in Madras. Each battery, as far as the guns are concerned, is manned entirely by Royal Artillerymen (of the Garrison Companies), the normal strength of these being, one major (in command), one captain, three subalterns, two staff-sergeants, six corporals, six bombardiers, and 72 gunners, with two trumpeters and one farrier. There are twelve elephants to each battery, two to a gun or howitzer, with, to look after them—one jemadar, twelve Mahouts, and twelve assistant Mahouts. For transport 262 bullocks are attached to the battery managed by—one jemadar, six sirdars, and 131 drivers. The total strength in men of all ranks, European and native, in a Heavy Battery is 163. The European officers are, of course, mounted as usual. Our photograph shows a Heavy Battery on parade, with the European detachment to each "division," or pair of guns, at the head of the "division," drawn up in front of the guns.

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CHAMPION KITS OF THE 3rd KING'S OWN HUSSARS.

THESE two kits will give a good idea of the neatness and tidiness with which the soldier is taught to keep his things, and of the consequent well-ordered arrangement of barrack rooms and regimental quarters in general. Our photograph was taken at Aldershot in one of the barrack rooms of "A" squadron of the 3rd "King's Own" Hussars to which the two troopers, the owners of the kits, belong. The left-hand kit—the one in the immediate foreground— is the property of the "Champion Blanket Soldier" of the regiment, Trooper-Signaller W. BEALE, who has made quite a name for himself for his mastery of the art of arranging his kit exactly as the regulations direct. The right-hand kit is the property of another soldier of "A" squadron, Trooper SHENTON, who is a good second to his "champion" comrade.

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Vice-Admiral the Hon. Sir EDMUND FREMANTLE, K.C.B., C.M.G.

A LONG and brilliant career afloat has been fittingly crowned by the appointment of Sir EDMUND FREMANTLE as Sir ALGERNON LYONS' successor in the Command-in-Chief at Devonport. Sir EDMUND's career, which began as long ago as the Burmese War of 1852, has seen him twice in Chief Command—on the East Indies station and on the China station, during the late China-Japanese War—and also Second in Command of the Channel Squadron. He has twice served on shore as Senior Naval Officer in charge of a Naval Brigade—in the Coomassie Expedition of 1874, and in the Vitu punitive expedition on the East African Coast in 1890, where, as Commander-in-Chief on the spot, the direction of the whole business was in Admiral FREMANTLE's hands. Sir EDMUND possesses the very rare distinction of having been awarded three medals by the Royal Humane Society—one the Stanhope Gold Medal—as well as the Shipwrecked Mariners Society's Medal. He has been A.D.C. to the Queen, wears by special authority the Royal Order of the Crown of Germany of the 1st class, and is a Gold Medallist of the Royal United Service Institution. Sir EDMUND is the direct descendant of one of NELSON's particular friends and best captains, Captain T. F. FREMANTLE of the "Neptune" at Trafalgar, and is the second FREMANTLE within thirty years to hold the Devonport command.

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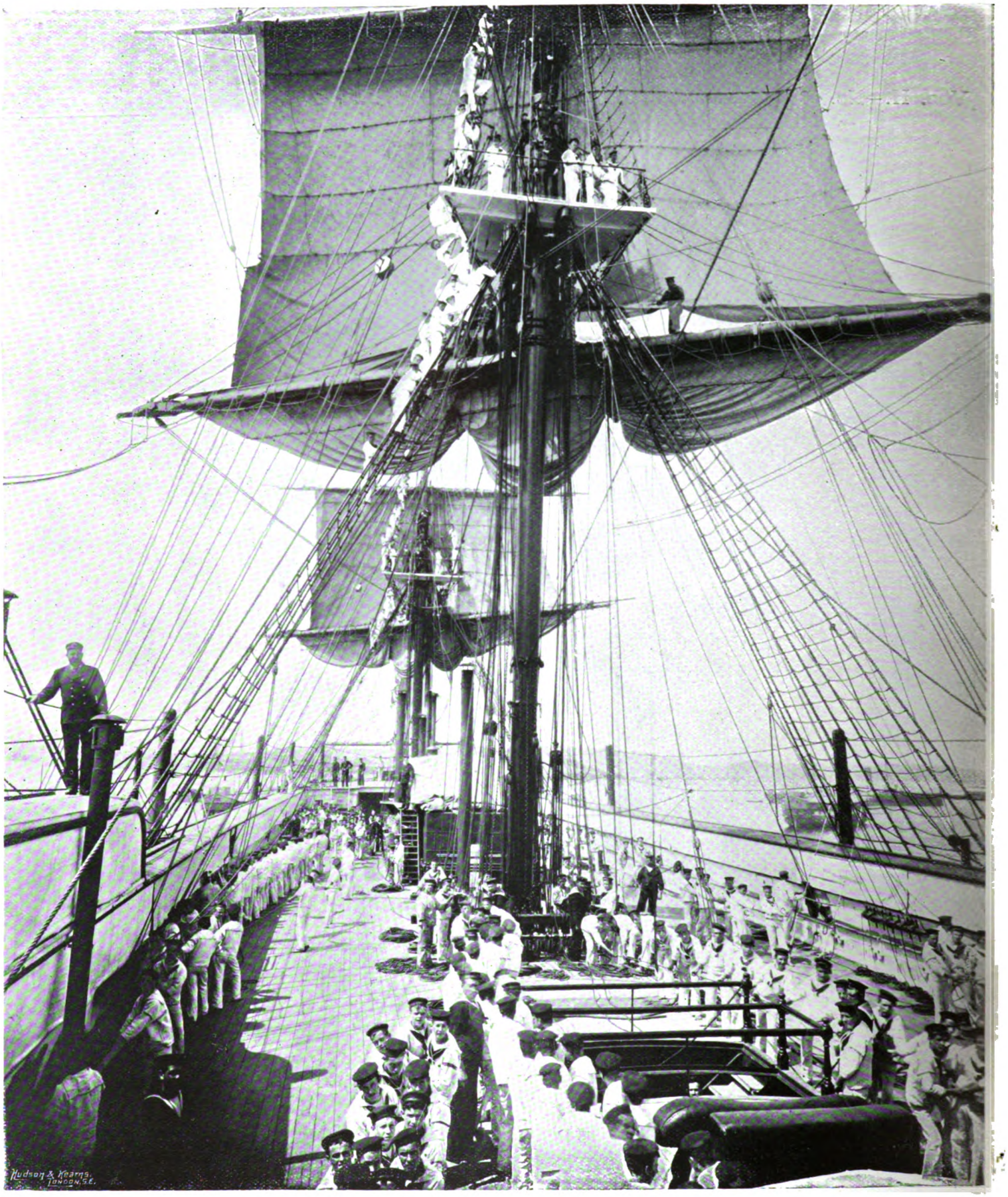

Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

AT SAIL DRILL ON BOARD H.M. TRAINING SHIP "LION."

HERE we have the boys of the training ship "Lion" at Devonport, undergoing instruction in seamanship. The braces are ropes belonging to the yards of a ship, two to each yard—one attached to each of its extremities—rove through blocks stropped to the yards. Their use is to move the yards about horizontally or to assist in counteracting the lateral strain brought upon the yard by the wind acting on the sails. By easing off the braces on one side and hauling in that on the other, a yard may be braced "sharp up" enabling the ship to lie as close the wind as possible. The yards of the "Lion" are here seen braced up on the port tack. The main yard—the lowest and largest spar across the main mast—differs from the other yards in having a double set of braces, one pair leading forward and one pair aft, the former, or preventer braces, are used for "bracing up," but the lads of the "Lion" are here shown hauling taut the weather main brace as a support to the yard.

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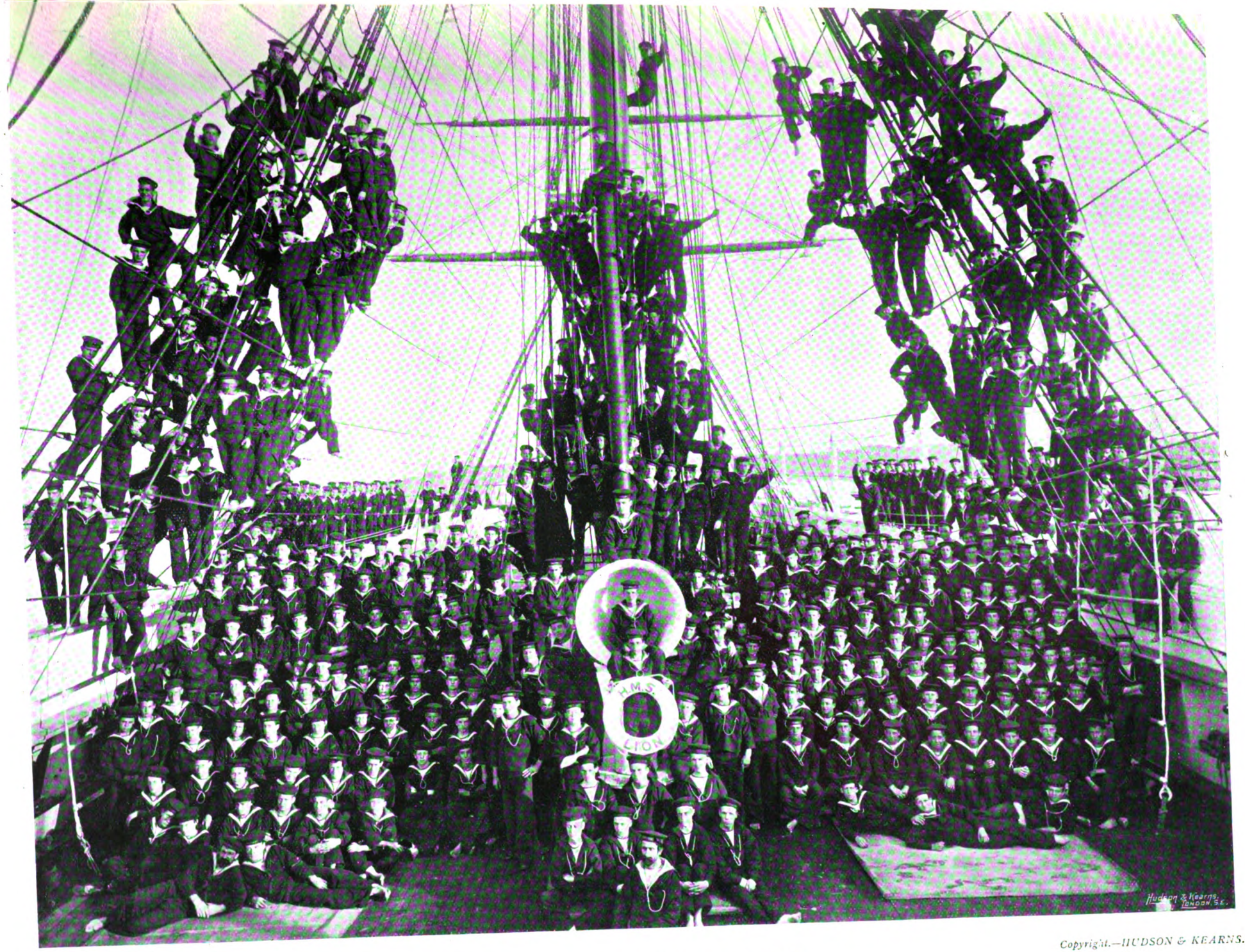

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Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth.

THE CUBS OF THE "LION."

THESE are the sailor lads who form the company of the training ship "Lion" at Devonport, the fine old wooden two-decker that lies moored with the "Implacable" astern of and attached to her, off Torpoint, nearly half-way up the Hamoze. The "Lion," whose striking gilded figure-head representing the British lion rampant, tells the ship's name as you approach her, was built just half-a-century ago as an 80-gun ship, carrying a company of 750 men. She has been on training ship duty at Devonport ever since 1871. The "Implacable," which lies stern to stern with the "Lion," and forms part of her, a half-masted hulk, is the only existing ship in the world, except the "Victory" of immortal memory, which was present at Trafalgar. She was then the French seventy-four "Duguay Trouin," which was captured after Trafalgar while flying from the battle. We renamed the prize the "Implacable." A sturdier, finer, and more sportive set of cubs than those of our Devonport "Lion" one might go the whole world over and not find.

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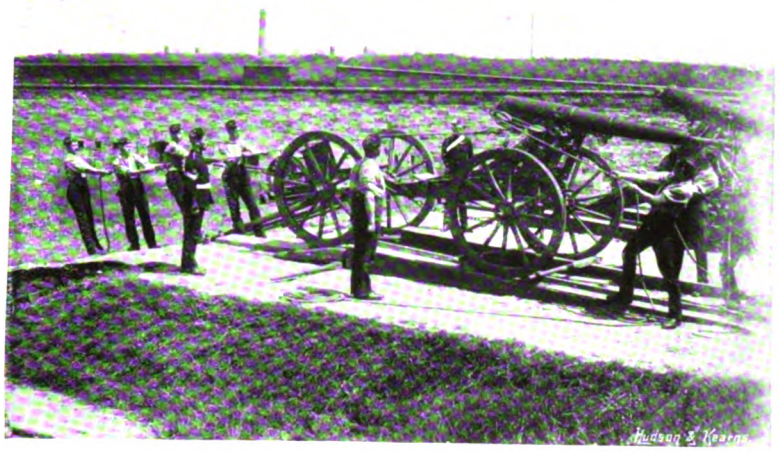
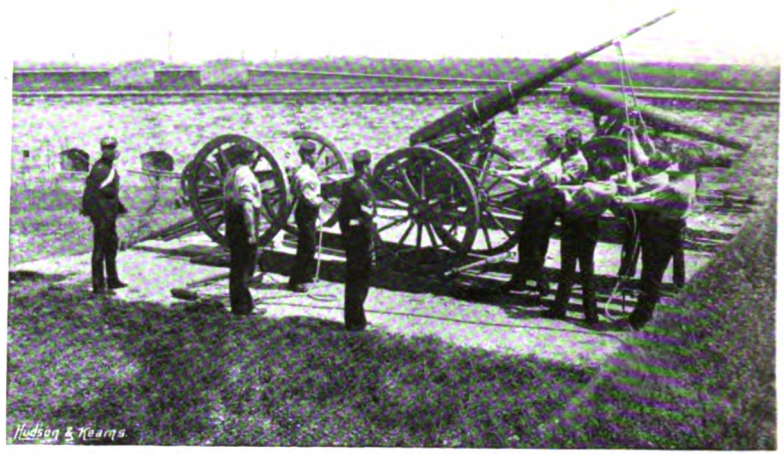


SHIFTING 25-pr. SIEGE GUN FROM "FIRING" TO "TRAVELLING" TRUNNIONS.



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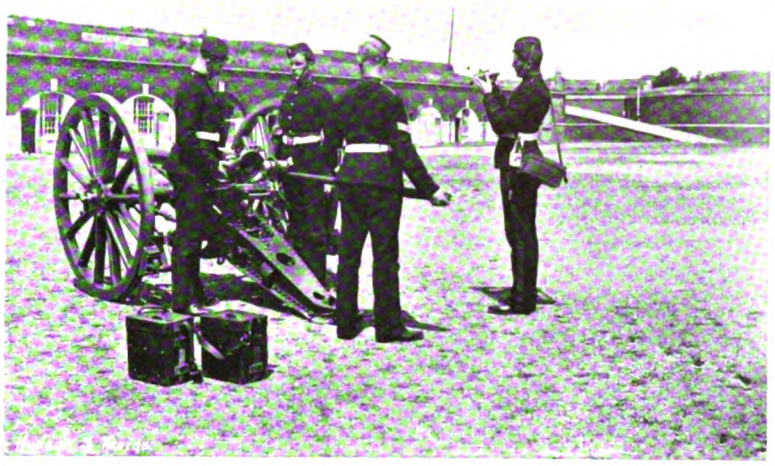
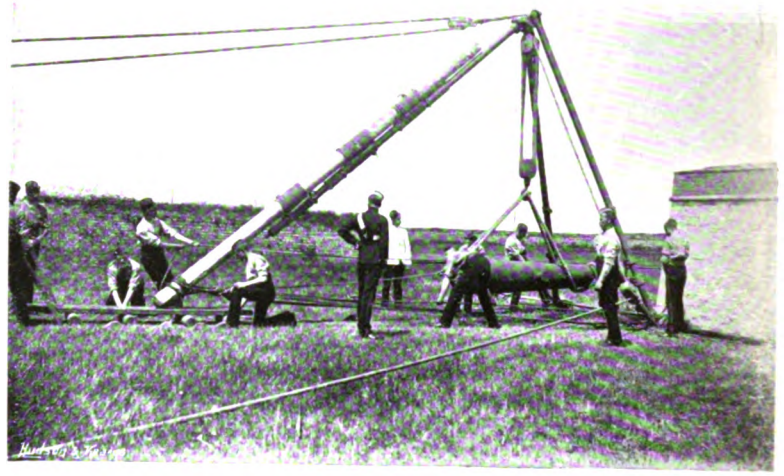
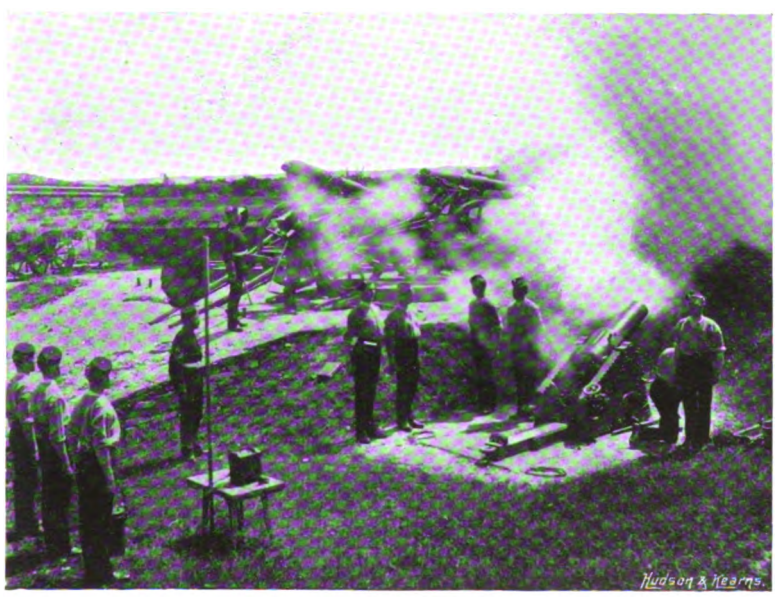


LOADING A 12-pr. BREECH-LOADING FIELD GUN.



REPOSITORY DRILL WITH 58-cwt. GUN, FORT CUMBERLAND.



SHELL PRACTICE WITH 6 3-in. HOWITZER.

AT DINNER, MEN'S QUARTERS, EASTNEY BARRACKS.

Photos. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

THE ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY.

THE Royal Marine Artillery are formed as a Division, sixteen companies strong. They have an established strength of over 2,700 men (all twelve years' service soldiers of good physique, 5-ft. 9-in. being the minimum height for recruits), and are distinct from the land service corps, the Royal Artillery. The headquarters and depôt of the "R.M.A." are at Fort Cumberland and Eastney Barracks, Portsmouth, where recruits are trained in the art of gunnery, both for land and sea service, in all its branches, and a good deal more besides. Here is what they have to learn. In the two years that it ordinarily takes to make a marine gunner before he is marked "First for Sea," and finally passed as fit to take his place on board the Fleet, he has to fully qualify and pass inspection in infantry drill and musketry, Naval gun drill and target practice, land service drill—field battery, garrison and siege artillery—repository (the handling of war material under all conditions) and laboratory work, the course ending with instruction in infantry field work.

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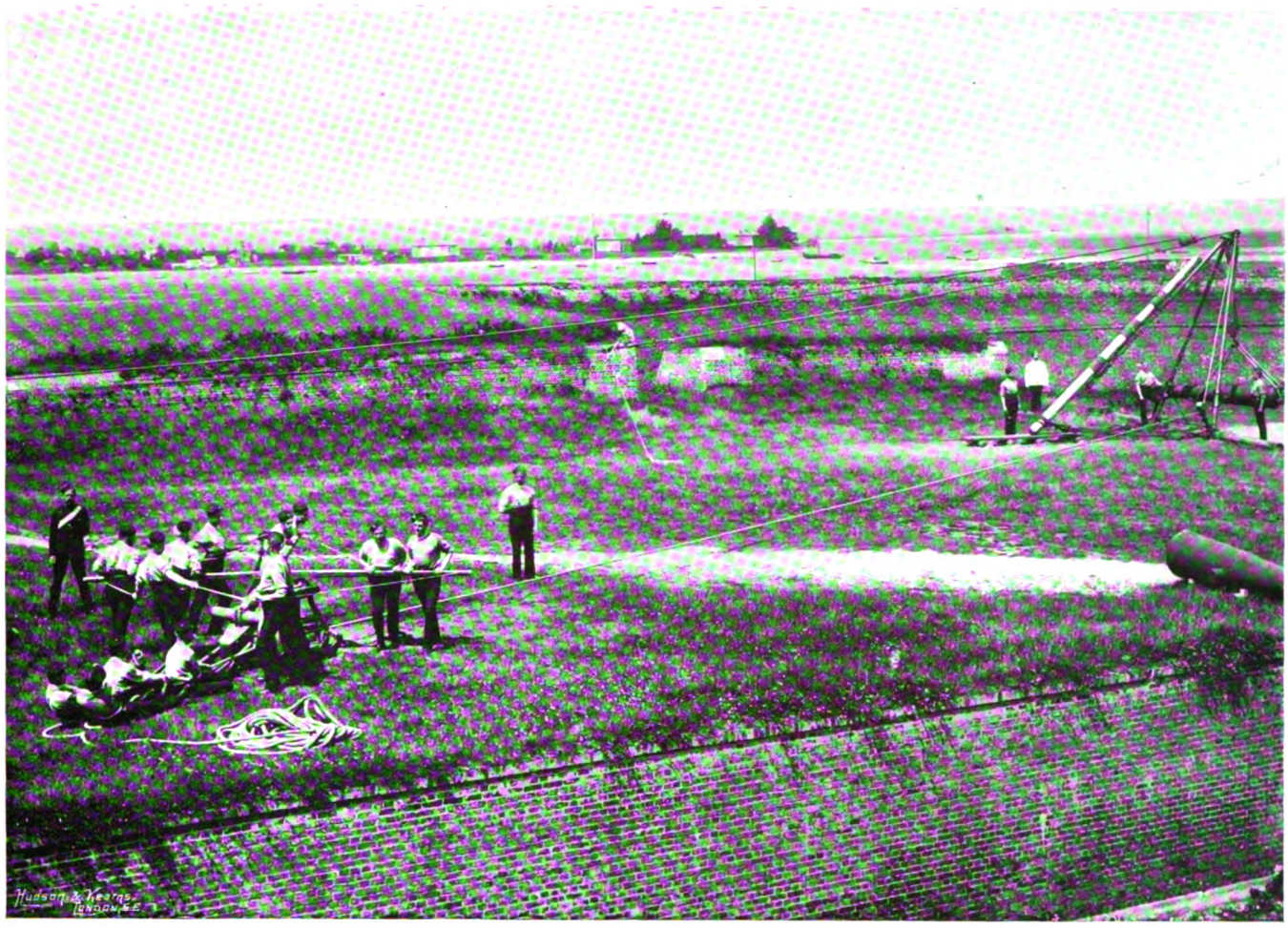

REPOSITORY DRILL at FORT CUMBERLAND:—Raising a 58-cwt. Gun from the Ditch.

Photo. SYMONDS & CO., *Portsmouth.*

FIELD GUN DRILL AS A BATTERY with 12-pr. BREECH-LOADERS.

THESE are two more of the exercises in which on the preceding page we saw the men of the "R.M.A." engaged in. Although primarily a sea service corps, their knowledge of land service artillery drill has proved of the highest use on several occasions during recent years—notably in Egypt. At Tel-el-Mahuta and Kassassin in 1882, and at El Teb in 1884, they rendered invaluable aid as land gunners in assisting the Royal Horse Artillery in the field, besides on their own account fighting captured Krupp field guns. They have repeatedly done Naval Brigade infantry fighting on shore—ever since 1804, when, at Nelson's special instance, the corps was first formed. They also took charge of the Egyptian batteries after the bombardment of Alexandria, fought in the mortar boats in the Baltic in the Russian war, and at Sebastopol did splendid work with the siege guns—winning two "V.C.'s" among themselves.

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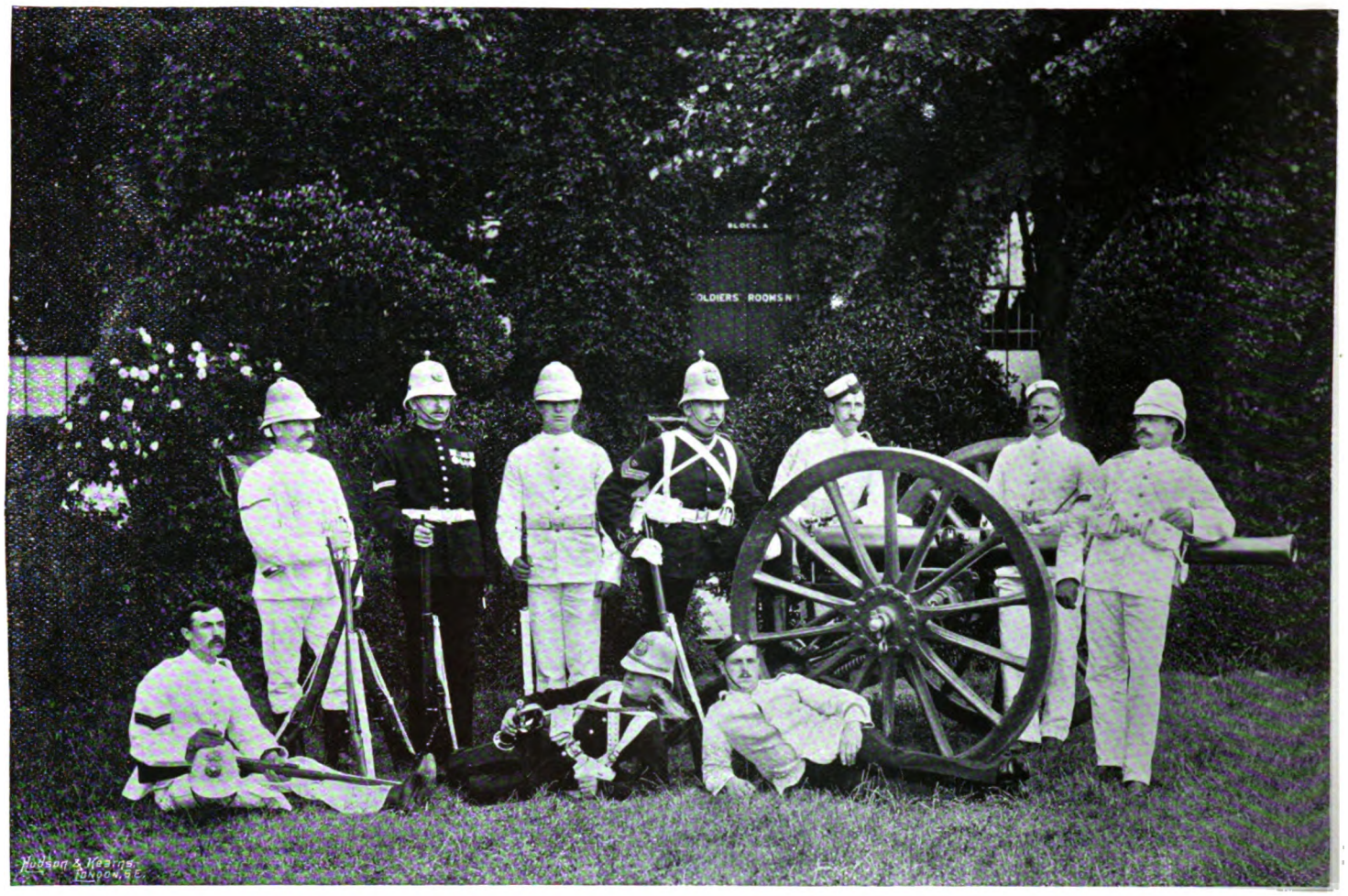
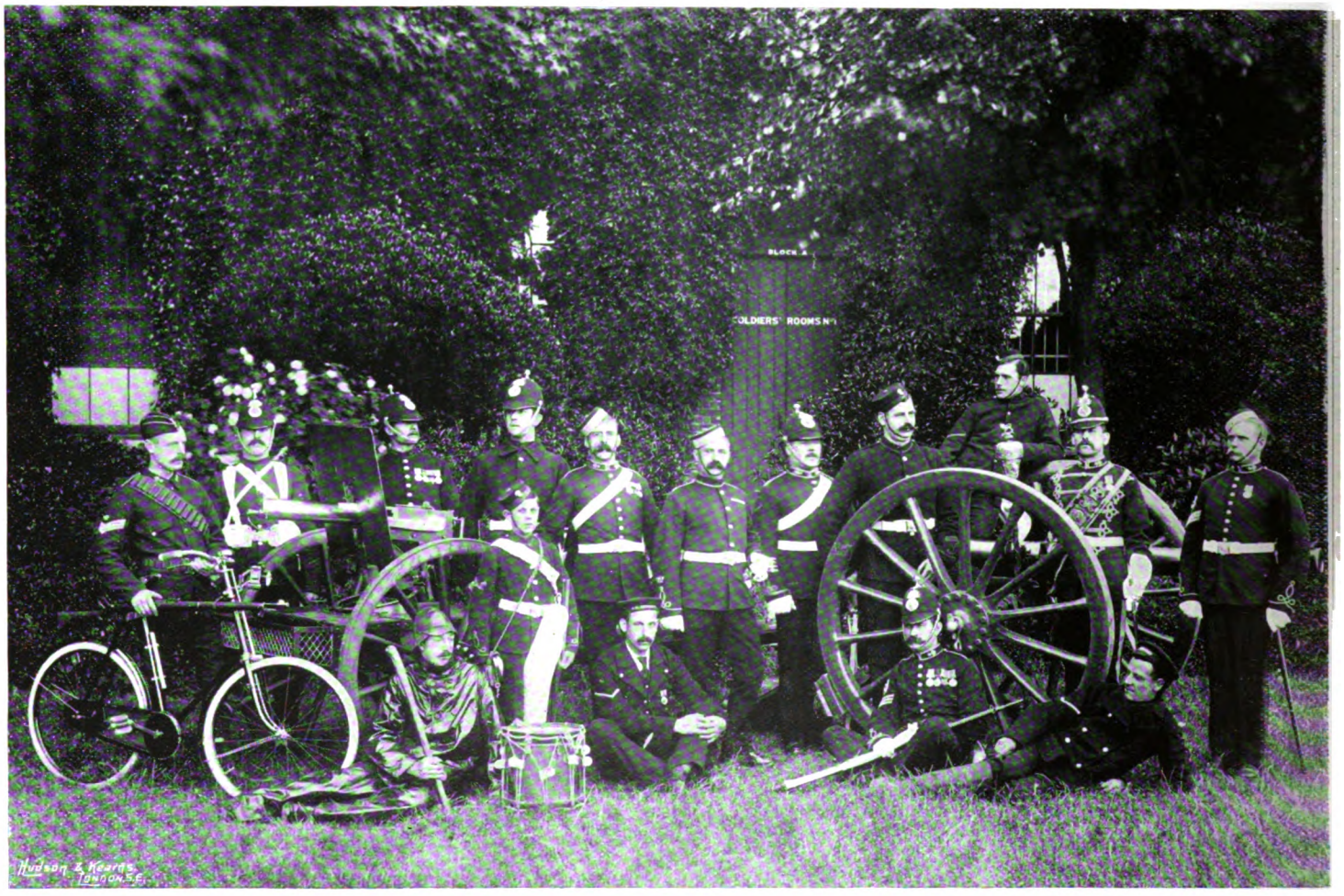


N.C.O.'s, GUNNERS, and BUGLERS in UNIFORM WORN on FOREIGN STATIONS.



Photos. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

SERGT.-MAJOR, STAFF-SERGEANTS, N.C.O.'s & MEN in Home Service Uniforms.

THESE two photographs show non-commissioned officers and men of the Royal Marine Artillery in various uniforms that the corps wear afloat and ashore all the world over. The Boat and Sub-marine Mining training is a comparatively new accomplishment, adopted with the view of fitting the men of the corps for the defence of Naval ports—whether at Vancouver or at the entrance to Spithead is all one to the "R.M.A." Squads are trained for the work by the Royal Engineers at Chatham and at the R.E. Sub-marine Mining Depôt at Gosport, whence the gunner mining experts are drafted wherever they are wanted. On board ship the Marine Artillerymen man guns in addition to those worked by the bluejackets, and their high training in handling the complicated mechanism of our newest advance is found of invaluable service. They also do a good deal towards lightening Jack's general work in helping to carry on the ship's duty on board.

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Photo. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

OFFICER INSTRUCTORS OF ROYAL MARINE ARTILLERY.

THESE are officers of the Royal Marine Artillery, employed in command at the Depôt at Portsmouth and as Staff Gunnery Instructors. The preliminary training of "R.M.A." officers is of the very highest order and covers nearly four years. Young officers receive two years theoretical training at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, accompanied by riding and gymnastic instruction, a course of torpedo and gunnery, with every kind of Naval weapon on the "Vernon" and "Excellent," or at one of the other Naval School Establishments, a short "Fire Master's" course at Woolwich, and in addition, at the close of the instructional courses they have to go through at Eastney, the complete "R.M.A." recruit's course. To obtain and retain their commissions, officers have each to qualify in no fewer than twelve examinations, eight of these being tests of ability to handle bodies of men in gunnery and infantry exercises. After all this only are "R.M.A." officers marked as "First for Sea," becoming forthwith liable to be sent off to any part of the world—practically, on the receipt of a telegram to start.

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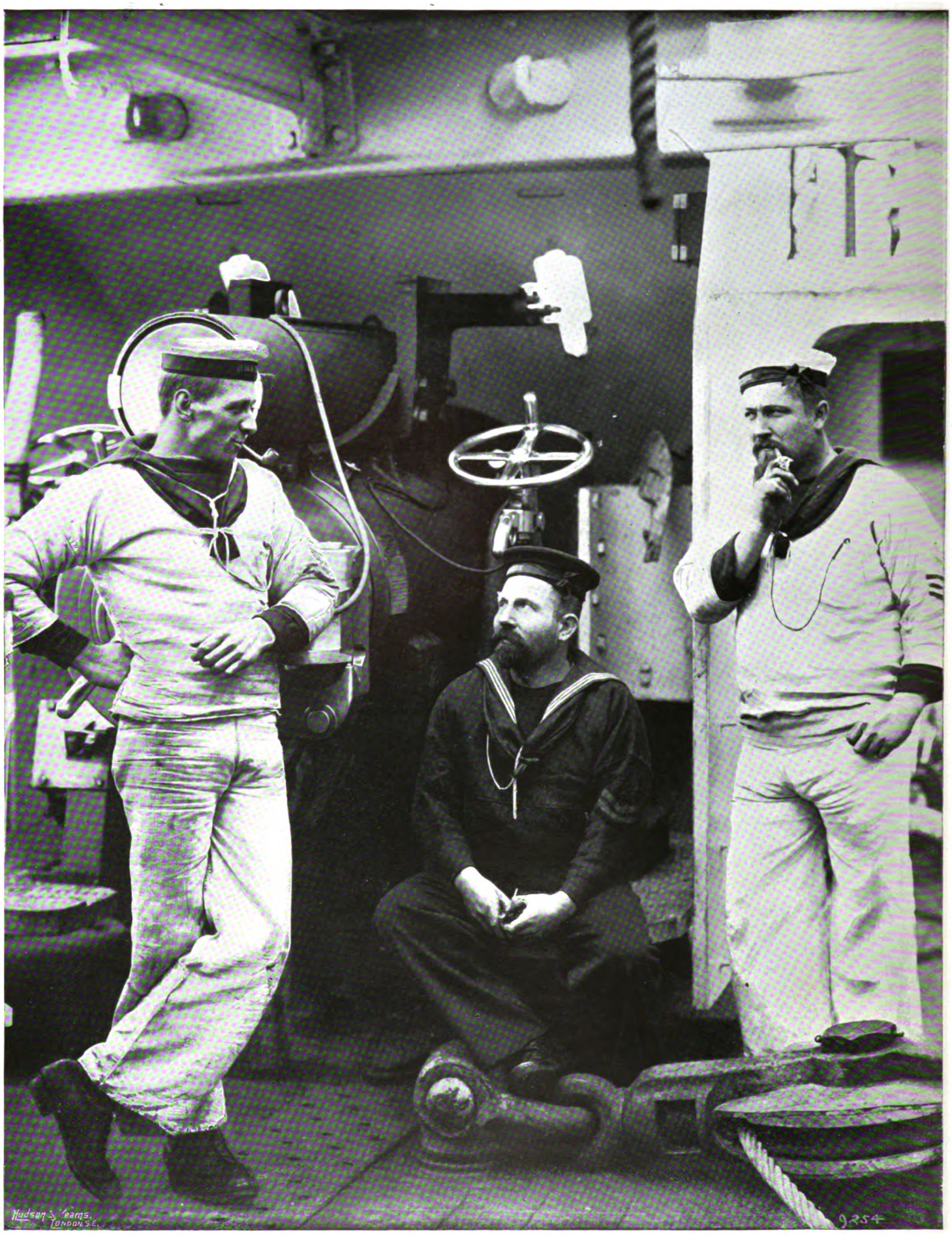

Photo. F. G. O S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

DISCUSSING THINGS IN GENERAL:—On Board the Cruiser "THESEUS."

HERE we have three petty officers belonging to the first-class cruiser "Theseus," now attached to the Mediterranean Fleet, having a quiet chat together over a pipe after dinner. It is not quite "all work" for Jack on board ship, although nowadays at some times it seems very near to it. After dinner every day from about half-past twelve to a few minutes past one he gets half-an-hour or so of "Spell Oh!" when he can "recreate" as he likes, much as we see our three friends doing here; and again after supper, at half-past four, he gets a similar interval, and later again in the evening. The whole of Thursday Afternoon, between dinner and supper he can also keep for his "rope-yarn Sunday"—so sailors call it—as he likes, and also on Saturday and Sunday Afternoons.

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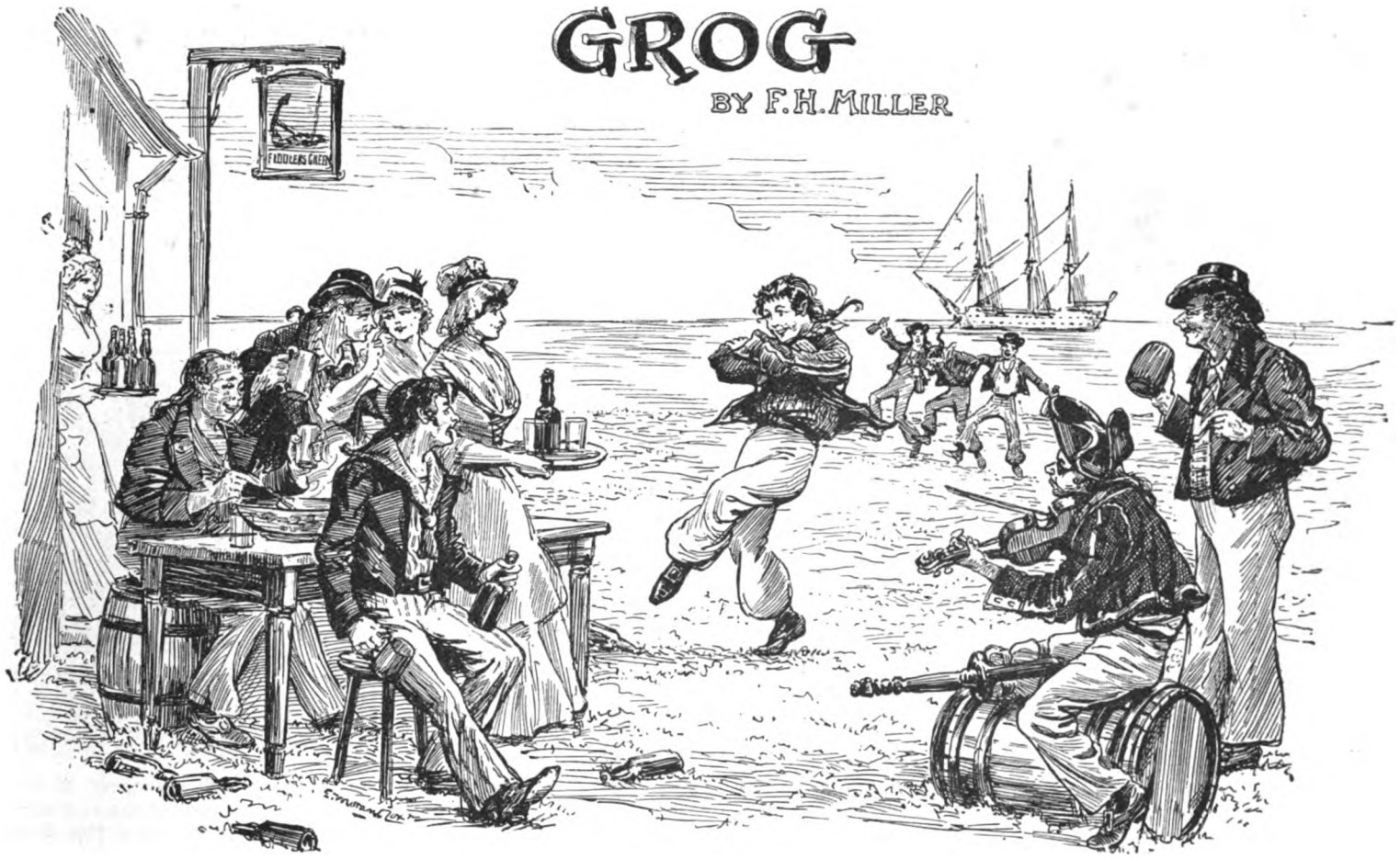
GROG

BY F.H. MILLER



"GROG aboard and a girl ashore" have been from time immemorial all the solace that Jack asks for. "Blest with a smiling can of grog" he laughed dangers to scorn and forgot his toils, nay, has even been known to drink the health of his natural enemy, the "Purser." He even considered a taste for grog as an essential qualification in a sailor's wife:—

"A butcher can provide her prog,
Three threads to drink, a tailor;
What's that to biscuit and to grog
Procured her by her sailor?"

Whatever may have been the dangers and toils of the week, on Saturday night "the ample can adorned the board," and the toast of "Sweethearts and Wives" was duly honoured.

"Each gave the girl that he adored
And pushed the grog about,"

and to such an extent that even when the can was empty

"In soft visions gentle sleep,
Still pushed the grog about."

For many years Jack drank beer in lieu of spirits, and plenty of it, the allowance being a gallon per man per diem, which is, however, not so excessive as it looks when it is remembered that it took the place, not only of spirits, but of cocoa, tea, and even to a great extent of water, the facilities for the preservation of which were limited in the extreme. On some stations wine was often served out in lieu, especially when captures were made of wine-laden ships.

Lord Dundonald gives a curious instance of the fate of one of these captures. As captain of the "Pallas" he had taken a considerable number of *chasse-marées*, some of them laden with the finest vintages of the South of France. After a liberal supply to Admiral Thornborough's squadron there still remained a large stock on hand, which it was found impossible to dispose of by sale. The Victualling Board, for some inscrutable reason, declined to take over the wine even at the price of the miserable small beer of the day, so that Jack lost a treat, as in the end, to avoid Customs' dues, it became necessary to start the wine overboard with the exception of a small quantity reserved by Lord Dundonald for his personal friends. "Picture it, think of it," ye lovers of the "finest vintages of the South of France."

The beer supplied was of two descriptions, one a strong ale, issued in iron-bound casks for foreign service, and another of a milder description for the home station, but both seem to have been hopelessly bad.

For some time the supply was entrusted to contractors, but in spite of the most rigid rules laid down—on paper—the quality got worse and worse, then porter was tried, but, apparently without success, as 1,800 out of the 3,000 butts purchased were resold to the brewers; as a last resource, Government breweries were established.

The importance of issuing beer of good keeping qualities was enormous. Ships kept the sea for very much longer periods than at present, fresh provisions were hard to get, scurvy raged, and a good sound beer was an excellent anti-scorbutic.

Even, however, with Government breweries, although the quality improved, good beer for sea-going purposes was not to be had; corruption was rife; the master brewers waxed fat and ships' companies were buried by scores.

Moreover, the difficulty of stowage was enormous, and gradually wine mixed with water and spirits, at first brandy and subsequently rum, were introduced as, at any rate, an alternative ration, that is to say, ships were only supplied with beer while in harbour or for the first few days at sea.

In 1831 brewing finally ceased, and after some slight skirmishing with its rivals—brandy and wine—rum reigned supreme.

At first the allowance—half-a-pint a day—in two servings was issued neat, but the evening serving gave rise to so much quarrelling and insubordination, that Admiral Vernon, familiarly known as "Old Grog," from a grogram coat he wore in dirty weather, instituted the practice of diluting it with water, a practice which it is scarcely necessary to say, earned for the mixture the name it still bears.

Had he taken the advice of the late esteemed Mr. "Ben the Boatswain," he would surely not have made such a fatal blunder, for Mr. Ben Backstay, in addition to being a good seaman all round, was—

"A very merry boy,
For no one half so merrily could pipe all hands ahoy,
And when it chanc'd his summons we didn't well attend,
No lad than he more merrily could handle a rope's end."

But in an evil moment the Captain, probably as a reward for some deed of "derring do," ordered a double allowance of grog, and

"Ben Backstay he got tipsy, all to his heart's content,
And being half-seas over, why overboard he went,"

and, unfortunately, met a shark, who promptly bit off his head.

This would have settled most men, but Ben, with the rare devotion to duty that had distinguished him through life, sent up his ghost, all headless, to implore his comrades to take warning by his fate.

"By drinking grog I lost my life: so lest my fate you meet,
Why, never mix your liquor, lads, but always drink it neat."

In spite of this opinion from an expert, it is difficult to exaggerate the evils that resulted from the ration, diluted as it was, especially in the case of the evening serving—drunkenness was the rule rather than the exception, and accidents and offences became innumerable.

Even the lavish use of corporal punishment failed to check the evil. Lord Nelson and his flag captain, Hardy, though humane and generous to a degree, were compelled by their sense of duty to use the utmost rigour to suppress intemperance, and very many corporal punishments for drunkenness are recorded as having taken place on board the "Victory" between August 1st, 1803, and October 31st, 1804, but without any apparent effect.

It was not so much the quantity, if each man had taken his share, but the practice was—especially after the introduction of tea—for many men to refuse their evening ration, which, in consequence, went to the cook of the day; and

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there are instances on record of this individual getting the grog of 32 men. A boatswain's mate, in giving evidence before a Committee in 1850, on being asked what the cook did with it, replied, "He sat down between him and another one (*i.e.*, his mate), and drank it"—with results that need not be stated.

Moreover, it was a common practice to make payments for small services, such as making-up clothes, etc., with rum, so that any man who had a taste that way had plenty of opportunities of satisfying the desire of his heart.

And yet the punishments were severe enough: for instance, Sir C. Napier in the "Powerful" gave two or three dozen lashes for the first offence, and four dozen for the second.

Some first lieutenants in their anxiety to save a good man had recourse to expedients not generally recognised in the Service; as for instance, one who as soon as he got into harbour hired a cell on shore and clapped into it a man who though a smart hand, otherwise was an incorrigible drunkard. This so astonished Jack that he came on the quarter-deck on being released and asked whether the treatment would be repeated every time the ship came into harbour; on being assured that this would be so, he went sadly away and ruminated, with the result that in a few days' time he requested that his grog might be stopped, after which he rose rapidly, and the cells knew him no more.

"Drinking at the tub" was also tried, *i.e.*, instead of grog being served out to the cooks of messes for conveyance to the lower deck, the mess basins of the whole ship's company were arranged in rows by the tub, and each cook got the allowance for his mess in the "Monkey," and divided it into the basins. Then the men came up and each picked up his basin and drank his grog, passing over the empty basin to the opposite side. Although this practice acted as an effectual check on drunkenness and found high favour in the eyes of the medical officers, it was generally regarded as contrary to the habits of the Service, and, moreover, seriously interfered with the time allotted for dinner—the issue, in a large ship, occupying 25 minutes—it was, therefore, seldom adopted except as a mode of punishment.

The evil soon became intolerable, although the ration of spirit had been reduced in 1824 from half-pint to one gill, a reform which was, however, largely neutralized by the substitution of the imperial for the wine measure, a change which added one-fifth to the ration. After the evening serving quiet men could not go about the ship in safety. To the Committee appointed to enquire into the subject in 1850, it was stated by witness after witness that the great bulk of the crimes and offences committed on board were attributable to the second "tub," and the result was a recommendation to reduce the allowance by half, abolish the evening serving, give no allowance to midshipmen and boys, and to stop the issue of neat spirit altogether.

In 1881 the issue of the spirit ration to officers, other than warrant officers, ceased altogether, while in the case of the ship's company the issue was limited to men over twenty.

And here it may be interesting to state the method adopted in serving out the grog, shorn as it is of its former glory as regards its fuddling capacity, but none the less a useful and not uninteresting episode in the life of many a Jack who has not yet adopted teetotal principles.

As, in addition to evaporation and absorption, rum has a peculiar facility for diminishing in bulk from other than strictly natural causes, great precautions are taken as regards the custody of it. Every forenoon at eleven the quantity required for the day is hoisted up from the spirit room by the cooks of messes, the allowance for each mess being measured off into the grog beaker or "barricoe" in the presence of an officer and the petty and non-commissioned officers of the day and placed under the sentry's charge until 12.30. The rum thus measured out is about 5 per cent. under proof, but before the bugle sounds "grog" it is mixed with the due proportion of water, *i.e.*, two-thirds of water to one-third of rum.

At the sound of the bugle the mixture is measured out by the petty officers of the day into the mess kettles brought to the tub by the cooks, who take it to their respective messes and pour half-a-pint into as many basins as there are men in the mess—boys under 20 years of age having, as has been stated, no allowance. The balance, if any, left in the mess-kettle becomes the perquisite of the cook under the description of "plus," or "plush," as Jack prefers to call it, but any remaining in the grog-tub is started down the scuppers.

And now, you may ask, why, the dinner hour being 12, do you not give the poor man his drink until 12.30? Well, it was tried, but it was found that, especially in tropical climates, Jack came down exhausted and done up generally and tipped off his allowance or a good share of it by way of a "whet," a practice which resulted not infrequently in disease of the liver and stomach. So now he is required, if he takes his grog at all, to lay a solid foundation before he commences to "lubricate."

The whole of the rum issued comes from the West Indies, and is bought from samples while lying in bond at the docks. It is then conveyed to Deptford, where it is started into huge vats, varying in capacity from 4,600 gallons to upwards of 32,000. During the process of starting, the rum, which when received is 40 per cent. over proof, is reduced to issuing strength, *i.e.* 4·5 under proof, and drawn off as required into various sized casks for issue to H.M. ships and depôts at home and abroad.

Not long ago it became necessary to empty one of the largest vats for examination, for the first time for many years, and the process exploded a popular and pleasing tradition that years ago a pet dog had mysteriously disappeared, having last been seen at the brink of the vat, and that to his too inquisitive disposition might be attributed the peculiar twang which gave the contents of that particular vat a special value in the judgment of connoisseurs; but, like the legend of William Tell, the tradition has vanished in the face of stern facts, for no skeleton was there; but, instead, a considerable variety of bottles with string attached let down by the ingenious and thirsty "matey," and dropped when detection seemed likely.

It is often asked why rum is issued in preference to the fashionable whisky of the present day, but as regards sustaining power there is no comparison between the two. Rum, or rather the abuse of it, may have much to answer for in the past—it may be looked askance upon in some quarters in the present—indeed a late Civil Lord of the Admiralty of very pronounced teetotal views inquired pathetically, on visiting Deptford, whether the contents of the big vat had ever been worked out into court-martials? But it is wonderful stuff on a cold day or under great exposure. If you doubt it, try for yourself — in hot weather under the seductive form of *stone fence:* ginger beer, rum and ice. Cold—try it short, and don't be too liberal with the water. Out rabbit shooting for instance, after an hour or two in the snow, the merest nip will put quite a new complexion on things, and although of course you do not require steadying, yet it will not improve the chance of the rabbit.

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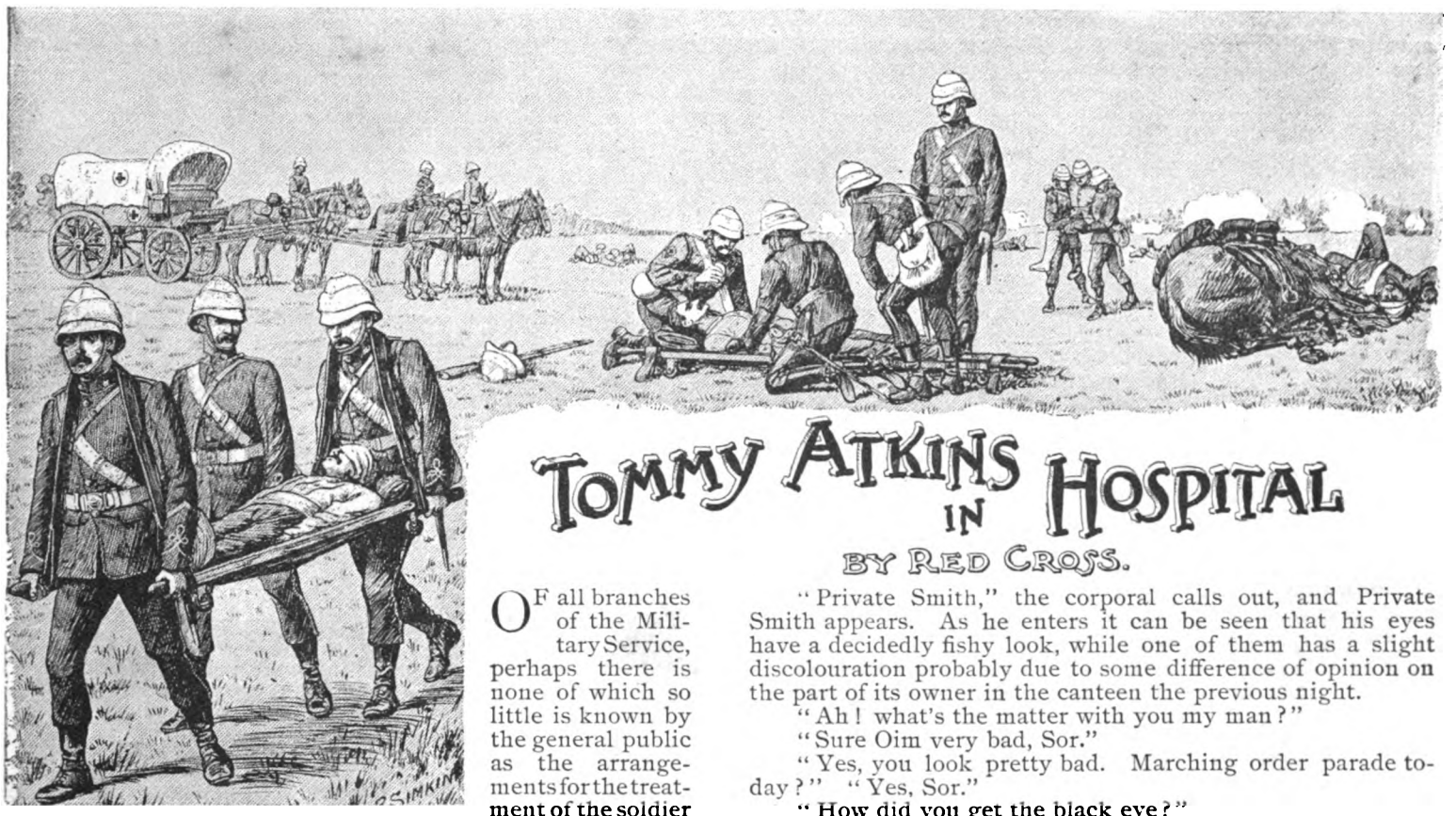

TOMMY ATKINS IN HOSPITAL

BY RED CROSS.

OF all branches of the Military Service, perhaps there is none of which so little is known by the general public as the arrangements for the treatment of the soldier when sick. I confess I have never been able to understand the reason of the apathy which appears to exist on this subject, unless we are to accept the theory that the soldier is only interesting to the public when, decked out with smart uniform and glittering accoutrements, he forms a brilliant spectacle for their amusement. Be this as it may, there are few institutions more calculated to command general interest than the military hospital.

Previous to the year 1874 each regiment had its own little hospital, the surgeon and hospital attendants forming an integral part of the corps. There are not a few old officers who look back with regret on the days when the doctor was a regimental officer, and the hospital a regimental institution, under the direct control of the Colonel. That the system had some advantage goes without saying; the chief of which, perhaps, was the continuity of medical officers, and the consequent intimate relations existing between the doctor and those under his medical charge. But I fancy that it will be generally admitted that careful nursing plays as important a part as medical skill in the treatment of serious cases, and in the old days such nursing was decidedly a minus quantity. The men selected for the duty of hospital orderlies were almost always old soldiers of good character, but in the majority of cases densely ignorant.

I recollect an old Yorkshire man who had held the position for some years. He was a good-hearted old fellow and a fairly good hospital attendant, according to his lights, but very, very ignorant. It happened that an old comrade of his was dangerously ill, and Job Woolston volunteered to sit up with him. In the stillness of the night he kept staring at his old chum and finally decided that he would not live till morning. It then occurred to him that it would be only comrade-like to administer consolation in some shape.

"Jim," he said, in a loud whisper, "Jim, be'st thou asleep?" Poor Jim moaned. "Aye! Jim, thou be'st main ba'ad the ne'et. Jim, thou be'st agoin' to kick th' boocket as'arm thinkin'. But never thee mind, Jim, as'arll see thee'se streck'd out fairly." Unfortunately for Job's good intentions, Jim recovered and reported the poor old chap to the doctor, with the result that he returned to regimental duty, and minus one of his many Good Conduct badges. Sometimes a patient was allowed to select a comrade to nurse him, but, as can easily be conceived, the very good nature of the man militated against his efficiency as a nurse. But we have changed all that.

"Any sick this morning?" This is the call of the orderly corporal in each barrack room of his Company directly after reveillé sounding. Here and there his question will meet with the response "I'm going sick, Corporal," and the names of those thus reporting are entered on the Company "sick report."

In every barracks there is a room set apart as a "medical inspection room," in which the medical officer in charge of the regiment sees the morning sick.

Out of fifteen or twenty who are seen, perhaps there may be four or five who are really ill. These are promptly sent off to the Station Hospital. Of the others we will select one or two and endeavour to ascertain why it is, that in this case at least, the need of a physician is not confined to those who are sick.

"Private Smith," the corporal calls out, and Private Smith appears. As he enters it can be seen that his eyes have a decidedly fishy look, while one of them has a slight discolouration probably due to some difference of opinion on the part of its owner in the canteen the previous night.

"Ah! what's the matter with you my man?"

"Sure Oim very bad, Sor."

"Yes, you look pretty bad. Marching order parade today?" "Yes, Sor."

"How did you get the black eye?"

"Oi was comin' in in the dark Sor, an' Oi hit it agin' the handle of the door."

"Ah! did you?" "Medicine and duty corporal," and Private Smith is handed a good dose of "Black Strap," a most excellent cathartic mixture of a decidedly unpleasant taste, which he is compelled to swallow to the last drop.

"Private McGrath." "Here, Sor."

"Well Private McGrath what's the matter with you this morning?"

"Ah! it's my leg again Sor, sure Oi can't march." Now there is nothing whatever the matter with his leg, and both he and the medical officer well know it, but some considerable time ago he had the luck to break it, the accident occurring during an unsuccessful attempt to break out of barracks. The leg healed perfectly, and in no way interfered with McGrath in sporting his figure in town or dancing a jig in his barrack room, but invariably caused untold agony when required to assist in carrying its owner to a marching order parade.

In such a case as this the medical officer finds himself between the horns of a dilemma. He is morally certain that the man is deceiving him—blinding the doctor is the barrack-room expression—but then there is just the barest shadow of a doubt, and the man gets the benefit of it. "Hospital" is marked on his sick report and Private McGrath is happy.

Private Thompson is the next man.

He has a slight blister on his foot, it is a small thing, but it is sufficient. He is excused duty for the day, and so it goes on. The same faces appear again and again. Some men never go to hospital, others spend the greater part of their soldiering days there. Happily, these are in a very small minority, and are looked down upon by their comrades with the contempt their conduct merits.

The first thing that strikes a stranger on entering a military hospital is the exquisite cleanliness and regularity everywhere evident. Let us go into a ward with a medical officer making his morning visit; the effect of discipline is at once seen. Some of the patients are in bed, others, probably convalescent, are allowed up. These latter spring to attention as the officer enters, and stand each man beside his cot, and even in the case of the poor fellows in bed, the military instinct for a moment overcomes physical pain, and they try to straighten themselves as they lie. "Sit down men," says the doctor kindly, and those standing seat themselves on their beds, but their position is only a little less constrained; in short, standing or sitting, whilst the officer is present, they are "at attention."

While the medical officer is going round his patients, we will take a look round the ward.

In different garrisons these vary greatly in size. In hospitals of recent construction the number of beds in each ward is about twenty-two. Beside each bed is a small open cupboard with shelves, in which the patient's hospital clothing is kept neatly folded while he is in bed, and in which he keeps books or any personal belongings allowed to be retained by him. On the top of the cupboard repose his mug, plate, soup basin, knife, fork, and spoon. The ward floors are perfectly bare, but spotlessly white, and polished with frequent scrubbing. In some hospitals the floors are waxed, but this is not general.

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The walls are color-washed in some bright tint and are covered with pictures, in almost all cases gifts from the different regiments whose sick have been treated in the hospital.

Hospital wards have frequently a sombre look, but this is very far from being the case in a military hospital. The white counterpanes, the pictures, the flowers here and there, and the light blue hospital uniform of the patients, added to the brilliant polish on everything polishable, and the cheerful fires, give an air of brightness and comfort which is heightened by the neat grey dress and scarlet cape of the nursing sister as she flits from bed to bed. We see books and papers in plenty on the tables and on the beds, with such games as chess, draughts, etc. Cards find much favor with the soldier, and although not provided by Government, he is kept abundantly supplied by the goodness of his officers.

Every large hospital has its "dining hall," in which the convalescents take their meals. Let us suppose it to be one o'clock, the dinner hour everywhere. We see a large airy room with long rows of tables covered with spotless tablecloths, at which the patients are already seated.

Hark! there goes the dinner bell. In a twinkling the dinners are brought in, each man's in a small square tin. An orderly carries twenty such in a specially constructed tray with a false bottom, in which boiling water keeps the dinners quite hot until they are served. The meals are issued according to a fixed scale which is hung up in every ward, and are cooked and served most appetisingly. Grilled chops and steaks, roast beef, chicken, soup, are all here in quantity, which at first sight gives the lie to their recipients being sick, but it must be borne in mind that these are men whose strength is being built up to enable them to re-enter upon the active duties of soldiers. There is practically no limit to the "Extras" which may be given to cases requiring them. Eggs, fish, beef tea, milk, jellies, fruit, brandy, whisky, and wines are all allowed, and are issued with a liberal hand. The supplies for hospital use are invariably of the best quality, and are carefully examined and tested every morning.

In many hospitals concerts are given weekly by the officers and ladies of the garrison. The dining hall or library is turned into a theatre *pro tem.* A platform decorated with an Indian rug from one officer's quarters, a gorgeous screen from another's, flowers and shrubs from the hospital garden, and a piano from the mess, is soon erected, and as easily taken down. These concerts are usually very good, and are much enjoyed by the patients.

In this connection, I think the practice introduced in the French Service some years ago, of a military band playing in the hospital grounds for an hour or so once a week, might be tried with advantage in our own.

The hospital staff consists of a Medical officer in charge, usually, in large hospitals, ranking as lieutenant-colonel, a proportion of medical officers according to the number of sick for which the hospital is constructed, a quartermaster, responsible for all stores, buildings, supplies, etc., three or four nursing sisters, and the N.C. officers and men of the Medical Staff Corps. These latter perform all the subordinate duties in the hospital, clerical, cooking, nursing, dispensing, charge of stores, etc.

The nursing duties are, as they should be, considered the most important, and every man in the corps must be fully qualified in this respect. The nursing of all serious cases is carried out under the supervision of the Nursing Sisters. The men are graded according to their ability in nursing, and those showing exceptional proficiency receive considerably higher pay. The cooks are all specially trained, and they also are graded and paid according to their ability.

It is sometimes difficult for the civilian mind to understand why doctors should have military titles and should exercise military functions Are they not, they ask, doctors pure and simple? Very far from it. Were the treatment of the sick in garrison the only reason for the doctor's existence, the interests of discipline alone would demand his investment with military rank, but that is no more his *raison d'etre* than that of an infantry officer is to attend his daily parade and take his turn of orderly duty. The medical staff, of necessity, forms a most important element in every force in the field and upon the efficiency of the ambulance corps and the powers of organization and initiative of its officers, must depend in no small measure, the success of a campaign. That this has been proved again and again must be patent to everyone who studies his morning paper, but the comparison of the French in Madagascar with our own expedition to Ashanti is a recent example.

Few people outside of the Army are aware of the perfection of discipline, high order of intelligence, and courage necessary in a body of men constituted as the Medical Staff Corps is; and to the credit of the corps be it said, they have ever been conspicuous in these attributes of the British soldier. See them following the fighting line. For them no cover, no thought of self, openly exposed to the full force of the enemy's fire, yet attending to the wounded with a coolness and devotion which the word courage but faintly expresses.

It is a common saying among soldiers that hospital is a place for a man who is sick and not for a man who is well, and, generally speaking, a soldier who has been ill looks forward anxiously to the day of his being allowed up, as a milestone on the road of his return to duty. Many are the devices adopted by patients to endeavour to make the medical officer believe them better than they are, or, failing in this, to get out by hook or by crook.

"Please sir, will you mark me out?" some poor fellow will say who is just recovering from a long illness, and can barely stand. "But my good man, I couldn't think of marking you out. You couldn't possibly do your duty, you know." "No sir, but I haven't any duty to do. I'm an officer's servant." "But you can't attend on your master if you do go out. Why, man, you are as thin as a straw. We must feed you up before you go out." "But I forgot to say," he responds eagerly, "my master is on leave," quite suppressing the fact that until his master returns he will have to do his duty in the ranks. "Look here, my man, that story won't do. You just remain quiet here for a week or two and I'll see about a furlough for you."

There is another class, however, to whom the ease and luxuries of hospital are an attraction too strong to be resisted. Discharged hospital to-day, back you find them to-morrow. You *may* manage to lose sight of them for three or four days, but directly a marching order parade or route march appears in orders, you may with certainty expect to meet your old friends.

Men of this class are, as a rule, not disliked in hospital. They are good humoured and always ready to lend a helping hand, but for a pure unadulterated nuisance commend me to the man who wants to be invalided. There are one or two stock diseases which they manage to counterfeign with an ingenuity and perseverance worthy of a better cause. Palpitation is, perhaps, the favourite. The symptoms of this disease are produced in their case by soap pills, eating tobacco, and perhaps a surreptitious race just before morning visit. If, ultimately, they attain the summit of their desire, unless they have permanently ruined their health, as a rule few weeks elapse before they again seek the recruiting sergeant, to realise, too late, that to a good man the Army is a good home, the door of which they have closed upon themselves for ever.

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Photo. LAFAYETTE, Dublin.

The COMMAND at the CURRAGH:—Major-General B. A. COMBE, C.B.

THAT the Curragh, the great Irish Camp of Instruction, should be under the orders of an officer of the stamp and proved ability of General COMBE, cannot be otherwise than satisfactory to Lord ROBERTS. They are old campaigners together; first in the Abyssinian Expedition of 1868, and then in the Afghan War of ten years later, which, like his veteran chief, Major-General COMBE saw through from start to finish. As Brigade-Major of the cavalry of the Peshawur Field Force, General COMBE was present at the fighting at Ali Musjid and Futtehabad, after that taking part as Deputy Adjutant and Quarter-Master General with the column under Lord ROBERTS in the fight at Charasiab, the advance and occupation of Cabul, the engagements of Sherpur and Shekabad, and the memorable march to Candahar, with the final battle that closed the war. For the Afghan War Major-General COMBE received two brevets and the C.B., and wears the Afghan Medal with four clasps and the bronze decoration. He was last year in Command of the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot—General COMBE is an ex-10th Hussar—and was transferred thence to the Command of the Curragh District four months ago.

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A TROOPER of the 2nd LIFE GUARDS Polishing up for Parade.

THE cuirass, which a trooper of the 2nd Life Guards is here seen polishing up, is nowadays worn only in the cavalry regiments of the Household Brigade, the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the "Blues." It has a story of its own in the British Service. Charles the Second had cuirassed Life and Horse Guards, and James the Second cuirassed regiments of "Horse," now our Dragoon Guards. During William the Third's campaigns cuirasses were discarded, and no regiment in the British Army wore them again, until after Waterloo, when on the accession of George the Fourth the cuirass was re-introduced in the Household Brigade cavalry regiments, who continue to wear them.

Photos F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.- HUDSON & KEARNS.*

An AMMUNITION MULE of the 2nd EAST LANCASHIRE REGIMENT.

THE British infantry soldier on the Home Establishment is allotted on mobilization 185 rounds of rifle ammunition each man, which is carried—100 rounds by the man himself, 65 rounds as "battalion reserve" on mules and small-arms ammunition carts, and 20 rounds in the battalion baggage wagons. The mules, two in number to each battalion, would find special employment in the field, and among their duties would be to supply the fighting troops in action with ammunition in connection with the battalion small-arms ammunition carts (four in number per battalion) posted in rear under shelter, by bringing up supplies as needed in boxes (two per mule) each containing 1,100 cartridges and weighing 75-lbs. 10-ozs. Here we see one of the ammunition mules belonging to the 2nd East Lancashire Regiment (stationed at Aldershot, with the men in charge.

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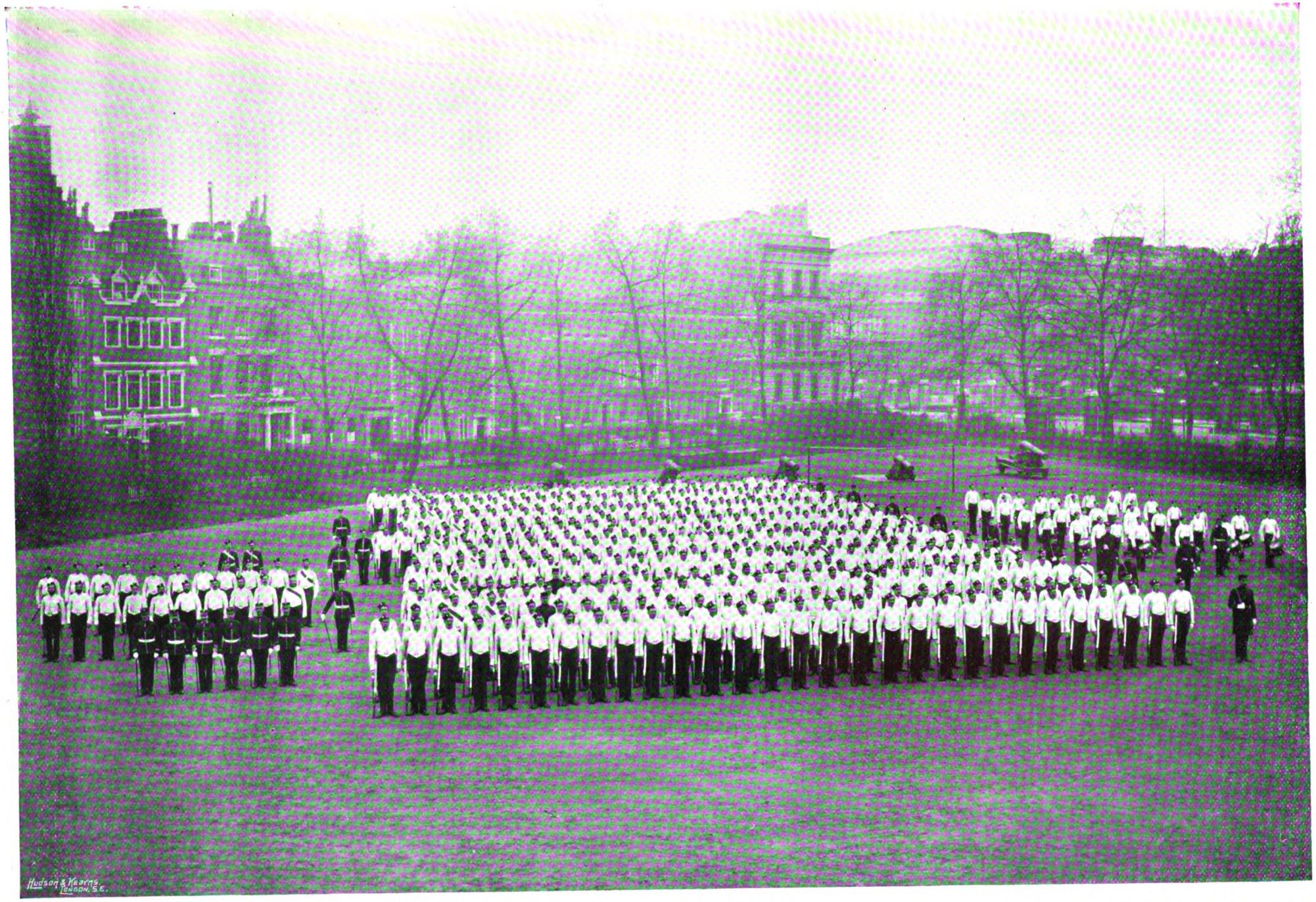

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THE 1st BATTALION GRENADIER GUARDS ON PARADE AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS.

THIS is a parade for drill of the senior battalion of infantry in point of regulation precedence, of Her Majesty's Army—the first battalion of the Grenadier Guards. They are shown turned out fora Commanding Officer's parade in the white undress jacket so familiar to everyone, which is worn at the present day only in the Guards and Highland regiments. Familiar as the white jacket is, it is a garment with a story—being neither more nor less than the modern form of the old long-sleeved white waistcoat that the whole British Army wore during the second half of the last century and down to 1830, underneath their red coats in full dress, and, as the Guards and High anders wear the jacket now, externally, as "undress" on all occasions. Abolished for the rest of the Army, just sixty-six years ago, the white jacket survives only in these corps. In undress also the Grenadiers wear a red band round the forage cap, the Coldstream Guards a white band, and the Scots Guards a "dice board" pattern band.

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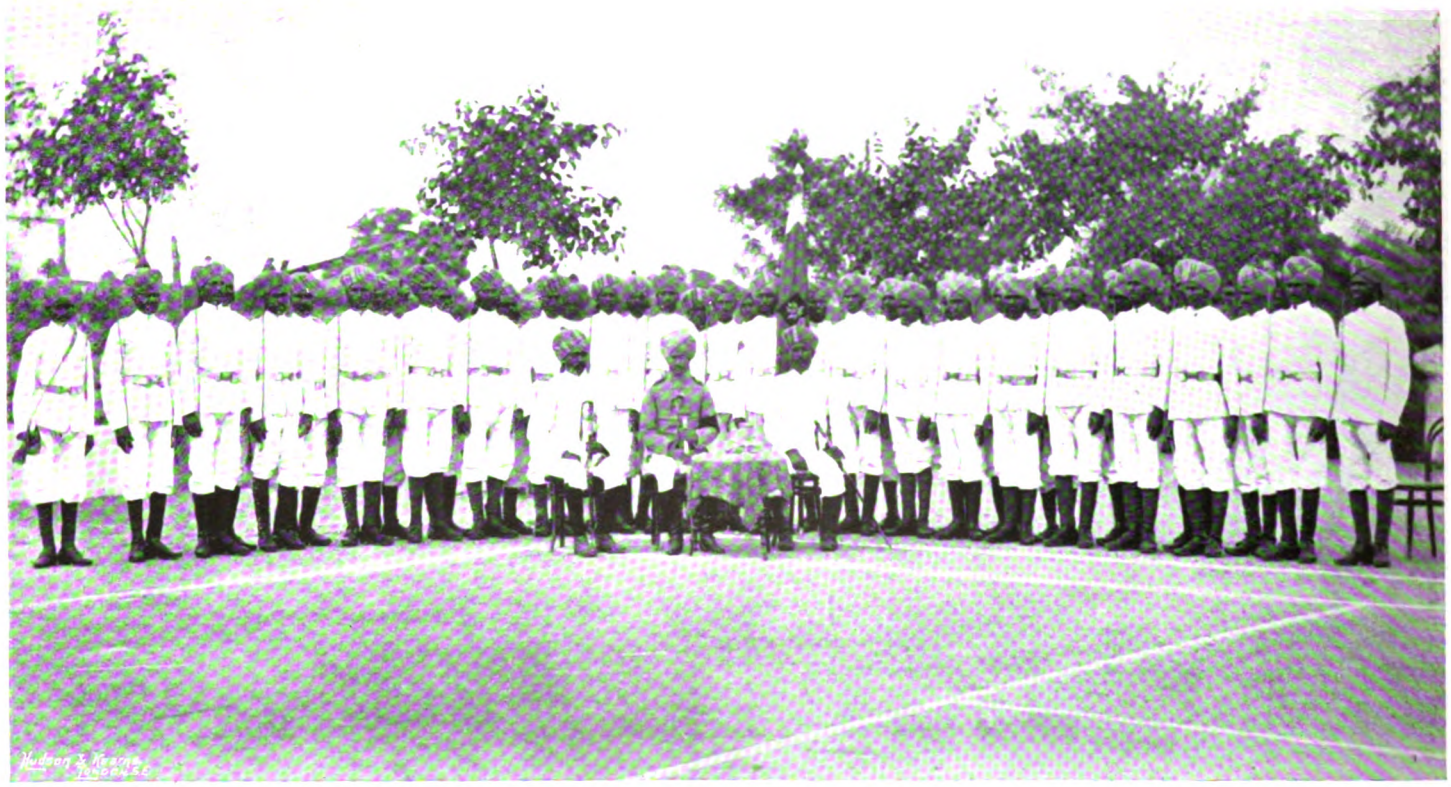
BAND OF THE LANCERS OF THE "GOLCONDA BRIGADE" OF HYDERABAD.



Photos. PLATIN PORTRAIT TUDIOS, Secunderabad.

AN INFANTRY COMPANY OF THE HYDERABAD NATIVE ARMY.

THE NIZAM OF HYDERABAD, the ruler of one of the most important of the Native States of India, has one of the largest of the Armies kept up by our Indian feudatory princes. It numbers—apart entirely from the well-known "Hyderabad Contingent," a special service corps under the Government of India—some 30,000 of all arms—regulars and irregulars. These, however, are mostly mercenary troops recruited from all parts and nationalities, and, with the exception of two brigades, known as "The Reformed Troops," and the "Golconda Brigade," are of small fighting value. The two brigades named, however, are on a higher footing, and from them, a picked corps of two Lancer regiments, 800 men in all, has, since 1892, been formed, in accordance with Lord DUFFERIN'S scheme for interesting the native princes of India in the general National Defence, as "Imperial Service Troops," under the Command of Major AFSUR DOWLAH of Hyderabad, the Commandant of "The Golconda Brigade," an officer of proved capability and energy.

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NAVAL AND MILITARY OFFICERS IN COMMAND IN AUSTRALIA.

OUR group comprises the Admiral in command on the Australian Station, Rear-Admiral CYPRIAN BRIDGE, with his flag-captain, Captain FISHER of 1st Class Cruiser "Orlando," the flag ship, Captain GRAHAM of the cruiser "Wallaroo," and Flag-Lieutenant ARTHUR DUFF; together with Major-General Sir CHARLES HOLLED SMITH, K.C.M.G., the Commandant of the Victorian Local Forces with the officers of his staff, Colonels HOAD, R.A., and FREEMAN, and Captain REYNOLDS. The scene of the photograph is on the pier at St. Kilda, near Melbourne.

OFFICERS and COLOURS of the 2nd DUKE of WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT.

THESE are some of the officers of the 2nd Battalion Duke of Wellington's Regiment (the old 76th), at Pietermaritzburg, Natal; the remainder are at Mafeking with the mounted infantry. Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. GORE, the Commanding officer of the Battalion, is shown here seated in the centre in front. The Battalion has the proud distinction of being the possessors of two sets of colours. The additional set, which are shown here, were presented as a "Standard of Honour" by the East India Company in 1803, for special service rendered in India by the 76th. They were renewed in 1829, and were again specially sanctioned by the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE in 1886. Our illustration is taken from a photograph sent by Armourer-Sergeant PRICE.

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THE CHAMPION FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE BATTALION.

THE OLDEST AND YOUNGEST SOLDIERS OF THE BATTALION.

Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.- HUDSON & KEARNS.*

Lieutenant-Colonel CROFTON and OFFICERS of the 2nd "KING'S OWN."

THE largest of these three photographs shows the officers of the 2nd Battalion of the "King's Own"—the Royal Lancaster Regiment as it is styled under the Territorial Scheme of 1881—at Fort Tregantle, Plymouth, where the 2nd "King's Own," since its recent return from India, has been quartered. Sergeant-Major JEPSON is seen immediately behind the Commanding Officer, holding aloft the colours of the battalion, emblazoned with their splendid roll of battle honours, from Corunna and Waterloo to Inkerman and the Zulu war. The smaller photograph to the reader's left shows the football team of the band and drums, the champion regimental team of the "King's Own," and the winners last year of the Inter-Company Challenge Shield with fifteen goals to *nil*. The smaller photograph to the reader's right comprises the oldest and youngest soldiers of the battalion, from Sergeant-Major JEPSON with 22 years' service and Private STAPLETON with 21, down to Boy STOKES with less than six months' service.

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Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE COLOURS OF THE 2nd "KING'S OWN."

THESE are the colours of the 2nd Battalion of the "King's Own," the Royal Lancaster Regiment, the old 4th "King's Own" of the days before 1881. They were presented to the battalion by Her Majesty at Windsor Castle on the 6th of December, 1878, when the battalion was on the eve of embarking for the Zulu war. The Queen, in making the presentation, committed the colours to the regiment with these words:—"Confident that I may at all times rely on your zeal and devotion in my service, and that you will emulate the deeds of your predecessors, who for two hundred years have been distinguished in the annals of their country, I deliver these colours to the charge of the 4th 'King's Own.'" Colonel BRAY, C.B., was in command of the battalion on the memorable occasion, the present Lieutenant-Colonel in command, Colonel M. E. CROFTON being the Adjutant, and the new colours were received by Lieutenants F. M. G. HUTCHINSON and C. S. SHEPHERD.

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Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

FOUR OF OUR BEST-KNOWN SOLDIERS.

THE four officers here shown at a Wimbledon Review, are Lord WOLSELEY, the Commander-in-Chief of the British Army, Sir REDVERS BULLER, V.C., and Sir EVELYN WOOD, V.C., the Adjutant-General and the Quartermaster-General; and Major-General Lord METHUEN, Commanding the Home District. Lord METHUEN this year for the first time, had executive control over the Military Tournament as *ex-officio* Head of the Committee of Management, in conformity with the terms of Lord WOLSELEY'S order of last December directing that the Committee "should be composed of officers on the active list and on full pay, with the civilian element as far as practicable dispensed with." Lord WOLSELEY is shown on the grey horse with his hand raised to his head in salute; beyond him is Sir EVELYN WOOD; Lord METHUEN is the officer with his sword drawn; Sir REDVERS BULLER the officer next the flagstaff.

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Photo. HEATH & BULLINGHAM, Plymouth.

ADMIRAL SIR WILLIAM MONTAGU DOWELL, K.C.B.

THE story of Sir WILLIAM MONTAGU DOWELL'S career afloat is practically the story of the Royal Navy during the past sixty years. He has served and held command all the world over. He saw active service as Midshipman in the first China War of 1840, and as Lieutenant and Commander in the Russian War (wounded in the trenches with the Naval Brigade before Sebastopol.) As Captain he took part in the Second China War and the operations off the coast of Japan in 1864. As Admiral he was in command of the Channel Squadron at the time of the Egyptian War, proceeding to the Egyptian coast during the war, to render services for which he was promoted to K.C.B. At the time of the expected war with Russia in 1885, Sir WILLIAM DOWELL was in command on the China Station, where the British Colony presented him with an address of confidence that "the honour of the British flag would in his hands be preserved untarnished." His last service was as Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. The success of the Royal Naval Exhibition of 1891 was due, to a very great extent, to his unremitting exertions as Chairman of the Executive Committee.

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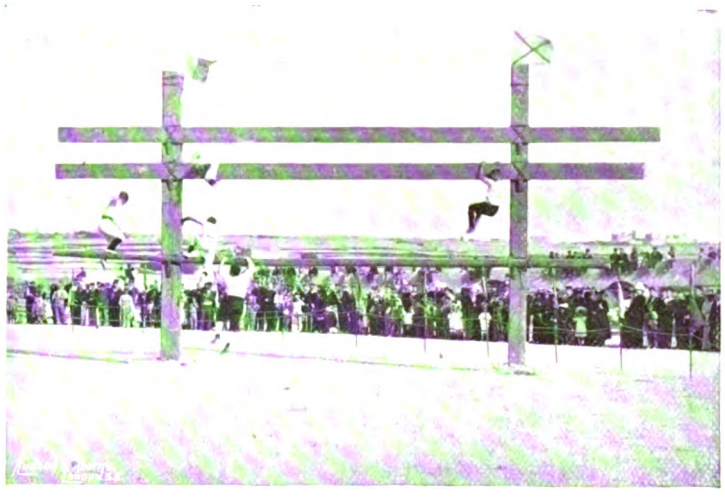
OFFICERS' DRESSING TENTS.

THE QUARTER-MILE FOR JUNIOR OFFICERS.



THE OFFICERS' OBSTACLE RACE.

THE 7-pr. FIELD GUN COMPETITION.

Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta. THE SLOW BICYCLE RACE IN FANCY COSTUME. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET ATHLETIC SPORTS.

WE show here some "snap shots" made at this year's Annual Royal Naval Athletic Sports of the Mediterranean Fleet, held at Malta, on the Carradino Naval Parade ground, before a very large audience. One is a view of the tents erected for the officers taking part in the competitions to dress in; another, the close of the Quarter-mile, won by Mr. E. H. SHEARME, of the flagship, the "Ramillies"; another, the Officers' Obstacle Race, won by Mr. O. W. ORMSBY, of the "Ramillies"; another shows the men of the "Ramillies" in the 7-pr. Field Gun Competition; and fifth and last, the new "event" of the Sports, introduced this year at Malta for the first time, the "Slow Bicycle Race in Fancy Costume," which created a great deal of merriment, and was won by Mr. R. MARKHAM, also of the flagship, the "Ramillies."

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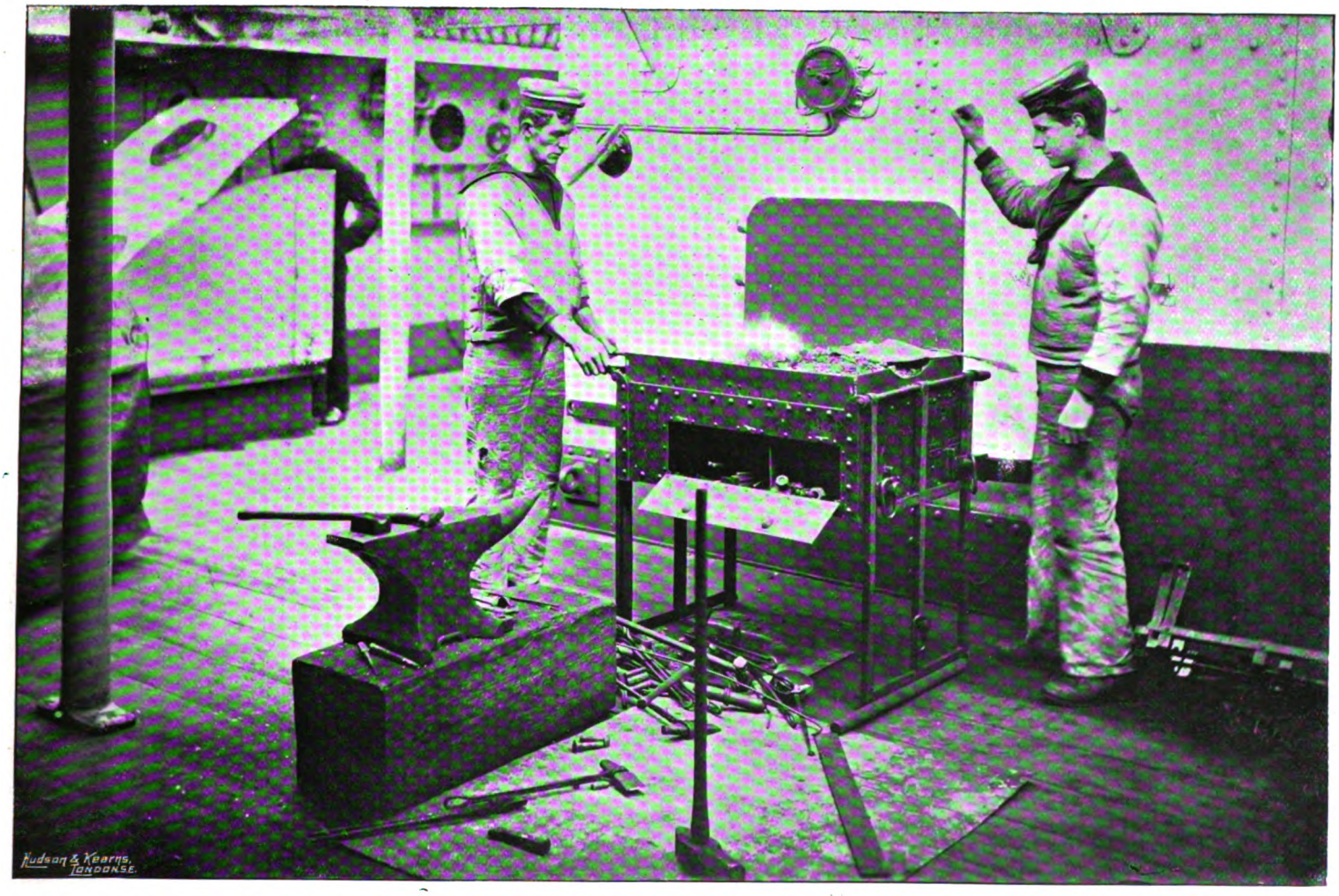
BLUEJACKETS AT WORK SPLICING A ROPE.



Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

IN THE SMITHY ON BOARD THE "MAJESTIC."

THESE are some of the bluejackets on board the "Majestic" doing one of the thousand and odd little jobs that sailors have to do at any time and all times. The particular work in hand consists of splicing two hawsers together to make one long rope. Splicing is effected by untwisting or unlaying the strands of the rope and then "marrying" them together, and working them in strand by strand together, until the two pieces are completely joined into one. The particular form of juncture here being made is known as a "long splice." In the smithy of the battleship "Majestic," the artificers carry on their special duty of executing all repairs to the ship's metal work and machinery that it is possible to do afloat outside a Dockyard. The "Majestic," "Magnificent," with the "Prince George," and our other new battleships of their class are exceptionally well provided in this respect, being fitted with workshop appliances and mechanism of every kind for executing quite extensive repairs to the ship.

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"DEVASTATION" IN THE HAMOZE.

COMMANDER STEWART OFF DEVONPORT DOCKYARD.

PETTY OFFICERS—"DEVASTATION."

CAPTAIN BURNARD AND N.C.O.'S MARINES.

THE "DEVASTATION," THE PORTGUARD SHIP AT DEVONPORT.

THESE are a series of photographs taken in connection with the "Devastation," at our Western Dockyard. One view shows Captain WILLIAM METCALFE LANG, the distinguished and able officer who organised the Chinese Fleet between the years 1886-1890 until compelled by a disgraceful mandarin intrigue to throw up his appointment—surrounded by the other officers of the ship. Another view shows Commander ALEXANDER E. STEWART in a ship's boat off the Dockyard. Another shows the chief and first and second-class Petty Officers of the ship—all men of tried experience at sea, and specially selected for the Petty Officers' rating on account of good character, intelligence, and smartness. Some of the Marines of the "Devastation" also form one of our groups—both light infantry and artillerymen, and among these is shown the ship's postman with his leathern wallet. The "Devastation" is shown flying the flag of Admiral the Hon. Sir EDMUND FREMANTLE, who has just taken up the office of Commander-in-Chief at Devonport. Before being selected for her present post in December, 1893, the "Devastation" was re-engined, re-armed, and re-fitted throughout.

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Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE COMPANY OF THE "DEVASTATION."

WE have here the men of the "Devastation," portguard ship at Devonport. The complete sea-going complement of the ship is 410 of all ranks and ratings, but in ordinary conditions there is no need to keep so many men on board. There are portguard ships at Portsmouth, Chatham, Devonport, Pembroke, and Queenstown, all sea-going ships. Their special duty in case of emergency would be to join and act with the nine coastguard ships, which similarly comprise second-class ironclads and cruisers, as a Reserve Fleet and second line in support of the Channel Squadron. The port and coastguard ships are kept ready at all times to put to sea at short notice, and in cases of emergency would fill up their sea-going complements from the Naval Barracks and Marine Depôts at each port, from the Coastguardsmen and from Naval Reserve men living at home within certain clearly defined areas.

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ON THE DECK OF THE "ARDENT."

COMMANDER MUNDY OF THE "ARDENT" AND HIS OFFICERS.

OUR photographs show the officers of the Torpedo Boat Destroyer "Ardent," with Commander G. H. B. MUNDY, in command of the vessel, seated in the centre; and a view of men of the company of the "Ardent" on duty on deck. An interesting feature of the officers' photograph is the tablet shown behind the group recording the battle services, which in our Naval annals stand to the credit of the man-of-war name "Ardent." The present is the fifth ship of the name in the Royal Navy, and the tablet records the two noteworthy events in which an "Ardent" figured, —commemorating the presence of an "Ardent"—the third of the name (a sixty-four gun ship), in battle with DUNCAN at Camperdown in 1797, and with NELSON at Copenhagen four years later. After Copenhagen, indeed, Lord NELSON himself on the day following the fight went on board the "Ardent" and personally congratulated the captain on the way he had fought his ship. The appropriate motto of our present-day "Ardent," which appears on the tablet, may be thus rendered—"Death rather than disgrace."

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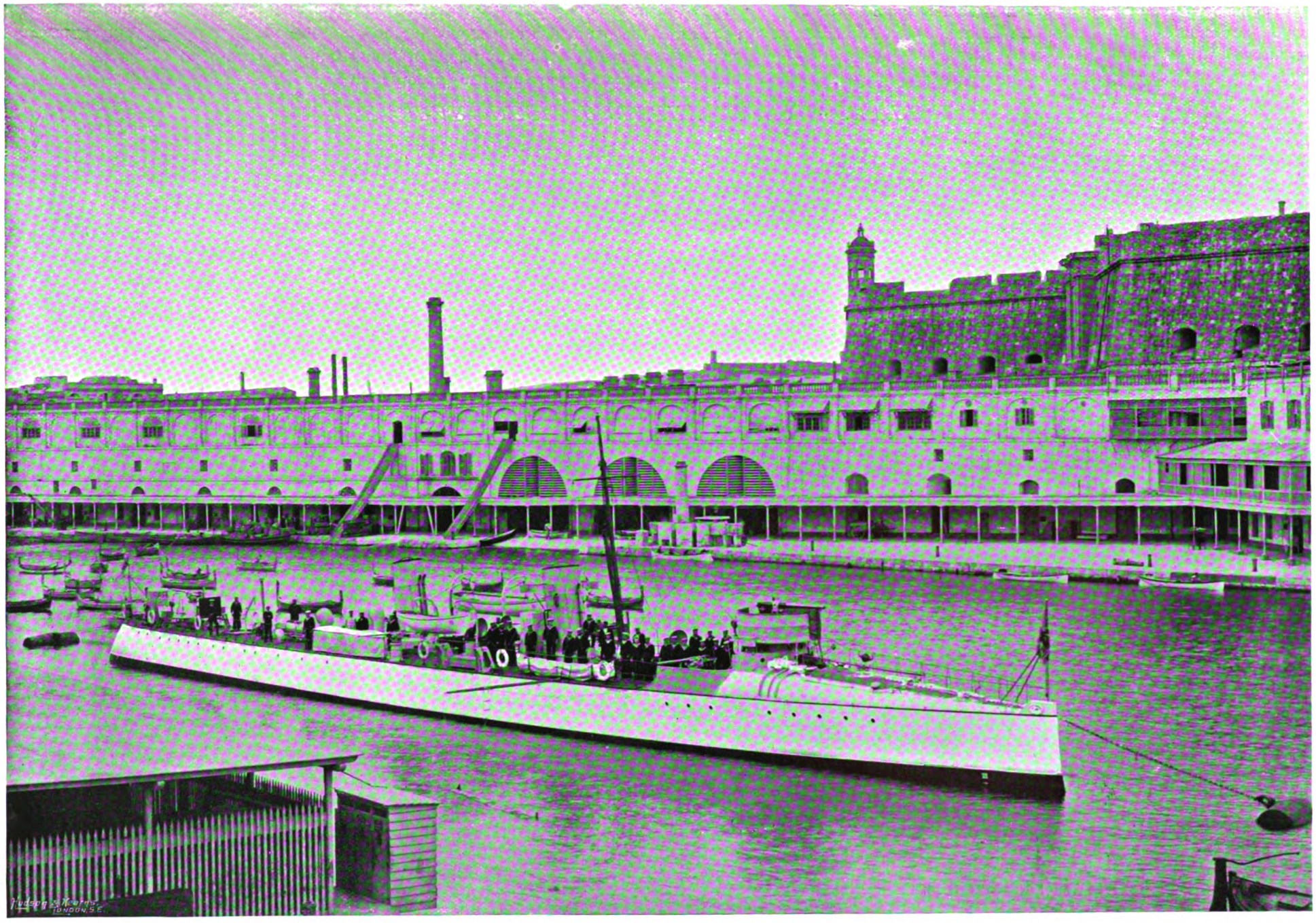

Photo. by R. ELLIS, Malta.

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THE TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER "ARDENT" AT MALTA.

FOR a twelvemonth and more the "Ardent" has been attached to the Mediterranean Fleet as tender to the flagship "Ramillies," with the idea of being used among other things, for the training of as many as possible of the stokers of the Fleet in the management of water tube boilers. She is a 27-knot Torpedo Boat Destroyer, of 250 tons displacement and 4,500 indicated horse power, built by Thornycroft, at Chiswick in 1894, and has hitherto given great satisfaction all round. Her top speed indeed is considerably in excess of her nominal best speed—practically 28 knots and over. The "Ardent," to fulfil her special purpose, carries a 12-pr. quick-firing gun forward, mounted above the conning tower, and five 6-prs. also quick firers, mounted on the broadside and aft, has two torpedo tubes, and is manned by forty-five officers and men.

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Photo. by R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE SPAR DECK BATTERY H.M.S. "CAMPERDOWN."

HERE we see some of the Royal Marines of the "Camperdown" at their stations ready for action—prepared either for battle with another vessel or to repel advancing torpedo boats. The guns they are manning are 6-pr. quick-firers, and their station on the upper deck is in a part of the ship that would undoubtedly prove one of the "warmest corners" in action. Other men of the Royal Marines are quartered at the 6-in. breech-loaders in the main deck battery of the "Camperdown," and others again assist at the magazine and ammunition hoists. In some ships the Marines also work the barbette and turret guns together with the seamen-gunners. As a rule in battleships the Marine detachment is composed of Marine Artillery and Light Infantry in nearly equal numbers. The officer of Royal Marine Artillery shown in the photograph is Major R. H. ALEXANDER.

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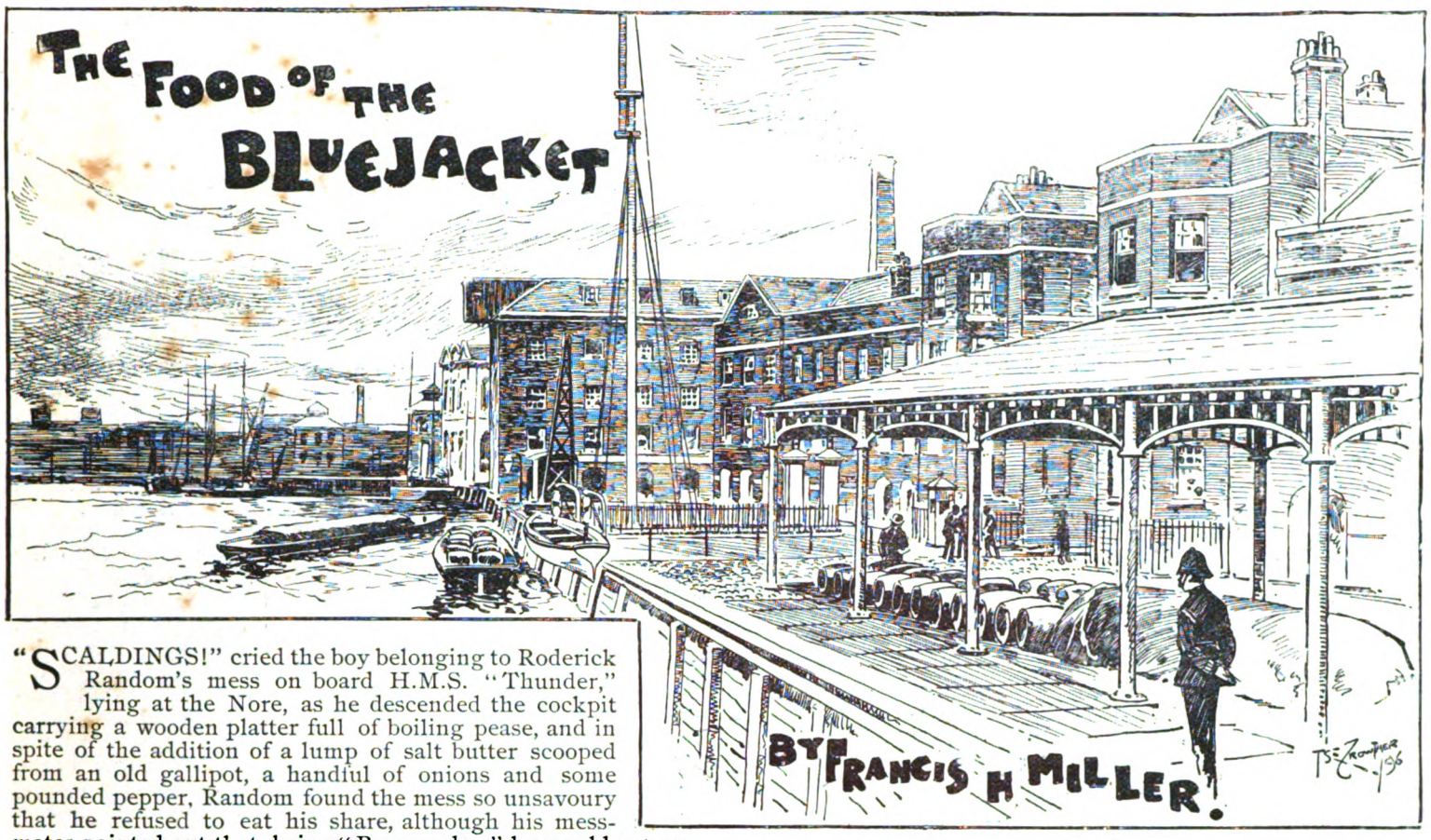

THE ADMIRALTY VICTUALLING YARD, DEPTFORD.

"SCALDINGS!" cried the boy belonging to Roderick Random's mess on board H.M.S. "Thunder," lying at the Nore, as he descended the cockpit carrying a wooden platter full of boiling pease, and in spite of the addition of a lump of salt butter scooped from an old gallipot, a handful of onions and some pounded pepper, Random found the mess so unsavoury that he refused to eat his share, although his messmates pointed out that, being "Banyan day," he would get no meat till noon next day.

For the benefit of the uninitiated, although the term has long since passed into a phrase of everyday life, it may be stated that Banyan days—so-called from an East Indian sect whose principles forbade them to eat meat, were compulsory fast days—no meat being issued on Mondays, Wednesdays or Fridays, a restriction which existed until 1820, and the removal of which was strongly resented by the contractors for the supply of fish to the Royal Navy, who lifted up their hands in pious horror and their voices too, through their representatives in the House of Commons, at an innovation which, besides imperilling the soul of Jack, threatened a serious diminution of their profits.

And yet the *carte du jour* does not read so badly. Taking an even earlier date—that of a seaman's diet scale in 1622—we find that every man's allowance was one pound of biscuit and a gallon of beer per diem—two pounds of beef, with salt, four days in the week, one pound of bacon or pork, and one pint of pease, "as heretofore hath been used and accustomed," and for the other three days one quarter of stock fish, half a quarter of a pound of butter, and a quarter of a pound of cheese.

This substantial bill of fare was supplemented, according to one writer, by *Methernix*, which he apparently considered as a sort of seductive drink—probably confusing it with Metheglin—but as "Methernix" was in reality a kind of canvas it is doubtful whether it played a prominent part in the dietary scale of the Navy at any period.

It is to be feared that, however liberal in quantity, the quality left much to be desired, nor were these defects likely to be concealed by the culinary skill displayed in preparing the rations, seeing that the regulations directed that the cooks were to be chosen, regardless of their qualifications, from "such cripples and maimed persons as are pensioners to the chest at Chatham."

And yet good living was one of the prime inducements, ranking only second to prize money, held out to attract recruits. In an advertisement calling for 100 active, smart seamen and a dozen stout lads for royal yard men to complete the complement of H.M.S. "Leander," it is stated that:—

"This whacking, double-banked frigate is fitting at Woolwich to be flagship on the fine, healthy, full-bellied Halifax Station, where you may get a bushel of potatoes for a shilling, a codfish for a biscuit and a glass of boatswain's grog (*i.e.*, undiluted rum) for twopence. The officers' cabins are building on the main deck so as to give every tar a double berth below. Lots of leave on shore! Dancing and fiddling on board! And four pounds of tobacco served out every month!! A few strapping fellows who would eat an enemy alive, wanted for the Admiral's Barge."

In a pamphlet addressed to the Houses of Parliament in 1703, it is stated that "a hot country, stinking meat, maggoty bread, noisome and poisonous scent of the bilge water, have made many a brave sailor food for crabs and sharks," and again, "where we had one man dyed by shot in the Navy we had ten dyed by means of bad provisions," and yet, unsavoury as the stuff was, Teonge in his quaint diary relates how in H.M.S. "Assistance," off the Isle of Wight, "two seamen that had stolen a peice or two of beife were thus shamed: they had their hands tyd behind them and themselves tyd to the maine mast, each of them a peice of raw beife tyd about their necks in a coard and the beife bobbing before them like the knott of a cravat, and in this posture they stood two howers." A truly ingenious way of adding to the pleasures of a Channel passage, especially if the "seamen" in question, as is possible, were some of the longshore hands pressed at the last moment before leaving Gravesend to make up the complement of the good ship.

The officers fared better at any rate when, as was frequently the case, they were guests at the table of the captain, for the same writer recounts how, off the rock of Lisbon, "our noble captain feasted the officers of his small squadron with four dishes of meate, viz.: four excellent henns and a peice of pork boyled in a dish, a gigget of excellent mutton and turnips, a peice of beife of eight ribbs, well-seasoned and roasted, and a couple of very fat greene geese; last of all, a great Chesshyre cheese—a rare feast at shoare. His liquors were answerable, viz: canary, sherry, Rhenish, clarett, white wine, syder, ale, beare, all of the best sort, and punch like ditch water."

Several of the items already enumerated have disappeared from Jack's bill of fare, or if still in use are provided out of his "savings." The beer, long a source of trouble and a fruitful cause of disease, has given place to cocoa, tea and rum; bacon, butter, cheese, and fish have disappeared altogether, partly from difficulty of stowage and the offensive odours consequent thereon, the "intolerable stench of putrefied cheese and rancid butter," writes Smollett; but each ship is provided with a plentiful supply of fishing tackle, and the lack of salt stock fish will scarcely be regretted. Nor will that of the much reviled "burgoo," a mixture of oatmeal and molasses, which formed the sailor's breakfast until cocoa, after several years of partial adoption, was finally established as a universal ration, a position from which it is not likely to be disturbed.

The chocolate, or cocoa, as it is always called afloat, is manufactured at the Admiralty Victualling Yard at Deptford, and is of two kinds, ordinary and soluble, the former being that which forms the usual ration. As it requires several hours' boiling it is served out overnight with a due proportion of sugar in the presence of the ship's cook and the petty officers of the day, and locked up in a tub which is placed under the charge of a sentry until required to be put into the ship's coppers, which is done during the early hours of the morning. After boiling for three or four hours the sugar is added and the cocoa is then ready for running off into the cook's tub when the bugle sounds "Cooks of Messes."

Jack has only three meals a day, breakfast at a quarter to seven, dinner at twelve, and supper at 4·30. At breakfast and supper the "ship's allowance" consists of cocoa and biscuit and tea and biscuit respectively, any additional luxuries being provided by the messes out of their savings.

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The menu of the dinner is more elaborate, the changes being rung between fresh beef and vegetables, salt pork, salt beef, the former with an accompaniment of split pease and celery seed for conversion into soup, the latter with flour, suet and raisins, which eventually take the form of "duff," and preserved meat, familiarly known as "Fanny Adams," with which are issued preserved potato and rice so as to admit of a portion of the meat being converted into stews. Mustard, pepper and vinegar are also issued, but, oddly enough, no salt, which has to be obtained by purchase when in harbour or, when at sea, by scraping the insides of the salt meat casks. The omission from the scale of rations was no doubt due, in the first instance, to the fact that Jack's bill of fare consisted in the old days almost exclusively of salt provisions, and of such a decided character that the addition of salt would have been "carrying coals to Newcastle," but that has long since ceased to be the case.

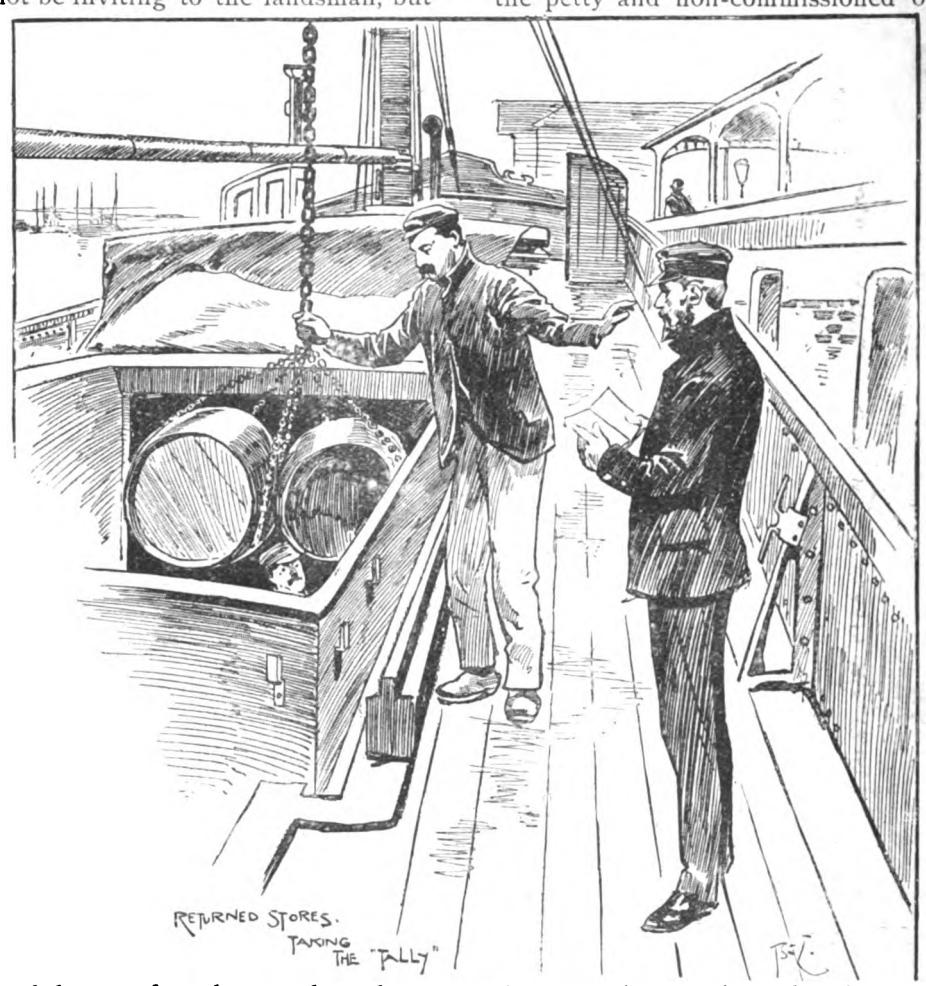
On the whole the English sailor, though he may growl occasionally, is the best fed seaman in the world. The staple commodities of his food—biscuits, flour, oatmeal, etc., are specially manufactured for him so as to ensure absolute freedom from adulteration, while every other item undergoes the most rigorous examination before it is issued.

Navy salt beef may not be inviting to the landsman, but it is excellent stuff to tackle with a sea appetite on, though the old names, "junk" and "salt horse," the former being a delicate allusion to the bull-rushes, of which ropes were formerly made—are still retained in the most conservative of Services, they have ceased to bear any relation to the actual quality of the article to which they are applied.

What landsman would have dared to tackle the dish described by Roderick Random?—a slice cut off a piece of salt beef taken straight from the brine, mixed with an equal quantity of onions, seasoned with pepper and salt, and brought into a consistency with oil and vinegar.

In this direction, as in others, great improvements have been made in the last few years, as there are many still serving who will remember the solid masses of black meat, almost petrified by age and brine and which required the use of an adze to reduce them to strips. Indeed, it was not an infrequent amusement for Jack to display his artistic skill and, perhaps, to indicate with subtle sarcasm his opinion of the quality of his rations by carving models of ships and other curios out of a portion of his allowance of salt junk.

The biscuit is manufactured at Deptford, Gosport, Plymouth, and Malta; but though each ship is compelled to carry a certain specified quantity, the consumption is not so large as formerly, owing to the greater facilities that exist for obtaining fresh bread. In some ships arrangements exist for the daily baking of soft bread for the whole of the ship's company, even at sea, and it would be well if this practice could be extended. It is issued in bags or cases, according to the service on which the ship is employed, and unless exposed to exceptional circumstances, remains in good condition for a considerable period; but the modern type of ship is not well adapted for stowage purposes, the iron beams and the large number of engines in use producing condensation and consequent damage to the biscuit through damp.


RETURNED STORES.
TAKING THE "TALLY"

Still, the lively "weevil" is pretty well a thing of the past, and the skittish young lady who, when regaled on board ship, showed how thoroughly she was up to the ropes by rapping the biscuit sharply on the table for the purpose of dislodging the maggot, would give herself terribly away now as belonging to pre-historic times.

The arrangements for tea making leave something to be desired. The practice is, at three o'clock daily, to weigh off the requisite quantities both of tea and sugar in the presence of the ship's cook and the petty officers of the day. The tea is put at once into the coppers and the sugar added in about half-an-hour's time. The general serving out is at 4.30, but it is frequently necessarily postponed, and the result is an acrid mixture, good neither for the palate or the digestion. However, it seems to suit the sailor, for when an attempt was recently made to remedy the evil by the use of infusers on a large scale, the innovation did not prove acceptable.

Fresh meat is issued to as large an extent as possible, ships at Portsmouth and Devonport drawing their allowance from the victualling yards at Gosport and Plymouth respectively, while others are supplied by contract. It is received on board in quarters, which are weighed and cut up in a public part of the ship in the presence of the petty and non-commissioned officers of the day. The meat is then issued from the block to the officers' messes and to a few of the ship's company's messes in turn, the remainder being delivered to the ship's cooks for the purpose of being boiled in the coppers, whence it is distributed to the various messes by the time-honoured custom of "pricking."

An allusion has been made to "savings," an institution which is justly popular as affording each mess the means of varying their diet by the addition of small luxuries. The term signifies the allowance paid monthly to each mess for the biscuit, meat, etc., not taken up by them, and without this Jack would be puzzled to find the wherewithal to supply himself with such luxuries as fresh potatoes, not to mention something "extra special" for Sunday.

Training ships have a special scale of their own, and it is of such a varied and substantial character that the boy who elects to serve his Queen and his country as a bluejacket must be fairly startled, if he is of an active turn of mind, at the provision made for his comfort and development, and even if he is of a more bovine temperament he will find no lack of means for chewing the cud.

With all these advantages the cost of victualling is only about £15 per head per annum, and for this it may be claimed that Jack is the best fed sailor in the world. Even he does not grumble at the quality or quantity, though he does sometimes growl at the hours at which he is called upon to eat his victuals.

The death rate of the Navy, too, is in startling contrast to the time when Admirals buried the ship's companies of the squadrons under their command twice over within the limits of a commission, and on the whole it may be claimed for those who are responsible for the "Food of the Bluejacket" that they have laid to heart the words of an ardent Naval reformer of bygone times, inasmuch as they have recognised that "the victualling is a business that requires not only indefatigable industry but conscience also, since the lives of the sailors of England are under their care."

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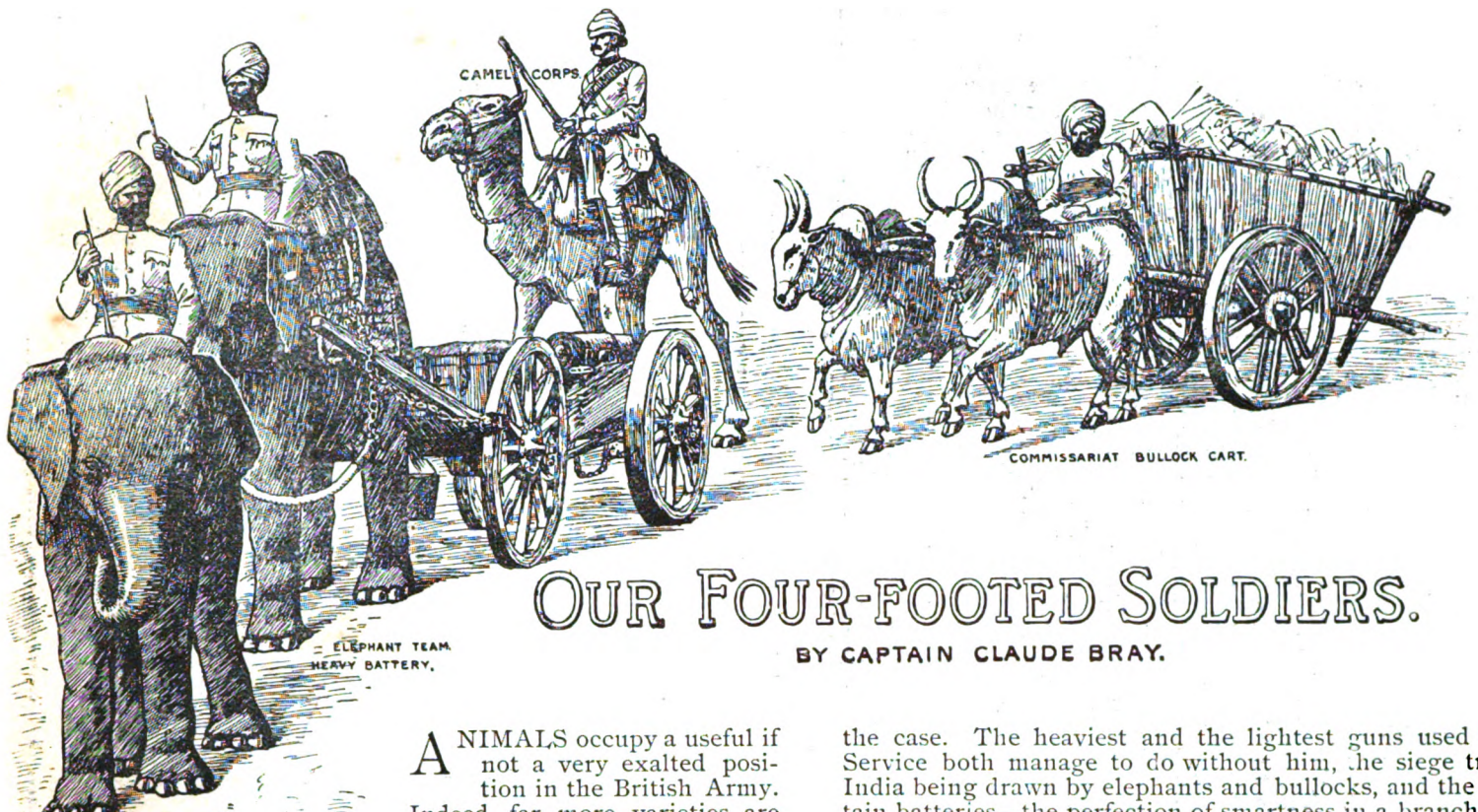

OUR FOUR-FOOTED SOLDIERS.

BY CAPTAIN CLAUDE BRAY.

ANIMALS occupy a useful if not a very exalted position in the British Army. Indeed, far more varieties are called into the service of the country than most people imagine, and the reason for this lies in the fact that by far the greater part of our so-called "little" wars are waged in countries where the ordinary means of transport are not only unknown but impossible. There is a tale (probably apocryphal, but at all events to the point in this connection) which represents the great Moltke as quietly snubbing some young officers of his staff, whom he chanced to overhear speaking disparagingly of the way in which one of our many expeditions was being carried out. "You forget, Gentlemen," quoth the famous strategist, "that the officers of the English Army do not as a rule go to the front in first-class railway carriages." As a matter of fact, though nowadays we are able to make such use of the iron horse as would have been thought impossible a generation or two back, it is still rather the case that the railway follows the fighting man than that the latter is able to call in the aid of the first-named to place him at the point which he seeks before delivering his decisive blow. Moreover, as has been again and again demonstrated, the conditions are seldom twice running alike, and it often happens that the transport organised with infinite pains for one expedition is useless, or nearly so, for the next.

The first and most important of the animals entitled to rank as four-footed soldiers is of course the horse, but the horse is so well known and his uses so well understood that there is no need to enlarge upon them here. In the cavalry the horse has a monopoly, but though in England we may be accustomed to associate him exclusively with the mounted infantry and with the artillery as well, abroad this is not at all the case. The heaviest and the lightest guns used in our Service both manage to do without him, the siege train in India being drawn by elephants and bullocks, and the mountain batteries—the perfection of smartness in a branch of the Service which is an example to the world in that respect—are "horsed" by mules. So, too, the earliest mounted infantry used in modern times were mounted on camels, while in at least one historic instance, in the Sepoy mutiny of forty years ago, a force of infantry which surprised and annihilated a large body of mutineers, in the act of escaping at a critical moment from the Punjab to Delhi, owed its swift transit to the humble *ekkha*. This last of course is not an animal, but a one-horsed cart in common use all over India, which, under similar conditions, has several times played an important part in war since that famous first occasion when John Nicholson wiped out the Sialkote mutineers by its aid.

The truth is, that it is not among the fighting services that we must look for the most curious instances of animals being pressed into the Army. It is in connection with the transport of men and stores that the most interesting four-footed recruits are to be found. But before leaving the subject of animals that are habitually called upon to go under fire just as men are, we ought perhaps to say a word or two regarding their respective merits. Here again the horse stands easily supreme with courage and endurance equal to that of a man. As much too may be said of the mule, and curiously enough, of the humble bullock, which is by no means a coward under fire. But the mighty elephant, said to be the wisest, as he is the largest of four-footed beasts, is of such a doubtful quality of courage that it is usual when the critical moment arrives to take the elephant teams from the great guns and delegate the duty of dragging them into the post of danger to the unromantic, not to say phlegmatic, bullocks, who in the piping times of peace have to be content with serving the battery waggons, toiling along in the rear of their lordly but unreliable comrades. This is all the more curious, as in the old times the elephant played a most important and useful part in war, tramping hither and thither among the combatants with great effect, placing his distinguished rider in the thick of the fight at a word from the *mahout*, and giving to the contending leaders a vantage point from which to watch and direct the battle. But the introduction of firearms has, seemingly, spoilt the great beast's stomach for fighting. Perhaps the superior intelligence with which he is credited is responsible for his change of front, or perhaps it is only that his pride no longer allows him to frequent the field where once he reigned easily supreme, but where now the swift death-dealing bullet puts great and little on equal footing.

Having spoken of the animals which are proper fighting soldiers, we come next to the far wider, and certainly not less important class which serves the wants of an army in the field. Here again we have the horse, though his use is commonest in civilised countries, mules, ponies, donkeys, bullocks, elephants, camels, carts of various sorts drawn by any of the former, and lastly the natives of the countries in or near which the operations are taking place, whose intelligence as a rule is not greatly higher than that of the animals, and who, however willing to draw their share of the gold with which every English Army religiously pays its way, are not greatly in favour with the transport officers, seeing that as often as not they combine in a singularly unhappy degree all the bad points of their four-footed fellows, being as hard to feed as an elephant, as stubborn as a mule, as stupid as a bullock, and as

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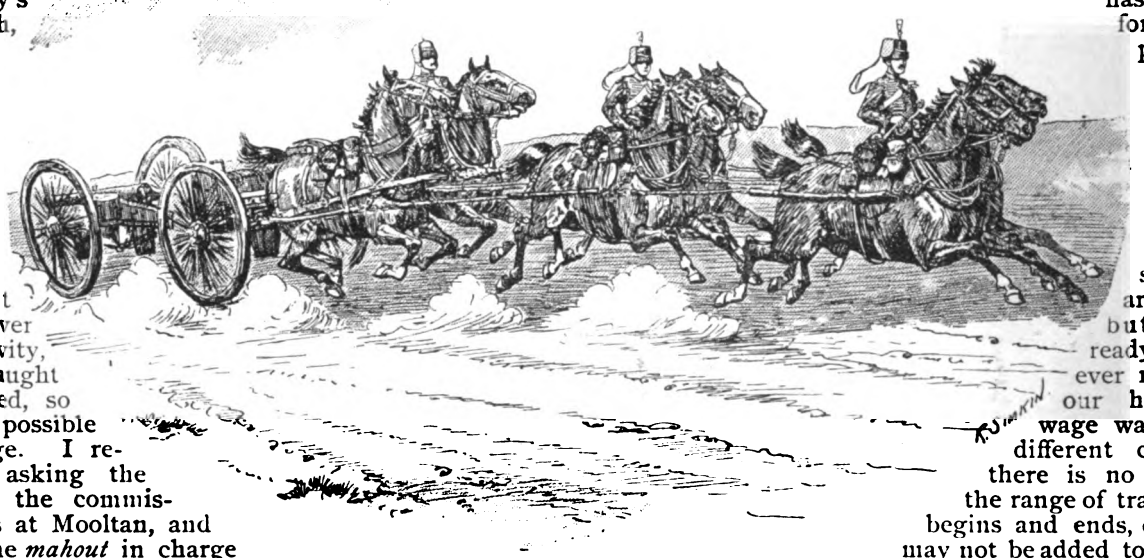
truly "cussed" as a camel. Yet they can hardly be omitted altogether from this catalogue, indeed that very serious work, the "Army Act," by implication, includes them among the other beasts of burden which it orders to be covered by the definition "horse," so that if you wish, under the said Act, to charge a soldier with kicking a coolie, you might get at him under the clause which is headed "ill-treating a horse."

First among transport animals stands the elephant, not because he is by any means the most useful, but because of his size and cost. As a matter of fact the elephant's day is nearly over, because nowadays an army has to be more mobile than was the case in India half a century ago, and the huge loads which the elephant can carry are no longer used. There are still some parts of tents used by high civil servants for ceremonial purposes which an elephant alone can carry, but in the Army we are tending all the other way, and the smallest possible loads, made up in the lightest possible way, are now the order of the day. It is no longer the reproach of an Indian Army in the field, that it takes half a dozen non-combatants to every fighting man. Moreover, the elephant is a very unpractical beast. He costs as much as a hundred camels, he eats his own weight in green fodder in something under a week, he is as delicate as he is big, and he collapses in the most surprising way, and lastly, the males of the species are subject to long periods of a species of madness, during which it is not only unsafe to work them, but even to get within reach of the chained maniac. Still their disappearance is to be regretted on many grounds. They are always picturesque, and their ways are interesting. For instance, I knew one elephant that would only drink from a particular well, and even there would reject water not drawn by herself. Then too they live to a venerable age, and sometimes have quite interesting histories attached to them, as for instance, an elephant attached to the Viceroy's Howdah-Khanah, which was reputed to have once carried Lord Clive. This veteran was alive a few years ago, and perhaps still survives. It must be remembered that elephants are never bred in captivity, but always caught wild and trained, so that it is seldom possible to fix their age. I remember once asking the age of one of the commissariat elephants at Mooltan, and being told by the *mahout* in charge that "he did not know, but he, his father, and his grandfather had looked after 'Nautilus' (queer name for an elephant) for over seventy years."

Next to the elephant stands the camel, the most useful as he is the least romantic of beasts of burden. Well may he be called the Ship of the Desert, for in the countries where he lives he covers the land as the ships cover the sea. He will live and work in either hills or plains, though he should have been brought up to the class of work for which he is used. Camels are not only susceptible to changes of climate, but the pads of their feet suffer if used on roads harder than those to which they are accustomed. Fortunately there is in India, in addition to the ordinary plains camel, a breed known as the Powindah, which is not only well accustomed to the hills, but will carry twice as much as the commoner variety. Of the services rendered by the camel to military operations it would be impossible to speak too highly, but there his praises must end. He is by nature the most "cussed" among beasts, inspiring none of that personal affection which is wont to subsist between an animal and his keeper, and most assuredly feeling none. There are some people who profess to have found signs of a heart about a camel, but for my own part I think that the loathing with which that acute gentleman, Tommy Atkins, regards him, is nearer the mark. Still he is, and always will be, our greatest stand-by in war.



Next comes the mule, hardy, surefooted, able to go anywhere that a man can find a footing, and to take a load with him. The mule is the hardiest of beasts and easy to feed, and the probable verdict about him would be that his only fault is that we cannot get enough of him, nor will the bad personal character which he has always borne bear looking into. It is all very well to say "as obstinate as a mule," but don't forget the dogged perseverance which goes hand in hand with the obstinacy. So, too, though he is often a vicious beast, as most half-breeds are, he atones for that by his pluck, and in these days of light loads, his value in mountain warfare is beyond telling.

Pack ponies are also largely used in mountain warfare for precisely the same purposes as the mule, of which they are an inferior edition. Here, too, the humble bullock, more often used to draw the heavy country carts, has also to take his place, and in times of stress the donkey too is used. But many people doubt the expediency of using the last two unless very short of transport, because once you pass beyond the reach of markets fodder becomes a burning question, and as the animals used range larger, their carrying capacity increases faster than does the amount of food they consume.

To be able to use carts you must have roads, and, in mountain warfare particularly, the road too often follows the advanced troops instead of preceding them. But it may be mentioned that for draught purposes horses, mules, ponies, and bullocks are used in different types of carts. For many years the Government of India has been on the look-out for a really good light cart to be drawn by a mule or pony, which shall be at once tough for going over bad roads, and light so as not to exhaust all the animals' strength in pulling dead-weight before ever the load is put on. The man who invents that cart has a sure fortune in front of him, but though a handsome premium has been offered for a design, the problem has not been satisfactorily solved yet.

The above list probably exhausts the list of animals enlisted for the service of an army in the field, but we are so ready to use whatever means come to our hands, and we wage war in so many different countries, that there is no saying where the range of transport animals begins and ends, or how soon it may not be added to. Before, however, we leave the subject of dumb beasts, etc., enlisted as soldiers, there are one or two more which may be mentioned.

Dogs are not formally enlisted in our Army as yet, though many a well-bred hound (and many a cur too) has followed his owner to the wars and taken his share in the duties and the hardships of a campaign. Already some of the foreign armies are training dogs as scouts or sentries and as messengers in war, and it is certain that if their experiments work out well we shall not be slow to copy them. In a somewhat similar capacity homing pigeons are now used to carry messages to or from beleaguered fortresses, and though they are not four-footed they must not be left out.

And so we come to the end of the list, which is closed by the humble domestic cat. It will probably be news to most people that pussy takes her place among enlisted animals, but it is none the less a fact. Mice and rats flourish quite as well in Government storehouses as they do elsewhere, and the services of the domestic tabby are therefore called into requisition in far larger numbers than might be thought. Indeed, puss is among the most active of her country's military servants, waging ceaseless warfare against the insidious vermin who ravage the War Department's stores.

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Photo. J. THOMSON, Grosvenor Street.

GENERAL SIR HENRY BRACKENBURY, K.C.B.

THE new President of the Ordnance Committee is one of Lord WOLSELEY'S most trusted comrades in arms and an Artillery Officer of European reputation. With Lord WOLSELEY he served on the staff in Ashanti, at the Cape in 1879, and in the Nile Campaign of 1884-85, where also he commanded one of the columns. More recently he served as Military Member of Council to the Viceroy of India, and in that capacity General BRACKENBURY, in a very important degree is responsible for the carrying through the great measure of reform in the Indian Army System, by which, during the past five years, the Indian forces have been re-organized out of the hitherto existing separate Presidency Armies, into four complete and highly efficient Army Corps. It was in India during the Mutiny that General BRACKENBURY, as a subaltern of two years' service, won his first medal. He is a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and possesses the Iron Cross of Prussia for services with the National Aid Society in the Franco-German War. Sir HENRY BRACKENBURY on taking up his present appointment at Woolwich has been granted a Distinguished Service Reward of £100 per annum, in special recognition of his high professional character and services.

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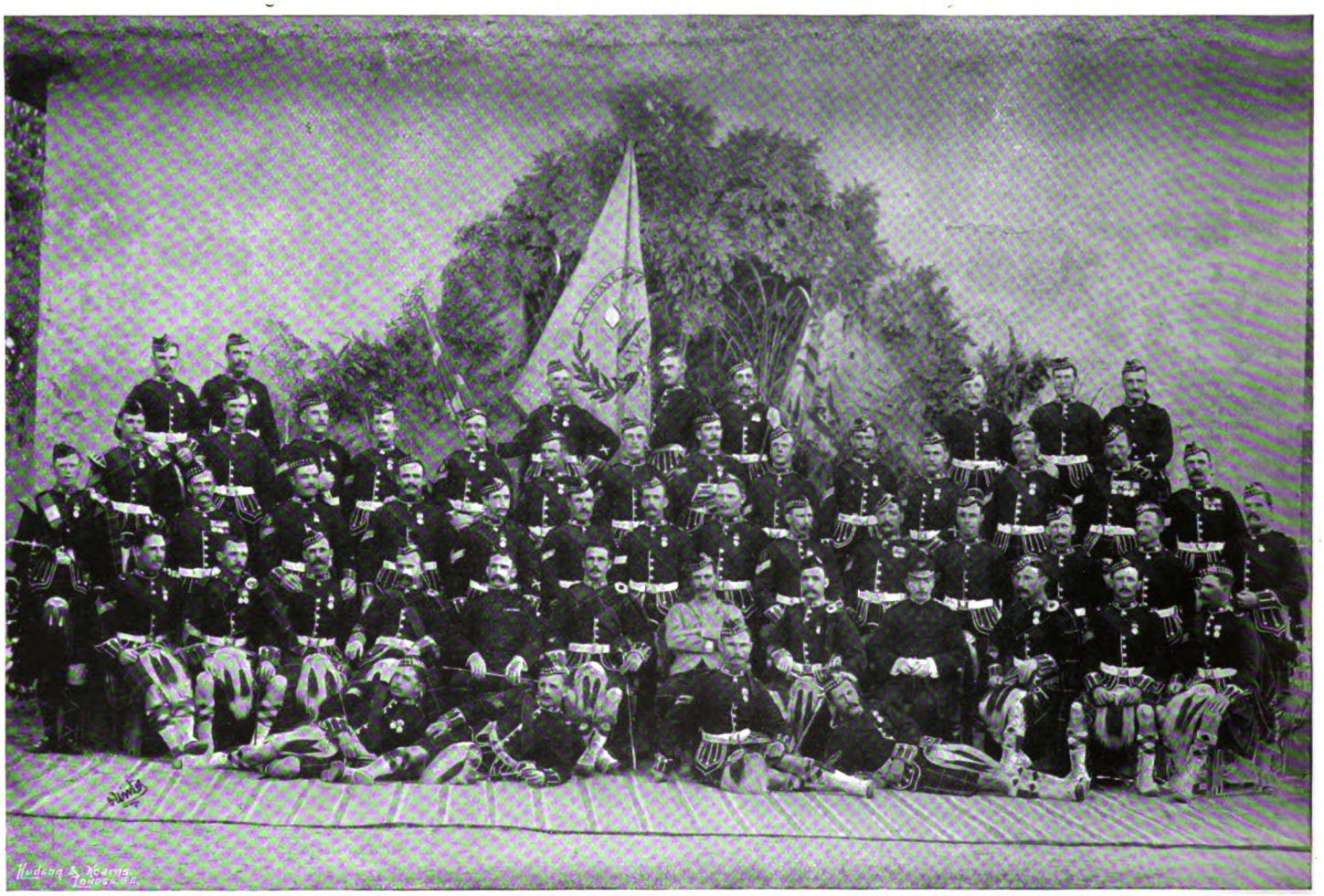
THE WINNING "PHYSICAL DRILL" TEAM.

THE WINNING "BAYONET EXERCISE" TEAM.

THE WINNING "TRANSPORT LOADING" DETACHMENT.

THE WINNING "TUG OF WAR" TEAM.



Photos. WINTER, Rawal Pindi

THE 2nd SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS AT FEROZEPORE.

AT the Lahore District Assault-at-Arms this year, the honours of the Meeting fell to the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, whose four teams here shown, practically swept the board of first prizes. The winning physical drill team, that Colour-Sergeant RICHMOND trained to victory in the Physical Drill display, form our first group, and our second shows the Bayonet Exercise team under Colour-Sergeant MATHESON, which, for the second year in succession, carried off the first prize. The Transport Loading Competition, similarly won for a second year by a team of the 2nd Seaforths, needs a word of description. The men undress in a tent as though resting in camp, when suddenly the alarm sounds, they dress in marching order, strike their tent, load it on a mule, and double fifty yards to the front and fire three volleys, the mule being led fifty yards to the rear to show that its load is securely packed, after which all return at the double to the starting point. The ten victors in the tug of war form our fourth group. The larger photograph shows a group of the Sergeants of the 2nd Seaforth Highlanders, the "Ross-Shire Buffs," with Sergeant-Major S. GAIR seated in centre, taken at Ferozepore, in the Punjab, where the Battalion is at present quartered. The two officers shown seated on either side of the Sergeant-Major are, on one side Quarter-Master GLYNN, on the other (wearing a Khaki jacket) Lieutenant and Adjutant CUNLIFFE. The Queen's and Battalion colours of the regiment are also shown, with, between them, the old large sized yellow silk "third colour," specially presented to the Battalion for the battle of Assaye in 1803.

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Photo. WINTER, Rawal Pindi.

THE HIGHLAND SPORTS OF THE 2nd SEAFORTH HIGHLANDERS:—THE COMMITTEE AND PRIZE WINNERS.

THE Group that we show here comprises the Committee and Prize Winners at the annual Highland Games of the 2nd Battalion Seaforth Highlanders, held at headquarters at Ferozepore in the Punjab. Lieutenant-Colonel C. J. B. STEWART, who commands the Battalion, is seen in the centre. Colonel STEWART has done a very great deal to encourage and promote athletics regimentally—with the happiest results. At this year's Assault-at-Arms of the troops quartered in the Lahore district, for example, in the four team competitions open to infantry at the sports, the men of the 2nd Seaforths brought back four first prizes—won against teams so redoubtable as those of King's Royal Rifles, Somerset Light Infantry, Scots Fusiliers, and Border Regiment—a very gratifying return to the gallant Colonel. The regimental Highland games occupied two days and the events were very keenly contested before a large attendance of spectators.

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IN THE REGIMENTAL COOK HOUSE of the 3rd DRAGOON GUARDS.

HERE we see the interior of the regimental cook house where all the meals of the men, not married nor members of the sergeants' mess are prepared. Each of the four squadrons of the regiment selects two men as cooks, who are relieved of all regimental duties except the annual musketry course, as a special inducement to the satisfactory performance of the kitchen work a monthly money prize is given to the cook who prepares the best dinners in regard to cooking, serving, and making the most of the materials. The cook house of the 3rd Dragoon Guards is in the charge of Cook-Sergeant ALBUT, a soldier of 17 years' service and a certificated graduate of the Aldershot School of Cookery.

IN THE SADDLE-TREE MAKERS' SHOP OF THE 3rd DRAGOON GUARDS.

THIS is a most important department in a cavalry regimental establishment, for everything connected with the accurate fitting and repairing of the saddle-trees for the regiment is seen to here. Nothing causes sore backs in horses more than ill-fitting saddle-trees, and the responsibility of the non-commissioned officer in charge of the department, the regimental saddle-tree maker, is no light one. The saddle-tree maker of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, Sergeant SMITH—a veteran of 29 years' service—is here shown (in the centre of the foreground, wearing a white apron over a dark jacket). Round the room are sporting trophies shot in South Africa by two officers of the regiment.

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Photo. DEBENHAM, York.

THE SERGEANTS' MESS OF THE 17th LANCERS.

THESE are the Warrant Officers and N.C.O's of all grades, of the d..shing "Death or Glory Boys" of famous fighting memory, the 17th Lancers—the Duke of Cambridge's Own. They look, as they are, smart and keen soldiers, worthy successors to the bold Light Dragoons whom Wolfe's brave comrade in arms Colonel JOHN HALE, first raised and organised a hundred and thirty odd years ago, whose sabres and lances helped to win Central India for England for King George the Third at the beginning of the present century, and to preserve it safely for Queen Victoria in the Mutiny within living memory. Regimental Sergeant Major W. KENNEDY, whose portrait, as senior officer of the mess, occupies the post of honour in the centre of the photograph, has held his appointment since December 1892.

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"No. 1":—A SERGEANT OF ROYAL ARTILLERY ON PARADE.

IN a battery of Field Artillery each of the six guns with its men, horses, waggons, and stores, is called a "sub-division," and is directly in charge of a Sergeant, the "No. 1," or leader of the team, who is responsible to the Lieutenant of his "section" (every two guns is termed a "section") in regard to the general well-being of the sub-division—men, horses, stores, ammunition, clothing, harness, and equipment. On the march each "No. 1" rides on the left of the lead driver of his own gun, and in advance of the sub-division to examine the nature of the ground when moving over rough country. In action both the subalterns of "sections" and the "Nos. 1" of sub-divisions would dismount and personally superintend the firing—each "No. 1" with the four or five men of his gun team attending to the working of a gun, the orders being taken up from the "section" commanders by the "Nos. 1," who supervise the laying of the gun and the firing of each round.

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WARRANT AND NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS AT THE YEOMANRY SCHOOL OF INSTRUCTION, ALDERSHOT.

THE Aldershot School for Yeomanry and Volunteer Cavalry is an establishment under a captain of cavalry as commandant, with a staff of cavalry non-commissioned officers as instructors, for the purpose of training officers and non-commissioned officers of the permanent staff of the mounted branches of the auxiliary forces. We see here one of the classes. Taking the group from its proper right we have a member of the Leicestershire Yeomanry (Prince Albert's Own), then a Staff Sergeant Major of the Aldershot School, next, a member of the Hampshire Carabiniers, then one of the Queen's Own West Kent, one of the West Somerset, one of the Princess of Wales's Own Yorkshire Hussars, another Staff Sergeant Major of the Aldershot School, one of the Queen's Own Oxfordshire Hussars, one of the Lancashire Hussars, another Oxfordshire Hussar, and lastly, on the left of the line, a Sergeant Major of the Royal Bucks Hussars.

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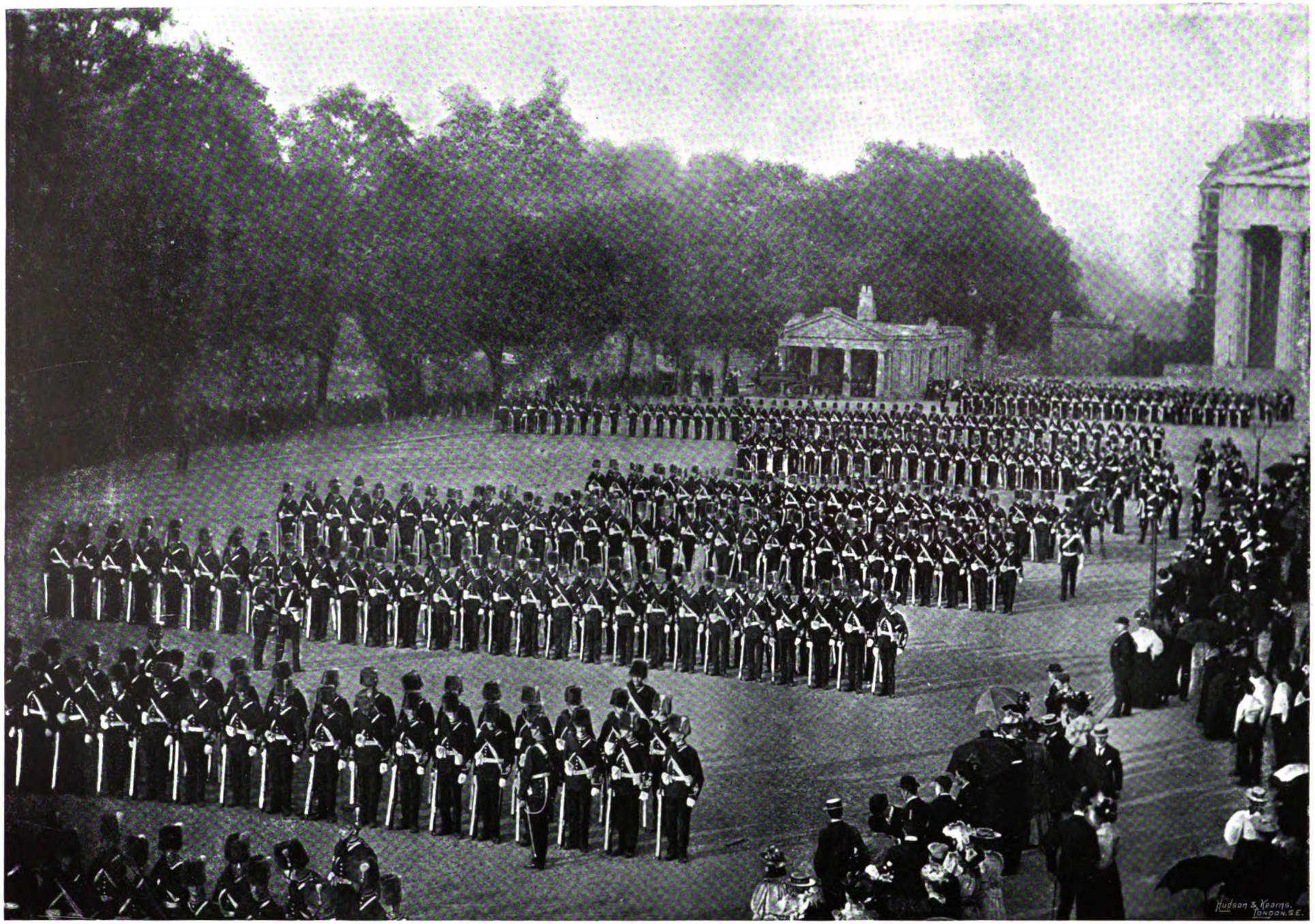

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THE THIRD MIDDLESEX ARTILLERY:—ANNUAL INSPECTION AT WELLINGTON BARRACKS, JUNE, 1896.

THE DUKE OF YORK is Colonel of the Third Middlesex Artillery Volunteers, an honour that the high reputation of the regiment as one of the *corps d'élite* of our Volunteer Army, is well worthy of. The Late LORD TRURO raised the regiment in 1860, and was Colonel of it down to the time of his death in 1891. The Third Middlesex Artillery comprise twelve companies, 860 men in all, distributed into three Divisions: Clerkenwell, three batteries; Paddington, three batteries; Kennington, six batteries. These are armed:— nine batteries, with 40 pr. position guns, and three batteries of 9 pr. and 13 pr. field guns. The regiment has won the Queen's Prize at Shoeburyness three times and the Prince of Wales's Prize twice. At present it is one of the most popular of Metropolitan Volunteer Corps, and recruiting for it is so brisk that it has been found necessary to adhere very strictly to the regimental minimum height of 5-ft. 7-in. MAJOR G. GRENVILLE GREY now commands the regiment (the present Lord Mayor, SIR WALTER WILKIN, is an ex Lieut.-Colonel of the Third Middlesex) and its Adjutant is CAPTAIN D. G. PRINSEP, R.A.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. II.—NO. 20.] FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 18th, 1896.

VICE-ADMIRAL EDWARD HOBART SEYMOUR, C.B.

THE Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserve has a double duty to perform. From his office at Whitehall is controlled and managed the machinery for drawing from our resources in *personnel* the supplies needed to place the Navy on a war footing. And when the First Reserve or Coastguard Fleet is mobilised, he hoists his flag and assumes active command. It is owing to this circumstance, and to his having previously served as second in command of the Channel Squadron, that Admiral E. H. SEYMOUR has now, for four years in succession, commanded Fleets in the mimic warfare of the manœuvres. He has thus been able to show that capable administr tor as he is, he can be no less successful as a tactician and strategist. The Admiral has also had experience of real fighting, for as a Middy of the "Terrible" in the Black Sea, and of the "Calcutta" in China, he took part in many of the principal actions of the Russian and China Wars from 1854 to 1858. As a Sub-Lieutenant he won the Humane Society's Medal by jumping overboard to save a shipmate's life, as a Lieutenant he again saw war service in China, as a Commander he was severely wounded when rescuing some of his countrymen from pirates, and as a Captain he took part in the Egyptian War of 1882. He is courteous, hospitable, a ripe scholar, and almost the youngest officer of his rank.

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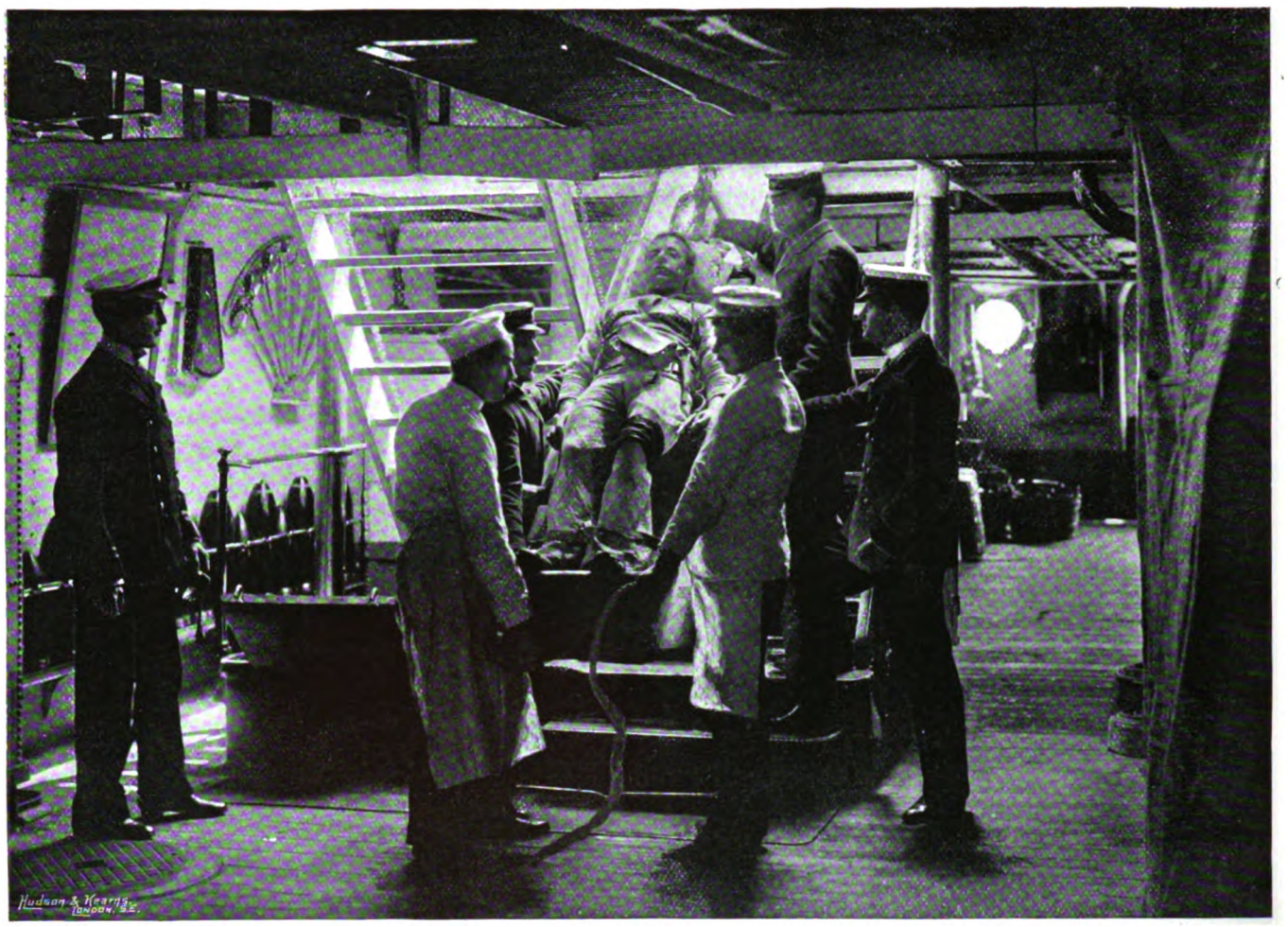

GENERAL QUARTERS:—LOWERING A WOUNDED MAN to the SICK BAY.

Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

GENERAL QUARTERS:—DEALING WITH a SMALL FIRE during "ACTION."

THESE are two scenes on board a battleship at "general quarters," as the act of clearing a Man-of-War for action is termed. In the upper photograph we see a wounded man being lowered down a hatchway to the deck below the water-line, where the surgeon and his assistants are in waiting. The fighting decks throughout the ship are supplied with stretcher parties stationed near the guns to pick up and carry off those struck down, the wounded men being lowered by a tackle rigged on a beam above the hatchway. The lower photograph shows a 6-inch gun's crew called away from their gun in action to put out a small fire, which a petty officer of the party, wearing a respirator and eye protector, is descending a hatchway to locate. In action small fires that break out are dealt with by the nearest gun's crew, other men from other guns being sent to assist as their services may be needed.

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THE CRUISER "POWERFUL."

THE "Powerful," and her sister ship the "Terrible," are at the present moment the two largest cruisers in the world. Here are their "points":—Displacement, 14,200 tons; Belleville water tube boilers; Indicated Horse Power, 25,000; Speed (designed), 22 knots; Guns, two 9·2-inch quick-firers, sixteen 12-pr. quick-firers, twelve 3-pr. quick-firers (firing between them 2,188 lbs. broadside weight of metal); Four submerged torpedo tubes. The "Powerful" will carry a company of 894 officers and men, upwards of 140 more than our largest battleship, the "Majestic," carries. The "Powerful" was built by the NAVAL CONSTRUCTION AND ARMAMENTS COMPANY, Barrow-in-Furness and launched on the 24th July last year. She is at the present moment about to carry out an exhaustive series of steam trials, which the Navy and the whole Engineering world are watching with particular interest, as they are expected to go far towards definitely settling the question of the suitability of water tube boilers for large ships of war.

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SERVING OUT GROG:—H.M.S. "MELAMPUS."

BEDDING INSPECTION:—H.M.S. "MELAMPUS."

THE upper photograph shows a scene on board the cruiser "Melampus," the coastguard ship at Kingstown, attached to the First Reserve Squadron. The rum, which has been brought up from the spirit room below and pumped into a beaker, is emptied into the grog tub and there mixed with a due and proper proportion of water. One man from each mess, known as the "Cook of the Mess," is present at the drawing of the rum ration, and he receives the allowance for the number of men in his mess, and distributes it afterwards. If any grog remains in the tub after all are supplied, it, with the dregs of the tub, is poured away overboard. Our second photograph shows one of the periodical inspections that the men on board ship have to undergo in the interests of their own health and comfort as much as of discipline. The petty officer seen note book in hand, is waiting for the inspecting officer to arrive on his round and is prepared to enter any directions he may receive from the officer in regard to any of the men and the replacing or repair of their bedding. Each man stands at the head of his own hammock, which is laid out neatly and arranged in the regulation way, with mattress and blanket folded up on it.

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THE CALCUTTA NAVAL VOLUNTEERS ON PARADE.

THE Calcutta Naval Volunteers are, in order of precedence, the senior Volunteer Corps in India. Their establishment comprises twelve commissioned Executive Officers, one Seaman Instructor, and one Sergeant-Major Instructor, 2 Chief Petty Officers, 6 First-class Petty Officers, 4 Quartermasters, 6 Second-class Petty Officers, 4 Shipwrights, 20 Leading Seamen, 4 Buglers, and 278 Seamen. They are dressed in naval uniform and have a naval organization in four divisions. Our photograph shows their field battery on parade on the Maidan, Calcutta, with six guns manned by the seamen of the Corps with drag ropes ready to advance. The Corps possesses also a steam launch supplied with Hotchkiss and Nordenfelt machine guns used for training afloat. The Calcutta Naval Volunteers were first raised in 1883 as a Naval Artillery corps, their present designation being authorized in 1889. The enrolled strength of the corps (all Europeans) is, in round numbers, 300, of all ranks and ratings, of whom some 270 are efficients.

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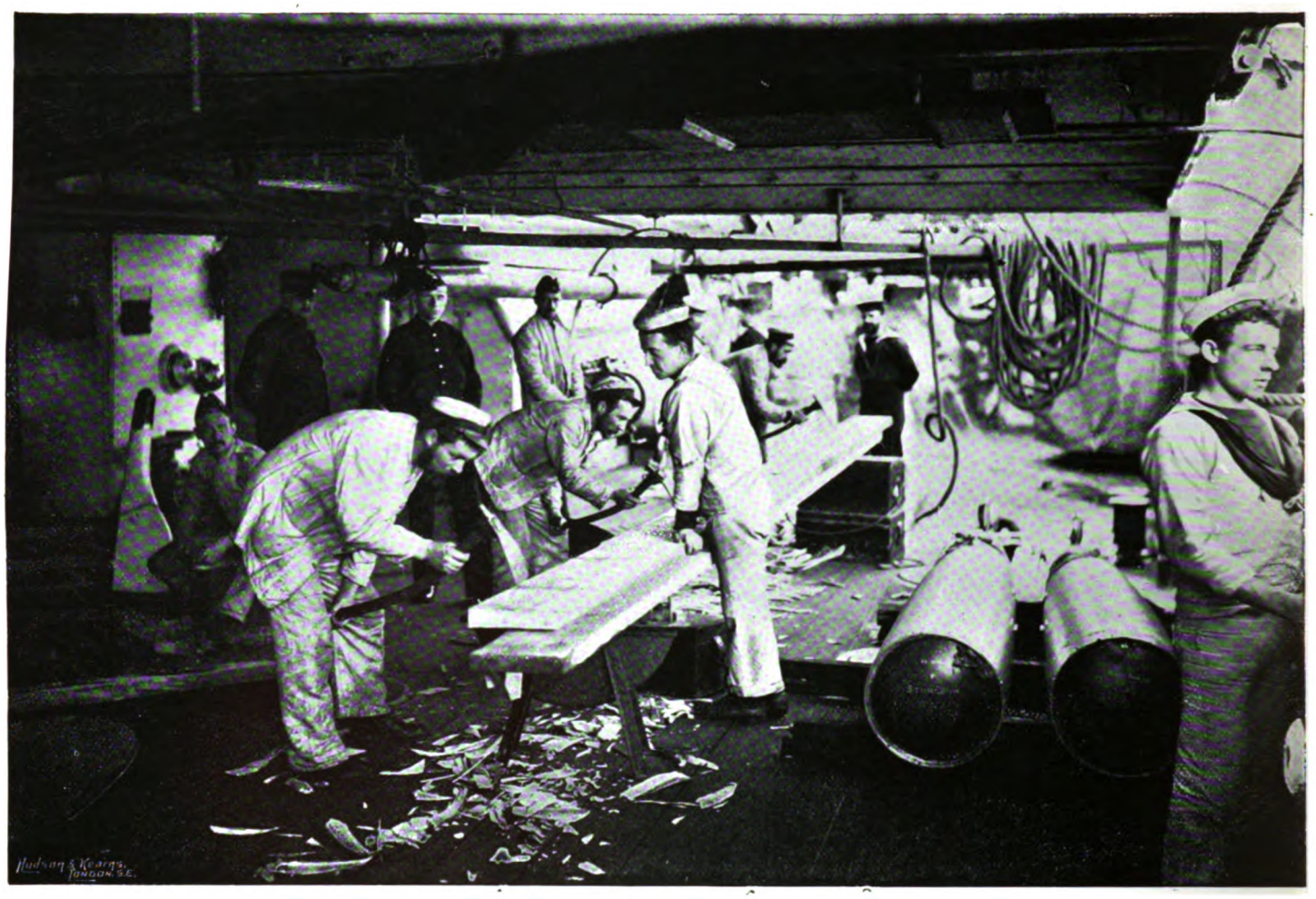
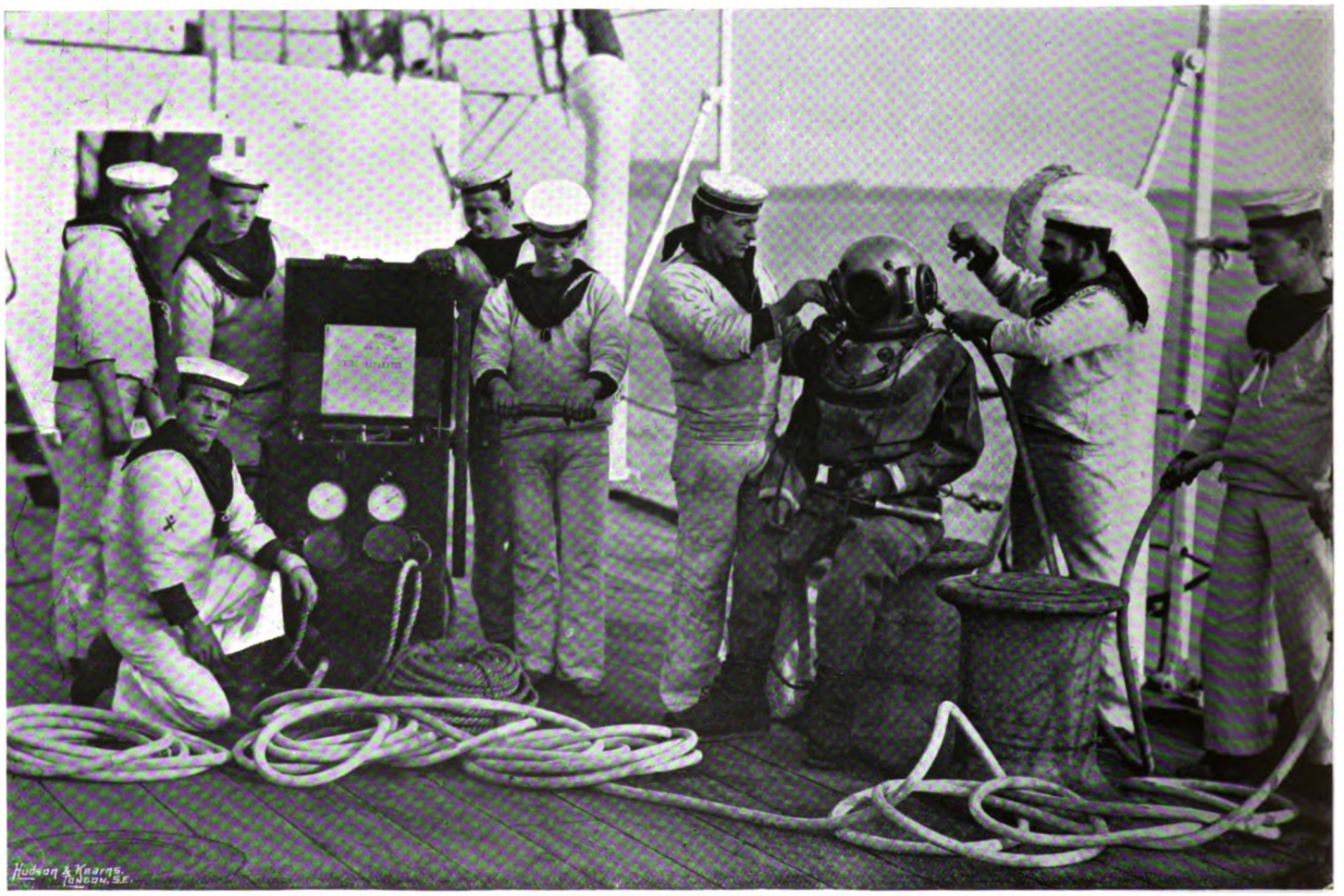


IN THE CARPENTER'S WORKSHOP, H.M.S. "BLAKE."



Photos. F. G. O S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE DIVER AND HIS APPARATUS, H.M.S. "BLAKE."

THAT these are two indispensable departments on board a ship of war goes without saying. They stand moreover in marked contrast:—the one having to do, practically, with everything within the ship; the other, dealing with everything without. But the contrast extends beyond this, for the carpenter and his mates and staff have formed an essential part of a ship's company from the oldest days of the Royal Navy, while the diving establishments dates its introduction from quite recent times. Classes of instruction for divers are now regularly formed in connection with each of the Naval Gunnery Schools, and the men have to go through a very complete course of training before being passed out and qualified to serve in the Fleet. On the other hand, the carpenter's staff on board a modern ship of war comprises artificers capable of executing repairs of every kind, whether in metal or wood work.

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ONE of the GUN DETACHMENTS of the CALCUTTA NAVAL VOLUNTEERS.

COMMANDER PETLEY AND THE OFFICERS, C.N.V.

THE illustration at the top of the page gives a good idea of the smart appearance and turn-out of the Calcutta Naval Volunteers. Below we show the able and popular Commander in charge (the officer wearing three stripes on his sleeve), Commander EATON WALLACE PETLEY, R.N., Deputy Conservator of the River Hoogly, Port Officer of Calcutta, and Hon. A.D.C. to the Lieut.-Governor of Bengal, a retired Naval Officer of twenty years' service afloat, together with some of the other officers of the corps. The establishment of the Calcutta Naval Volunteers in commissioned officers comprises, in addition to the Commander, three Lieutenants, six Sub-Lieutenants, one Chief Engineer, one Medical Officer, and an honorary Chaplin. The Honorary Captain of the corps is the Lieutenant-Governor of Bengal.

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Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE CAPTAIN AND OFFICERS OF THE "CAMPERDOWN."

HERE we see Captain ROBERT W. CRAIGIE and the officers of the first-class battleship "Camperdown" of the Mediterranean Fleet. The "Camperdown" is now serving her second commission in the Mediterranean, where she was re-commissioned in October last year. Her former commission on the station will be ever memorable for the terrible "Victoria" disaster in connection with which the "Camperdown"—then temporarily acting as flagship of the Second in Command—took so unfortunately prominent a part. Before that, while serving in the Channel, the "Camperdown" was flagship to the present Commander-in-Chief in the Mediterranean, then Senior Officer in command of the Channel Squadron. The "Camperdown" is one of the largest and most powerful of the ships of the "Admiral" class. Our photograph was taken recently at Malta.

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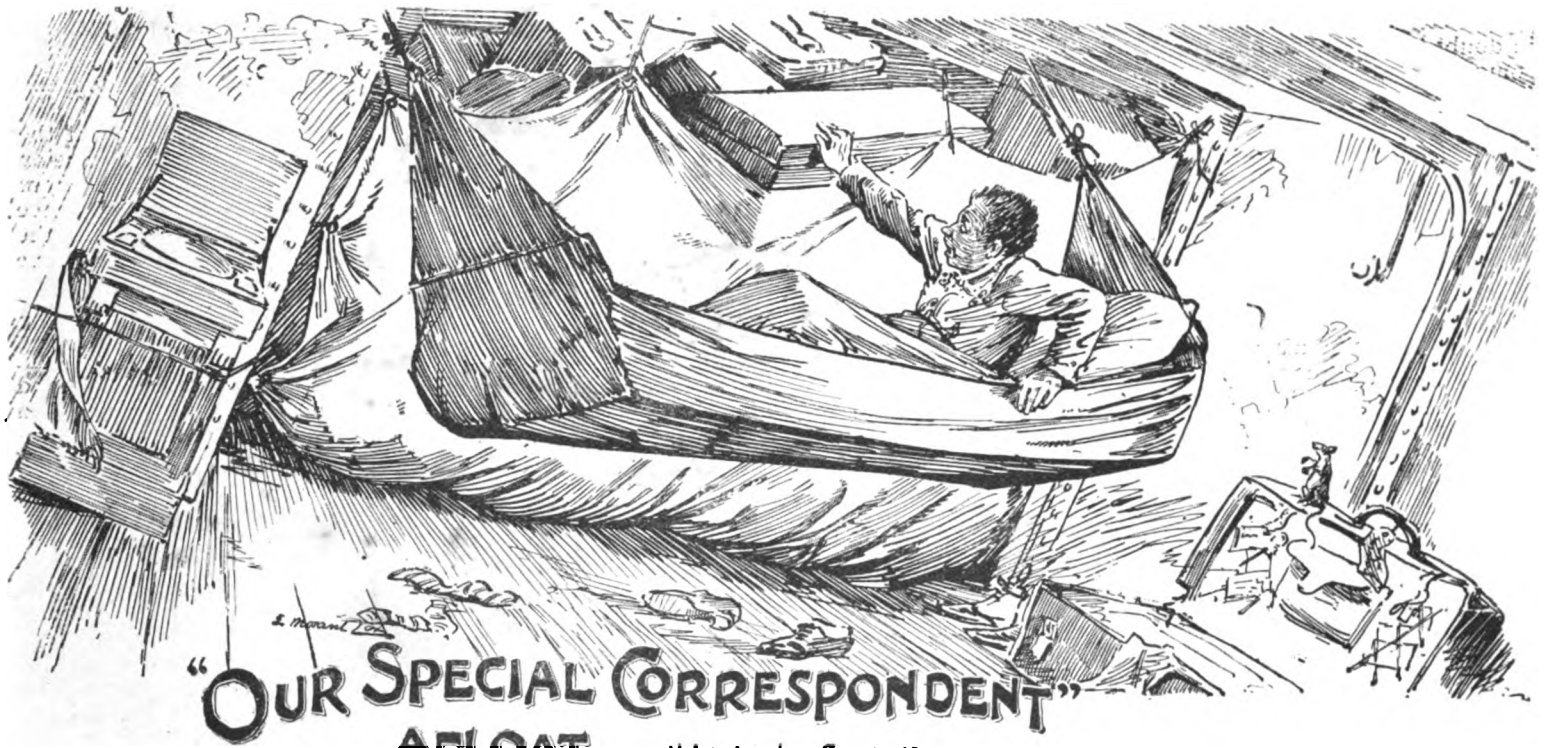

"OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT" AFLOAT.

BY H. LAWRENCE SWINBURNE.

THE Naval Correspondent is like the new woman, a product of the age, but he differs from the new woman in that he does not bore the public, and also in that he is in his small way of distinct benefit to the State. He does not bore the public, for if he did those who own and edit our leading journals would not go to the expense of sending him afloat. He does service to the State, for to him is due, in a great measure, that awakening of public interest in our only line of defence which has been such a marked feature in the national life of the last decade.

To adequately carry out the duties of a Naval Correspondent a certain amount of technical knowledge is an absolute necessity; and though but a small percentage of the great journalistic body has qualified in this respect, yet this little band includes many whose names are household words to the British public. Noted war correspondents such as Messrs. Charles Williams, Bennet Burleigh, and H. S. Pearse are in manœuvre times to be found keeping their hands in on board Her Majesty's warships, while novelists and essayists such as Mr. Bloundelle-Burton and Mr. Beatty-Kingston, weave fascinating word-pictures illustrative of the events of the mimic war.

A journal having appointed its representative, the latter betakes himself to the ship the Admiralty have allotted for his temporary domicile. On board H.M.S. "Spitfire" I have heard a tale of the peaceful solemnity of the ward-room at near "turning in" time being suddenly disturbed by the apparition of a giant figure which, stalking into the centre of the mess deposited on the table a massive umbrella and capacious carpet bag, and in a menacing tone of voice announced, "I am the Special Correspondent of the *Banner*, once more we meet!" This story, however, I am certain is a libel, for to my own knowledge that most able and cheery of correspondents of whom it is told never wears an umbrella and carries his kit in a compressed cane trunk, of which by the way he is extremely proud.

Arrived on board, the Special's first care is to ascertain the nature of the accommodation provided for him. This may vary very considerably and is of course dependent on the size and nature of the ship. I have revelled in all the palatial luxury of a cabin intended for the use of an Admiral's staff, and I have slept for weeks in a cot slung in a dismal dungeon which was, prior to my arrival, the storehouse for officers' empty portmanteaus. These were stacked on one side and covered with a canvas screen which, while hiding them from view, used to bulge omniously when the ship rolled, and my last thought in dozing off used to be a dreamy wondering as to whether a heavy leather portmanteau, or a light, but sharp-edged tin uniform case would hurt the most. The said apartment was also in that portion of the ship which, when water-tight doors are closed, is hermetically sealed. Oh! that gruesome fog horn, whose mournful bellowing announced to all that the order "Close water-tight doors" had gone forth. Out you had to skip like lightning, perhaps with your toilet only half completed; and it might be only a few minutes, or it might be several hours, before you could again have access to the place that was home for the time being.

Is it not, indeed, on record that the most renowned of Naval Correspondents, the representative of the mighty *Age*, spent some weary hours enclosed in one of these compartments, wondering which particular part of the vessel the next ship astern—notoriously the worst steerer and station-keeping ship in the Navy—would select to insert her ram into?

The Correspondent having stowed his gear, his next step will be to make acquaintance with his ship and his future messmates. Our Special is always a member of the ward-room mess, and on his arrival on board, the officer who first meets him will take him down and introduce him to any officers who may happen to be in the mess. From all he will meet with a courtesy and kindness that is not to be surpassed in any other society in the world, and it will be his own fault if in an hour or two he does not find himself thoroughly at home. His lines will lie in pleasant places, for throughout the cruise he will find that, from the lower deck to the ward-room, everyone will be willing to give him a helping hand, and aid to make his work easy for him.

By the time the Special has had a chat in the ward-room and been shown around the ship by some officer who has kindly volunteered to teach him his way about, the dinner hour, which is generally 7 at sea, and 7.30 in harbour, will be approaching, and he will repair to his cabin to don the orthodox garb in which an English gentleman usually dines. In his cabin he will find that the handy marine who has been told off to act as his servant, has already put out his clothes and toilet appurtenances. His hot water is ready, his shirt properly studded, his pumps glossy, and he will "shift"—to use the proper nautical term—with an ease and rapidity that will make him more than ever of the opinion that a valet who has learnt his business afloat is a real essential to the true enjoyment of life.

At dinner—which, without being luxurious, will be good and well-served, unless, indeed, fate has told him off to a newly mobilized ship in the commissioning of which the domestic ratings have been forgotten—he will make the acquaintance of those of his future messmates whom he has not previously met. If in a battleship or large cruiser in full commission the meal will be enlivened by the strains of a band. The Queen's health drunk and a cigarette smoked, an adjournment is made to the smoking-room—or such place as may be allotted to the worship of the great goddess Nicotine—and chat, yarns, or a rubber of whist for very small points will pass the evening.

The next morning our Special will pay his official visit to his Captain. This officer will express a hope that the accommodation provided for him is comfortable, and will offer, and afford to him throughout the cruise, every information and assistance in his power. The captain also will inform him of the name of the officer who is to act as his Press censor, this generally being the gunnery or torpedo lieutenant, or perhaps the officer of marines.

In this connection I may state that throughout the ten years that Naval Correspondents have been going afloat, indiscreet revelations have only once been made, and that through ignorance. A Correspondent in his dispatch intimated that the fleet to which he was attached had coaled not only to its complete bunker capacity, but had also taken in and stowed coals on deck. This was distinctly indiscreet, for the information pretty plainly indicated to the opposing Admiral the plan of campaign his enemy projected, and the poor Correspondent's punishment was immediate and severe. The irate Admiral, whose plans might have been entirely frustrated, at once marooned him on a God-forsaken spot on the west coast of Ireland, miles from the nearest railway station,

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where, for all that history relates, he may be still wandering. But the Correspondent with the smallest amount of tact and discretion need never commit himself in this fashion If in doubt he will always be able to obtain from his captain or some senior officer advice as to the advisability of making public any knowledge that may have come to his ken, and an opinion as to whether its publication would in any way tend to disclose the projected plans of his admiral.

The acquaintance of his more youthful shipmates, the sub-lieutenants, middies and assistants in the engineer and pay departments, the Special will probably not make for a day or two, as these gentlemen mess in the gun-room; but in the course of his work he will soon come across them, and the acquaintance will be rapidly cemented by an invitation to visit their quarters. Here he will meet the same courtesy and kindness that have met him on all sides since he came on board. If he has any youth and fun left in him it will soon be drawn out by his jolly hosts, and he will regret the arrival of the master-at-arms to announce that the extra half hour's lights, permission for which has been granted in honour of the guest, has expired.

In the gun-room also, the Special will hear plenty of criticism on the management of affairs in general. The Admiral's plans will be discussed with the most admirable frankness, and the sucking Nelson's who are his hosts will put the Correspondent up to innumerable wrinkles. If his ignorance of matters maritime is very much in evidence there may even be a good-tempered tendency to pull his leg. Does not the gun room of that fine battleship the "Hogue," now on the Lake Station, still re-echo with the peals of laughter that greeted the reading of a letter which appeared in the *Small Wall Gazette*, and which teemed with interesting details of naval life supplied to the writer by the wags in the gun-room?

On one cruise our "Skipper" offered a prize to the gun-room for the best essay on the manœuvres after their completion. Some of these compositions I had the pleasure of perusing, and all were fair and some were excellent. One young officer begged for the loan of the note book in which I had kept a sort of rough diary of events. This he embodied in his narration, added some matters which had escaped my knowledge but not his eagle eyes, and seasoned the whole with the boldest and most scathing criticism of one of the ablest admirals afloat. It was the latter's misfortune to be on this particular occasion beaten, and I would have given much to have studied his face if he had been allowed to make a perusal of the document in question. This young gentleman — a Naval cadet if you please–will make his mark in the Service, and he may rest assured that his friend the "Speshul" will watch his future career with a very keen interest.

Before the Correspondent has been long on board he will have acquired the art of rapidly getting out of the way of others without breaking his shins over some impediment, and he will be amazed—and pained—to find out how many things there are about the deck of a warship which are just about the height of an ordinary man's shin, and are always made of iron and sharp edged.

Every operation or evolution on board a Man-of-war is performed in a hurry, in saying which I by no means imply that it is done incompletely. It is done correctly and completely, but it is also done as rapidly as is possible. Whatever the evolution undertaken, it is the object of every ship in the Squadron to do it best and quickest.

A night or two after his arrival the Special will probably have an opportunity of witnessing night quarters, and he will be surprised to find how easy it is to succeed in keeping out of the way of some hundreds of men rushing about in aimless confusion. As all the various exercises are repeatedly carried out and always without previous notice he will have ample opportunities of studying them from every point of view, and he will very soon discover for himself where to take up his position so as to be the least in the way and the best able to gather copy for the maw of the voracious journal hungering for his inspired words at the London end of the telegraph wire.

When Royalty passes through or near the squadron the Correspondent must bestow himself in some place of seclusion —behind the screen of a 6-inch gun is not a bad place from which to see and not be seen—for in that august presence nothing must be visible on deck that is not bedizened in the fullest of uniform. I recall with delight the memories of one such occasion. We had a ladies' lunch on board when a surprise visit by Royalty was made to the fleet. The beauteous costumes and the blue serge suit had to be concealed somewhere from whence their wearers could see and not be seen. The stowage was entrusted to and successfully accomplished by the Correspondent, the only drawback to the situation being that he could never call his trusty field glasses his own while the most charming of princesses was anywhere within visual range of H.M.S. "Magnetic."

One of a Correspondent's more important functions will be to make a visit to the engine room when the ship is steaming at high speed. Armed with a couple of handfulls of cotton waste he will descend innumerable ladders under the ciceronage of an engineer officer, who will be to him a guide, philosopher and friend. The mysteries of condensers, starting gear, air fans, etc., etc., will all be explained to him. He will meander through stoke holds, scrutinize gruesome looking boilers and coal-begrimed stokers, have his face scorched by endeavouring to look into lighted furnaces, wend his oily way up the long passage in which the mass of steel shafting ceaselessly gyrates, and finally stand again on the engine room platform a somewhat dazed and dirty but an exceedingly interested man. He will return to the cool sea air above with the firm conviction that by no means the smallest share of that tenacity and endurance so distinctive of the personnel of the British Navy, is to be found amongst the engine room complements of Her Majesty's warships.

When the Correspondent goes afloat he will, or at any rate should, have a book knowledge of naval matters generally. This knowledge his first cruise will consolidate, and he will be surprised to find how, after it, his understanding of things has been increased. What he has studied and acquired a theoretical knowledge of, will be in daily operation around him, and he will have, after his first manœuvres, acquired a practical knowledge of things Naval both as regards material and *personnel*, that no amount of book study would ever have taught him. Book study, however, is a first essential, as without the superficial knowledge thus gained, the Correspondent will never fully understand and correctly describe all that he sees in operation around him.

The Correspondent will also, if he does his work conscientiously, be in a position of responsibility, inasmuch as he can be the mouthpiece of the naval officer in addressing the public. He must remember that he is a layman, and that his function is to describe what he sees, and that when he ventures into the region of criticism it is his part to voice what by intercourse and investigation he believes to be the opinion of the man most competent to judge—the Naval officer. If he confines himself to this he will be doing the country a service, and he will earn the gratitude of the Navy. From the day he joins till the day he leaves he will be helped and aided, he will meet with a courtesy and consideration that will make his task an easy one, and he will board his London bound train with the firm conviction that the British Navy is the one institution in the world without a flaw in it.

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TOMMY ATKINS MARRIED.

BY RED CROSS.

THAT the wearers of the red coat have always had a warm corner in the hearts of the bonnie daughters of these islands, is a fact too well known to admit of question; and many a high-born damsel, and many a lass of low degree, has thereby incurred the wrath of haughty mother or purse-proud father with other views in life for their offspring than a husband with more gold on his coat than in his pocket.

Theoretically no soldier should be married, no matter what his rank, and it was hoped that the introduction of short service would tend to reduce the "Married Roll" to a minimum. Up to the present time, however, there has been little or no diminution in the number of men married with leave, but the practice of marrying without leave has, happily, very considerably declined.

The time is probably within the memory of people still living when a girl who married a soldier was almost considered to have cut herself adrift from respectable society; and, considering the accommodation then afforded for married women in the Army, it is not to be wondered at that even the most charitably-minded should hesitate to believe it possible that any woman could retain modesty and delicacy of feeling amid such surroundings.

Notwithstanding, however, the drawbacks under which she labored and the hardships of a life into which few comforts entered, the soldier's wife was ever noted for an honest, true devotion to the man with whom she had thrown in her lot. Under a rough exterior she carried a warm heart, and though her tongue was frequently rough as a nutmeg grater, many a young fellow has been kept straight by her well-timed motherly advice and kindly sympathy.

After her "own man" her one thought was the honor and credit of the old regiment, and many an instance is on record, when already worn out with the fatigue of weary marching, she has toiled the long night through, with tenderest pity, helping the wounded and soothing the dying, aye! and not infrequently giving her own life freely, nor considering it a sacrifice.

The improvements in the soldier's condition have been, though slow, sure, and the same may, perhaps even in a greater degree, be said of those of the soldier's wife. The present writer well recollects when it was nothing unusual for several families to be bundled into a large barrack-room, which they had to screen off as best they could, and wonderfully ingenious, albeit saddening, were the devices to which they were driven in their endeavours to maintain decent privacy.

But the march of improvement has of late years made giant strides in the amelioration of the condition of the married soldier and his family.

First, as regards his quarters, Tommy Atkins the Benedict, would be hard to please if he were dissatisfied with those now placed at his disposal. They are usually built in blocks, close to but distinct from the barracks occupied by the single men.

They are bright and airy, well ventilated, gas and water laid on. In almost every case a family, even without children, are given a two-room quarter, the number of rooms being increased in proportion to the number of children; thus, where there are five children, the regulation provides for four rooms and a scullery. The kitchen is fitted with a cooking range, small but thoroughly effective, and which delights the heart of every housewife, an abundance of shelves and cupboards. I may here say that every living room must have a cubic space of 1800 feet.

Government provides all absolutely necessary articles of furniture, with beds and bedding, but nothing is provided in the way of adornment, and it is simply astonishing how homelike and comfortable a soldier's wife manages to make her surroundings. When it is considered that regiments seldom remain more than one or two years at a station, and that two or three hundredweight represents the quantity of baggage allowed to be taken, it may easily be conceived that it would be injudicious to spend money, even if it could be afforded on furniture which it would be impossible to carry about.

Nevertheless, in spite of the difficulties which have to be contended with, the married soldier's quarter is invariably neat and tidy, almost always cheerful and cosy, and often shows evidence of an artistic feeling found deficient in the homes of people who would consider themselves very much higher in the social scale.

Seven years' service, at least one good conduct badge, and five pounds in the savings' bank. These are the conditions which must be complied with before a soldier is eligible to receive his commanding officer's permission to marry. But it by no means follows that because he is eligible he will receive it. The number of married men on the strength of a regiment is limited, in the case of rank and file, to four per cent; in the case of sergeants, to fifty per cent. The commanding officer therefore withholds his consent until a vacancy occurs, permission in anticipation of vacancies never being given.

This, however, is not all, the commanding officer must be thoroughly satisfied as to the respectability of the lady, and no young woman whose antecedents would not admit of the fullest investigation need hope for admission to the "married strength."

"But," someone may say, "how can a man possibly keep a wife and family on a shilling a day?" And to this I am bound to reply that it would indeed be difficult. Happily, however, the private soldier's wife has many ways of adding to her income. Officers' servants, grooms, mess waiters, are all usually married men, in the first place because they are steady, and secondly because they are making the Army their home. These, in addition to their extra pay, have numerous little perquisites, which add materially to the family comfort. The washing of the single men of a company is divided amongst the wives of the rank and file, a half-penny per man per day in the infantry, and a penny in the mounted services and departmental corps, being the rate of remuneration. The sergeants make their own arrangements, their bills adding considerably to the total.

In almost all barracks now Government provides laundries, fitted up with washing and wringing machines, mangles, drying chambers, etc., and when I add that the fuel also is provided, it will be seen that the work is done with the maximum of comfort at the minimum of cost.

It was not always so, however, and formerly the washing had frequently to be done under conditions neither sanitary nor comfortable.

In those days a visit to the washhouse was a common practical joke played on young subalterns on orderly duty. The washhouse was usually simply a barrack-room extemporized with coppers and washing tubs, and was a sort of club for the old campaigners who heartily enjoyed their gossip, dearly loved of ladies in all ranks of life.

"'Tention!" shouts the N.C. officer accompanying the orderly officer round the barracks, at the same time throwing open the door. "Any compl—! Good heav—!! What the ——!!!" stammers the youngster following closely on the sergeant's heels, on finding himself enveloped in a cloud of steam. "Ah! me darlin'! come here till oi kiss ye." "Sure

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isn't he a handsome bhoy!" "Is it me ye want, me jewel?" follows thick and fast 'midst peals of laughter, and the poor lad flustered by his unexpected welcome, and utterly unable to recognize where the voices come from, beats a hasty retreat. Of course it is of little use to abuse the sergeant, who is always ready with—"Very sorry, Sir, couldn't tell one door from another, Sir."

It is a source of good-humoured amusement to the soldier's wife going to a foreign station for the first time, to find, that when in England with good healthy appetites, with the exception of the husband's pound of bread and three-quarters of a pound of beef, all food had to be purchased, in their new home not only the wife but even the week-old infant is supplied with a Government ration. If we suppose a family of five children, we find a joint weighing 5½-lbs. laid on the table every second day. A very good thing, you say! Yes it is, but when the heat makes you feel with Douglas Jerrold that you would like to throw off your flesh and sit in your bones, a large joint of meat does not appeal to one quite in the same way as it would at home in England.

In most garrisons, both at home and abroad, each married soldier has a piece of ground in which he cultivates potatoes and other vegetables sufficient for his family, a small space being almost always reserved for flowers, without which no soldier's wife would be happy.

In the foregoing I have confined myself to the wives of the rank and file. If I have succeeded in shewing that their life in the Service is fairly comfortable, it may readily be understood that the wife of a sergeant or staff-sergeant leaves little to be desired in this respect. Not only is her husband's pay sufficient to maintain her in comparative luxury, but from the position which he holds, she has a higher status—which she jealously guards—than the wife of a man of lower rank.

Of course this precludes her from any share in the company washing, and indeed she usually employs a woman to do her own. Her husband is required to keep a batman, who not infrequently assists her in the rougher work of keeping her quarters clean. Of course her husband cannot be employed in any menial capacity to increase his pay, but there are quite a number of well-paid appointments reserved for sergeants alone. Amongst these, keeping the canteen accounts, library accounts, and officers' mess accounts may be mentioned.

A marked feature of life in barracks is the strong interest shown by the wives of the officers in the comfort and well-being of the wives of the N.C. officers and men.

Much tact is necessary to prevent anything like an idea that the visit of the Colonel's wife is made to see that the quarters are in good order and the children clean, but the strong sympathy existing between one soldier's wife and another soon sweeps away all misconceptions, and the gentle courtesy always shown by an officer's wife to her humble sisters, soon renders the visit a pleasure to be looked forward to rather than an ordeal to be dreaded.

As the class from which the soldier of to-day is drawn is not the class from which he was drawn thirty years ago, it naturally follows that the class from which he selects his wife should not be the same. As a result we find the soldier's wife of to-day quiet in manner and deportment, well dressed and lady-like. Should any reader feel disposed to doubt this statement, it is only necessary for him to take his stand at the door of any garrison church after evening service, to have his doubts dispelled.

There was a time, however, when even his duties matrimonial did not prevent Tommy Atkins getting drunk, and when no question of lady-like refinement of conduct prevented his punishment in form severer than any the Colonel would inflict.

Private Tim O'Leary paraded for guard mounting one morning with a splendid pair of black eyes. Of course he was "cast guard," that is not allowed to mount. As this, however, entailed another man mounting in his place, he was in accordance with the practice in the regiment made a prisoner.

This was before the days of company offices, and Tim appeared before the Colonel.

"How did you get that black eye, Sir?" enquired the Colonel.

Tim hummed and ha'd a good deal about it, but at last confessed that Mrs. O'Leary had hit him with the poker, "but it was an axident, sure your 'onor, Colonel."

"Send for Mrs. O'Leary." Mrs. O'Leary was sent for and duly appeared. The anger which had raged in her breast had now turned to tenderness, and throwing herself on her husband's neck, she commenced to sob vehemently, rocking herself to and fro. "Ohone! me darlin', an' is it here oi've brought you, Ohone! Ohone!"

"Stop that, my good woman, and tell me how this occurred."

"Arrah! Colonel jewel! Sure yesterday was pay day, and Tim, the wretch, stayed in the canteen, bad 'cess to it, instead of comin' home to me an' the childer, and when oi spoke the word to 'm he landed me one with his fist, and thin sure mi timper got the better av me an' oi hit him wid the poker and sorry oi am this day."

"If he hit you as you say, why did you not send and have him confined?"

"An' is it me own darlin' man oi'd have confined, Colonel jewel. Sure oi'd niver forgive myself for the black-hearted treachery."

"Well! well! go away both of you," cried the Colonel, "and don't come before me again." And away they went like two doves.

Married soldiers frequently have large families, and it is here, perhaps, that the wonderful management, which I have referred to as being characteristic of the soldier's wife, is brought into greater prominence. Clean, sturdy, healthy little urchins, soldiers' children are almost always well dressed and overflowing with happiness. And indeed they would be very ungrateful youngsters were it otherwise, for life is very pleasant for them. They are made much of, for everybody, from the Colonel downwards, takes a pride in the children of the regiment, and no sport or entertainment takes without due provision being made for their share in it.

Regimental picnics and outings are of frequent occurrence, and I need hardly say, accompanied as they are by the regimental band, they are heartily enjoyed.

I may here refer to a pretty custom prevalent in many regiments, *i.e.*, drinking the health of the daughter of the regiment.

The eldest girl present with the regiment and who was *born* in the regiment, has the honour of being toasted by the officers in their mess-room and the sergeants in theirs, on the anniversary of her birth.

Soldiers' children, amongst their other advantages, have the benefit of excellent schools. Here they are given a thoroughly sound English education, the girls in addition being well grounded in needlework, darning, etc. Music, both theory and practice, is taught and well taught, and a concert by soldiers' children is frequently a treat worth going some distance to enjoy.

I had the pleasure about two years ago of being present at a concert given in the Royal Opera House in Malta, by the combined schools of the Garrison. Upwards of three hundred children took part, and no prettier sight have I ever witnessed than the appearance on the stage of these little ones. The programme consisted of solos, part songs, and glees, interspersed with fan drill and other beautiful movements, the whole of which was admirably executed.

But if the life of the soldier married with leave is a decidedly comfortable one, that of the unfortunate who has violated the regulations of the Service by marrying without permission, is misery indeed, and although societies exist amongst the ladies in most Garrison towns with the view of assisting the wives off the strength, and much kindness is shewn them by the ladies of the regiment which is their husband's but not theirs, the usual periodical moves entail much suffering, while the departure for foreign service causes a rupture which in many cases is never healed, and with breaking hearts husband and wife separate, in many, too many instances, never to meet again.

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Major-General VISCOUNT R. H. FRANKFORT de MONTMORENCY.

MAJOR-GENERAL LORD FRANKFORT DE MONTMORENCY entered Her Majesty's Service in 1854, and as an ensign saw service in the Crimea with the 33rd (Duke of Wellington's) Regiment, being present at the fall of Sebastopol and attack on the Redan. After that he again saw active service with a detachment of his regiment in 1859, towards the close of the Indian Mutiny, and a little later he had the good fortune to command a Field Force against the insurgent Bheels of Guzerat. He also, in the same year, took part with the "Duke of Wellington's" in the operations on the coast of Okamundel, Western India. Lord FRANKFORT DE MONTMORENCY participated in the Abyssinian Expedition of 1868. During the operations in the Soudan of 1886-7, he commanded the Frontier Field Force, and more recently he commanded the British column during the operations on the Nile in 1889. From 1890 to 1894 Lord FRANKFORT DE MONTMORENCY commanded the Lahore District of the Bengal Army. He has held the Command of the Dublin District since April 1895.

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WARRANT and NON-COM. OFFICERS, No. 4 MOUNTAIN BATTERY, R.A.

Photos. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

OFFICERS No. 4 MOUNTAIN BATTERY, R.A.

THE upper group comprises the warrant and non-commissioned officers of the 4th Mountain Battery, R.A. In the centre, seated on the gun, is Battery Sergeant-Major CONNOR. The Sergeant in the rear rank, directly above the muzzle of the gun, is a man 6 feet 6¾ ins. high, probably the tallest non-commissioned officer in the Army. The lower group shows the five commissioned officers of the battery—Major FULTON, Captain SMEATON, and Lieutenants G. G. TRAHERNE, A. W. GREPE, and W. J. FOWLER, with 2nd Lieutenant KER, R.A. (acting as recording officer at Camp Hay, in Breconshire, during the annual practice of the battery) and Surgeon-Lieutenant KIDDLE, A.M.S. No. 4 Mountain Battery is the only mountain battery at Home, there being eight mountain batteries in India and one in Natal. This year, for the fourth year in succession, No. 4 has again qualified as a first-class shooting battery.

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Photo. NOTMAN, Halifax.

THE ADJUTANT, WARRANT OFFICERS AND N.C.O's. OF THE 1st ROYAL BERKSHIRE REGIMENT.

HERE we have a group of the Sergeants of the 1st Battalion Royal Berkshire Regiment, the only Imperial regiment at present stationed in Canada. The Sergeants are shown in their winter dress, wearing the extra clothing provided free by the Government, and issued for the winter—fur caps, long boots, woollen comforters, and underclothing. In the centre of the group, wearing white furs, are seen Lieutenant and Adjutant MAURICE, Sergeant-Major HARDING, and Bandmaster BARWOOD. The photograph, it should be added, was taken when the thermometer stood at several degrees below zero. The 1st Royal Berkshire went abroad in 1881, and proceeded to Halifax, Nova Scotia, after serving at Gibraltar, Malta, Cyprus, Egypt and Bermuda.

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PUTTING TOGETHER A BERTHON BOAT PONTOON.

UNDER CANVAS DURING MANŒUVRES:—DINNER TIME.

THE Berthon Collapsible Boat, the subject of the uppermost picture, was invented by a clergyman whose name the boat bears. It has now for military purposes been adapted for use with cavalry and flying columns as a light and easily carried pontoon. When so used, as our illustration shows, skids are placed across the thwarts of two boats (or the two halves of one boat), forming a platform or raft on which a gun or boxes of ammunition can be safely borne. The boat itself fits on a light cart, and can be taken anywhere, while a small-sized Berthon, able to float half-a-dozen men, can even be carried on a pack saddle. In the lower photograph we see an everyday incident of camp life, the cooks of a battalion—in the present case the 2nd Battalion Scots Guards—getting ready the men's dinners on the return of the troops to camp after a busy field-day.

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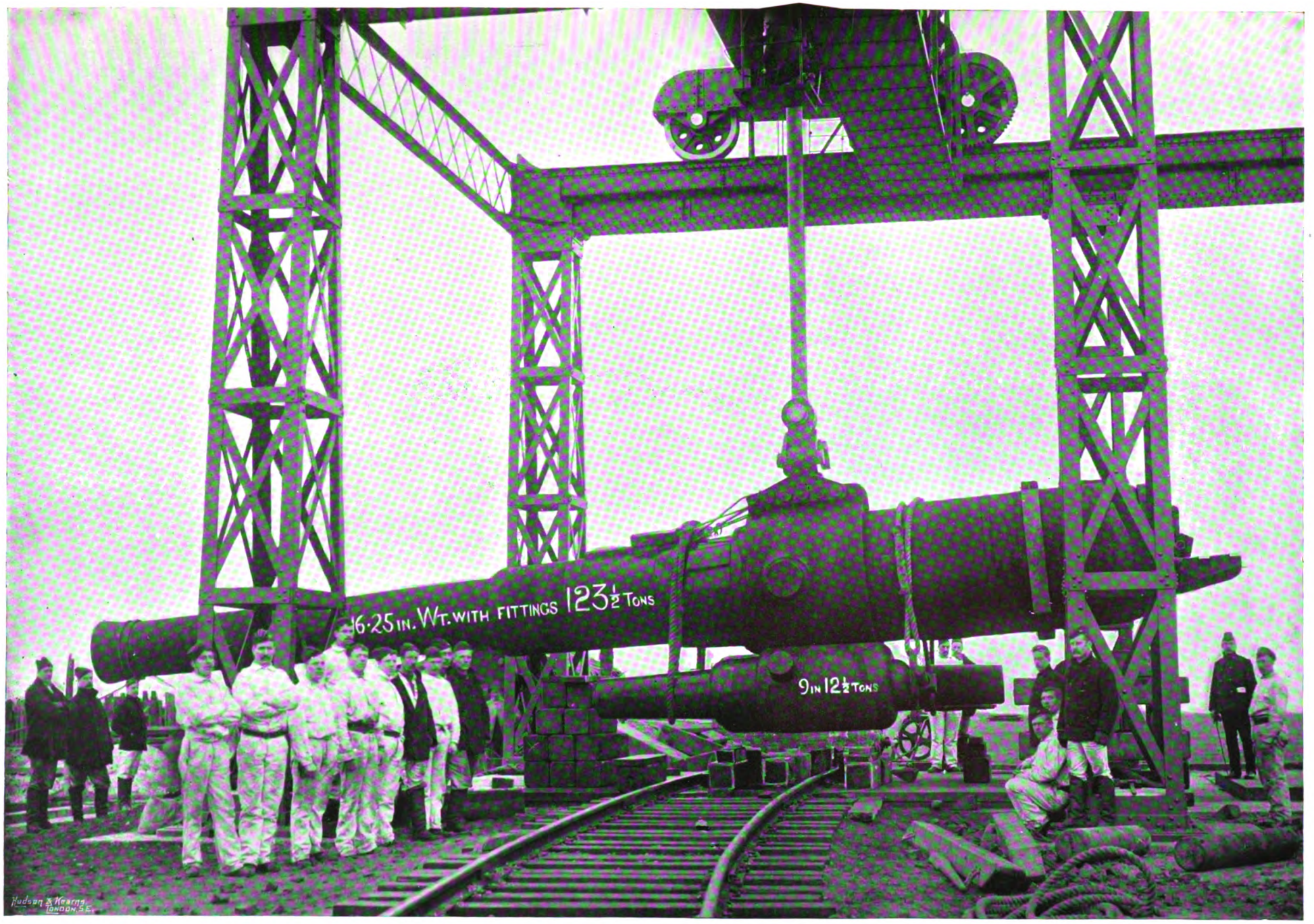

TESTING A GANTRY AT SHOEBURYNESS.

OUR photograph represents the testing of a Gantry—the engineering term for the framework apparatus for carrying a crane or other weight-lifting structure—erected at Shoeburyness. The Gantry shown is used for shifting and moving about the heavy guns which are, from time to time, sent down the Thames in barges from Woolwich to Shoeburyness, and its special function at the great Artillery experimental Camp is in connection with the mounting or dismounting of the various guns on or off the carriages from which they are fired. The enormous weight, the moving of which constitutes the test on the present occasion, comprises, as the photograph shows, one 110-ton gun, and two 12½-ton guns lashed side by side beneath the great gun.

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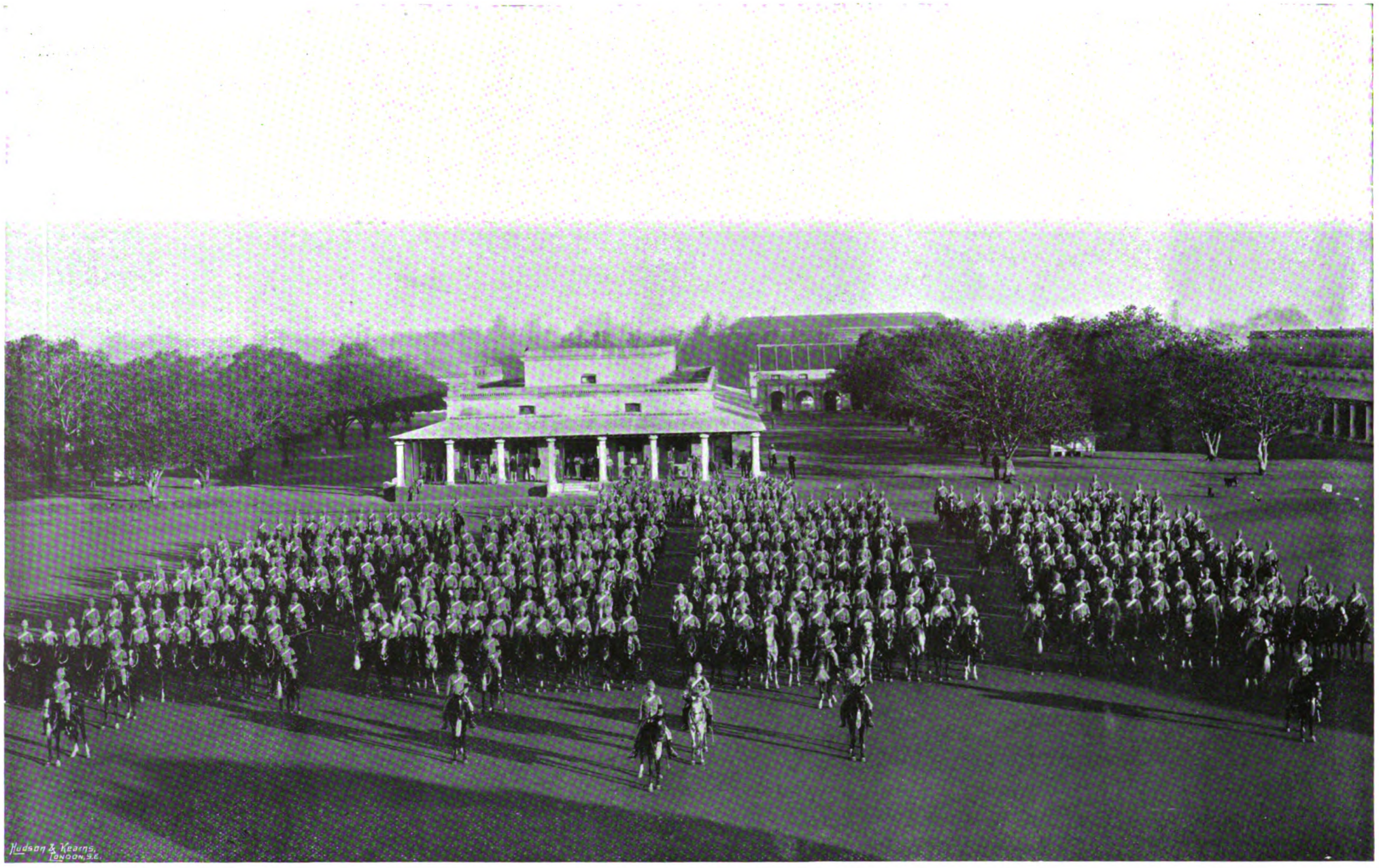

Photo. BARTON, SON & CO., Bangalore

THE 19th (PRINCESS OF WALES'S OWN) HUSSARS ON PARADE AT BANGALORE.

THE 19th (Princess of Wales's Own) Hussars, whom we see here on parade at Bangalore in Southern India, has a history of very curious interest. It is for one thing, the fourth regiment of Light Cavalry numbered "19" that the British Army has known. With the third of these—which came into existence on its predecessors being, the one re-numbered, and the second disbanded—the present regiment is most directly connected, the famous old 19th Light Dragoons of Indian history, in honour of whose dashing exploits during a term of service in the East extending over twenty-five years the present regiment, (though it was only raised in 1860), bears "Assaye" as a regimental distinction. The old Indian 19th Light Dragoons were disbanded in 1821, and the present 19th Hussars were formed out of volunteers from the East India Company's European Light Cavalry. Another distinction of the old 19th, borne by the present 19th, is the battle record "Niagara," appointed in commemoration of services rendered by the regiment after its return from the East in the War with the United States in 1812-14.

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Photo. BARTON, SON & CO., Bangalore.

LIEUTENANT-COLONEL J. C. HANFORD AND THE OFFICERS OF THE 19th HUSSARS.

THE 19th (Princess of Wales's Own) Hussars proceeded to India in 1891, and are at present stationed at Bangalore, in the Madras command. Among their distinctions is the special regimental badge of "the Elephant" presented by the East India Company to the old 19th Light Dragoons for Assaye together with a special "guidon" of honour, which of course is not displayed, Hussar regiments not carrying guidons, or standards, or colours of any kind. The Elephant Badge in silver is worn on the pouches and sabretaches. The battle honours of the 19th, in addition to those granted to the old 19th Light Dragoons, and assumed by the present regiment as the successors of that famous hard-fighting corps are "Egypt, 1882-4," "Tel-el-Kebir," "Nile, 1884-5," "Abu Klea." Their busby bag is white, and they also wear a black Ukraine lamb-skin, edged with scarlet cloth instead of the leopard-skin over the saddle, as used by most Hussar regiments in the British service.

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No. 4 MOUNTAIN BATTERY, R.A.:—COMING INTO ACTION.

Photos. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

No. 4 MOUNTAIN BATTERY, R.A.:—IN ACTION.

THE upper photograph shows a sub-division of No. 4 Mountain Battery, R.A., coming into action. The wheels are about to be placed on the axle which is being held ready in position by the sergeant. Simultaneously with this, the carriage (to be seen a little in rear) is being placed on the axle. The breech portion is next lifted down and put in an upright position on the trail of the carriage, the chase (or barrel of the gun) is then placed on the breech, and the two pieces having been screwed together, the complete gun is dropped into the trunnion holes, brought into action and loaded. All is now ready for firing, as shown in the lower photograph. Mountain Batteries are armed with 2·5 inch muzzle loading screw-guns, each of which, with its carriage, forms five mule loads, the sixth mule carrying two ammunition boxes, each holding 8 rounds of ammunition. On service five additional mules are attached to each gun, carrying 100 rounds in all

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. II.—NO. 21.] FRIDAY, OCTOBER 2nd, 1896.

Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS*

REAR-ADMIRAL COMPTON DOMVILE.

AN officer of marked ability and very high attainments, as his record shows, is Rear-Admiral COMPTON EDWARD DOMVILE, recently second in Command in the Mediterranean Fleet. As a Sub-Lieutenant, he achieved the distinction of winning three first-class certificates, and as a Captain he has held command of the "Excellent" gunnery school at Portsmouth. After that he was selected to serve as Vice-President of the Ordnance Committee, and later to fill the yet more responsible post of Director of Naval Ordnance and Torpedoes. Rear-Admiral DOMVILE, though he entered the Royal Navy in April 1856, just too late to see service in the Russian war, was fortunate enough, as a Lieutenant, some twelve years later, to distinguish himself in action against pirates in the China seas while holding an independent command. For skill and gallantry shown while employed on this service he was specially promoted to the rank of Commander. From 1888 to 1891, he had the honour of being an A.D.C. to the Queen.

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Photo. G. WATSON, Stonehaven, N.B.

Our First Reserve: The Coastguard.—THE CHAMPION ROCKET DETACHMENT.

Photo. WILLIS, Gravesend.

Our First Reserve:—COASTGUARDSMEN AT SMALL ARMS DRILL.

THE upper group comprises the Coastguard Crew with the wagon of the Rocket Life Saving Apparatus stationed at Muchalls, Stonehaven, N.B., which holds the honour of having been officially pronounced by the Inspector-General of the Board of Trade (at whose orders the photograph reproduced was specially taken), the smartest and cleanest turn-out in the United Kingdom. The lower group comprises the Coastguard Crews of the Gravesend and Tilbury Stations, at rifle drill in front of their boat house, under Chief Officer PARKES, shown on the reader's left, wearing the Humane Society's silver medal; (the second silver medal for saving life at sea he has received). The Station Officer at Tilbury (Mr. J. HICKS), is shown on the right wearing the long service and good conduct medal. The Coastguardsmen, who are all bluejackets of considerable service and exceptional character, form our first Naval Reserve. Men of all ratings are to be found among them, and these are distributed to the battleships and cruisers of the First Reserve stationed round the coast at Portland, Hull, Harwich, Holyhead, Queensferry, Kingstown, and elsewhere, which vessels they would at once join on the order to mobilize.

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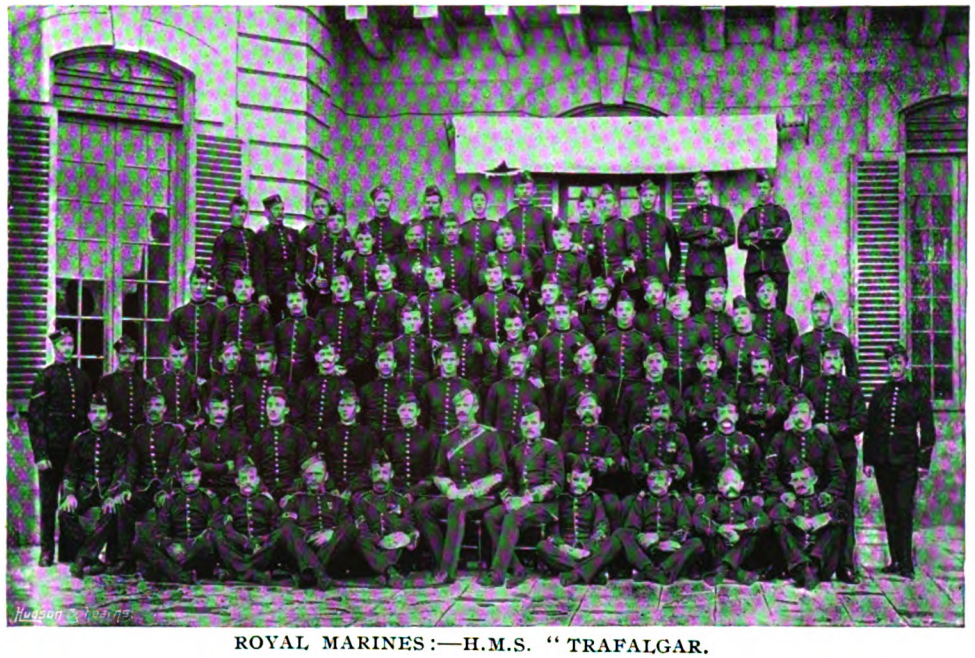
FORECASTLE MEN :—H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR."

FORETOP MEN :—H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR."

FOOTBALL PARTY :—H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR."

Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta.



ROYAL MARINES :—H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR.

Copyright—HUDSON & KEARNS.

ON BOARD H.M.S. "TRAFALGAR."

THESE are some of the men serving on board the first-class battleship "Trafalgar," which, after a complete overhaul and repair in dock at Malta, has been once more restored to her former post of flagship to the Rear-Admiral second in command of the Mediterranean Fleet. That officer in the present case is Rear-Admiral R. H. HARRIS, who has recently shifted his flag from the "Barfleur" back into the "Trafalgar." The "Forecastle" and "Foretop" men here shown are the portion of the ship's company allotted to those parts of the ship in the Watch and Quarter Bills. They take special charge of the fore-part of the ship, and perform all the duties connected therewith, from cleaning the decks to manning the guns in action. The marine detachment on board provides all sentries required for the ship, and, under their own officers, man several of the guns, particularly the quick-firers. Marine Artillerymen and Light Infantry are embarked on board in battleships in practically equal proportions, and they usually share all duties. Every ship on the Mediterranean station has her own football team, and championship matches are played every winter with the teams of the other ships of the Fleet whenever opportunity offers. The "Trafalgars," who we see here, have good reason to be proud of their champion team.

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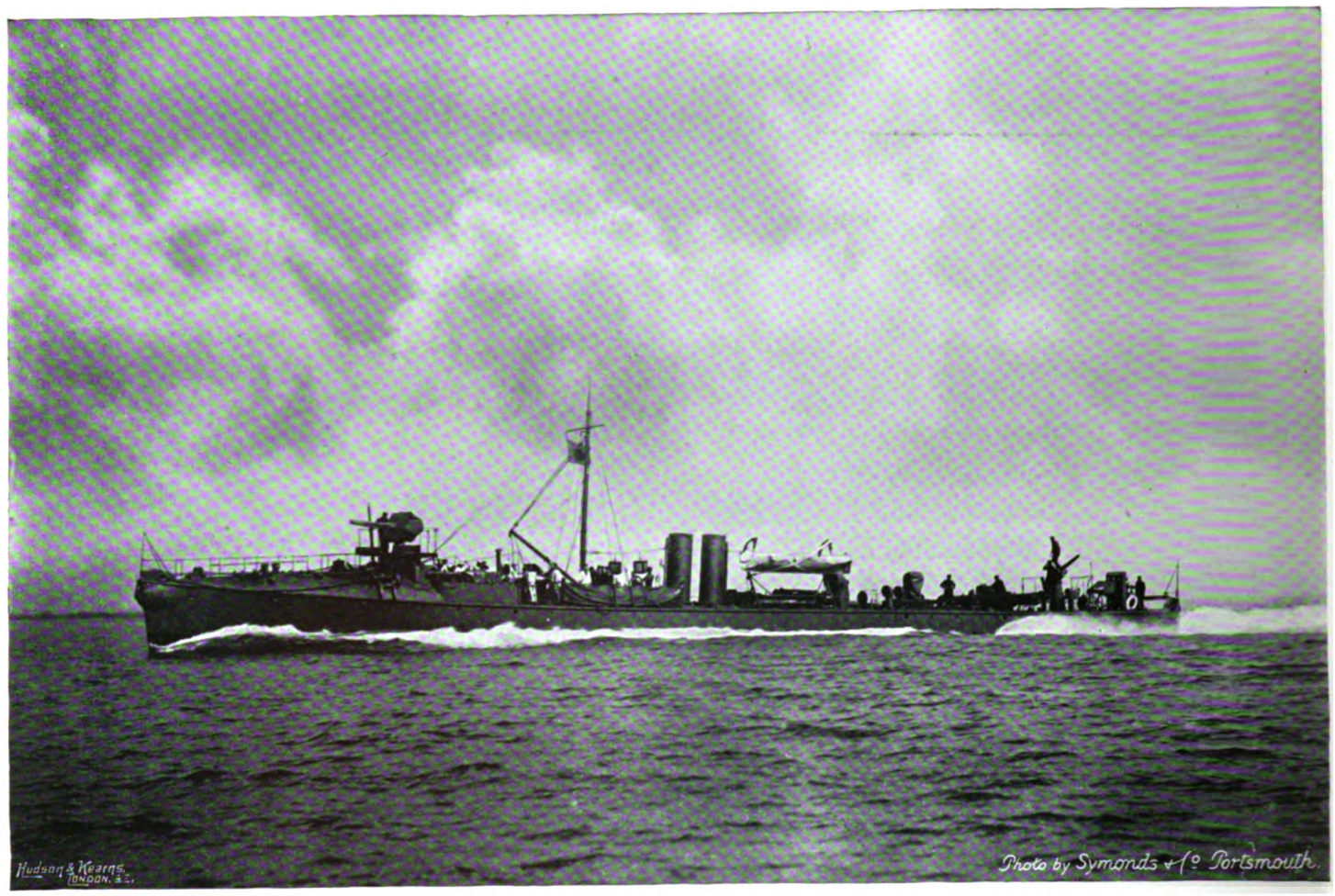

THE TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER "HAVOCK."

THE TORPEDO BOAT DESTROYER "HORNET."

THE "Havock" and the "Hornet" belong to the first batch of "destroyers," built two years ago to meet the great additions to their torpedo boat flotillas that foreign Naval Powers were making. The *raison d'être* of the class is, as its official designation implies, to "destroy" torpedo boats by running them down at sea by aid of superior weather-lines and speed, and overpowering them at close quarters with quick-firing guns. Their relative greater displacement, and greater speed (27 to 30 knots), and quick-firing armament of one 12-pounder on the forecastle, and three 6-pounders, will, it is expected, satisfactorily enable them to do this. Since the beginning of the present year "destroyers" have been allotted to the Channel, Mediterranean, and China Station fleets, while instructional flotillas of destroyers have been organized at home to train officers and men in handling the craft, managing their water tube boilers, and at the same time to provide an additional reserve force ready to hand.

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THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE "BONAVENTURE."

HERE we have Rear-Admiral DRUMMOND, Commander-in-Chief on the East Indies station, with Captain INGLEFIELD, Commander GROGAN, and the officers of the flagship, the 2nd class cruiser "Bonaventure." The "Bonaventure," one of the cruisers of the Naval Defence Act programme of 1889, was commissioned for flagship in the East Indies in July, 1894, to relieve the old "Bacchante" (now non-effective and for sale), and is a decidedly small vessel to carry a flag officer and his retinue in a tropical climate with a company numbering more than 330 officers and men. She was launched in 1892 by PRINCESS MARIE OF EDINBURGH (now the CROWN PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA) just before her marriage, and bears one of the most honoured names on the Navy List, dating back to the beginning of QUEEN ELIZABETH'S reign. Leaving aside the discomforts of being over-crowded, the "Bonaventure" is, for those serving in her, as "happy" a ship as she is a smart and successful specimen of war cruiser.

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THE "FLASH" CUTTER'S CREW OF THE "LION."

KITS LAID OUT FOR INSPECTION.

PREPARING THE SHIP'S DINNER.

WASHING CLOTHES.

THE BAND OF THE "LION."

Photos. W M. CROCKETT, Plymouth.

THE SCHOOLMASTERS OF THE "LION."

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARN .

ON BOARD THE BOYS' TRAINING SHIP "LION."

ON board the "Lion" everything is carried out and done exactly as on board a man-of-war in commission. Every detail of a seaman's duty afloat is carefully and thoroughly taught the boys, who learn and practice in their daily routine to do everything for themselves exactly as they will have to do it when they leave the ship and have been drafted to serve on board the battleships and cruisers of our seagoing Fleet in commission. We see some instances of what they learn here; to wash their own clothes, to keep them in smart and serviceable order and repair, and to lay them out for their officers' inspection in the service way at periodical times, exactly as it might be in the Channel or Mediterranean Fleets. They learn, too, among other things, to cut up and prepare a ship's dinner for themselves. As regards smartness and athletic "form," the "Flash" cutter's crew of the "Lion," at the ships' annual sports this year, beat the cutters' crews of the other two training ships of the Western establishment, the "Impregnable" and the "Ganges." Our other photographs show the special ship's band of the "Lion"—and a first-rate set of musicians they are, as Plymouth folk know well—under the Chief Bandmaster, Mr. H. E. LIDIARD; and the Schoolmasters, with Mr. J. C. TUCKER, the Head Schoolmaster, who teach the boys the "three R's" and, for those who volunteer to learn, subjects of a much more advanced nature.

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THE INSTRUCTORS OF THE "LION."

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

THE COMMANDER AND OFFICERS OF THE "LION."

THE two groups comprise the Officers and Warrant Officers, and the Instructors—Petty Officers—who are in charge of the education in discipline, seamanship, and gunnery of the future bluejackets, who are now under training as boys in the "Lion." Commander THOMAS YOUNG GREET, formerly Commander of the "Empress of India," when second flagship of the Channel Squadron, and of her successor, the "Magnificent," an officer of thirty years' service, holds the responsible office of the command and care of the sailor lads on board the "Lion." Both our groups are taken on the quarter-deck, just forward of the "break" of the poop. Two lieutenants, a chaplain, a staff surgeon and a staff paymaster, one surgeon, an assistant paymaster, with three gunners, four boatswains, one carpenter, and one head schoolmaster, comprise the commission and warrant officers of the "Lion.

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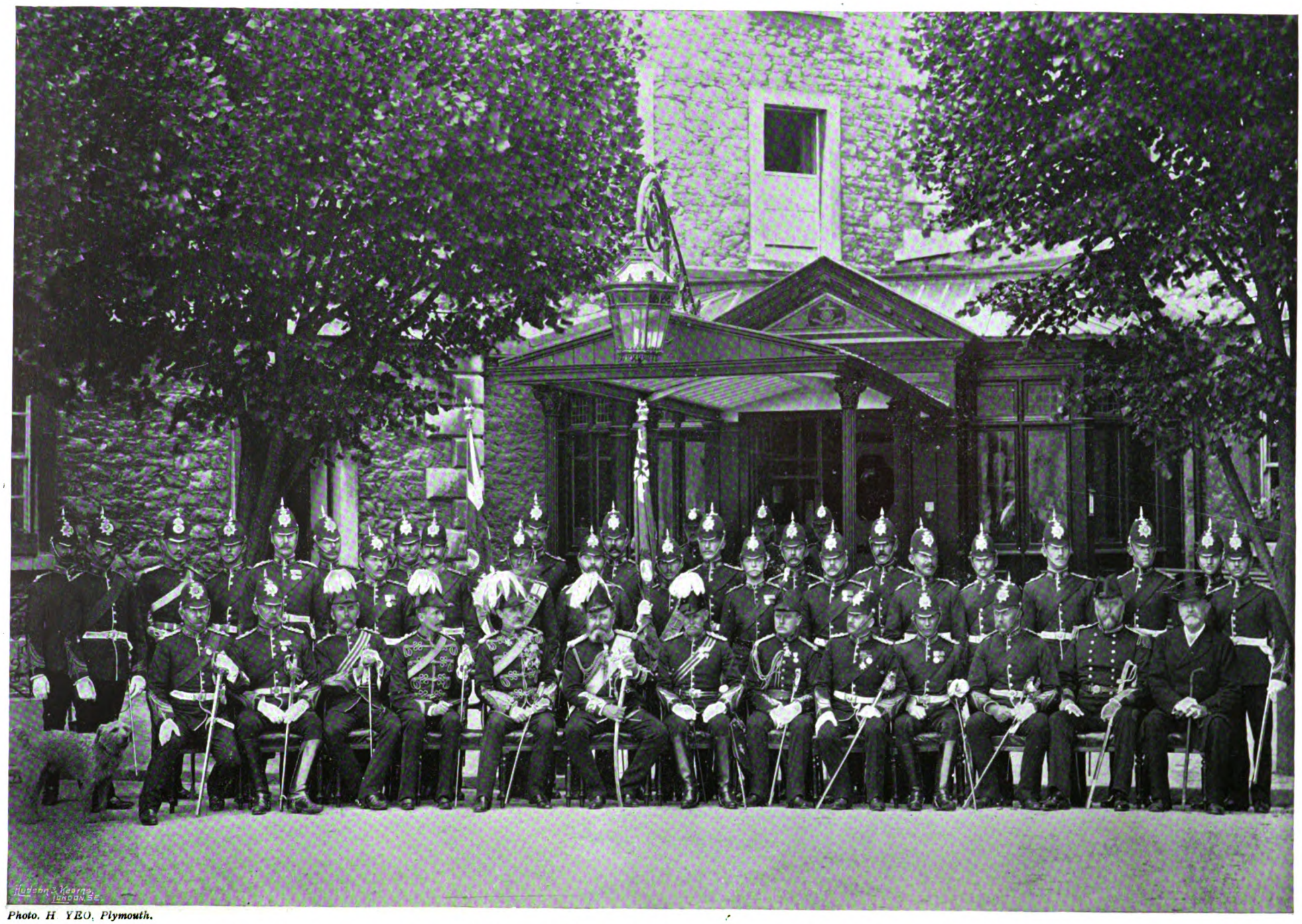

Photo. H. VEO, Plymouth.

The NEW COLOURS of the Marines: The DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG and the OFFICERS of the PLYMOUTH DIVISION.

THE Plymouth Division of the Royal Marine Light Infantry shares with the Chatham Division the distinction of having had new colours presented to it this year by the Honorary Colonel of the Marines, the DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA. The Portsmouth Division of Marines received their new stand of colours two years ago at the hands of Her Majesty the QUEEN. On the colours of the Royal Marines of all three divisions are borne—an Anchor first granted to the corps as a badge in 1775; a Lion and Crown added in 1797; a Laurel Wreath added in 1802 (when the Marines were made "Royal") in memory of the share taken by the Marines in the capture of Belleisle in 1761; and a "Great Globe" with the motto "Per Mare Per Terram" surmounted by the word "Gibraltar" (in honour of the taking of Gibraltar by Rooke's Marines), added in 1827. Our photograph, which shows the DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG and his staff, with Admiral Sir EDMUND FREMANTLE (the Commander-in-Chief at Devonport), Lieut.-Gen. Sir H. B. TUSON, K.C.B. (Deputy Adjutant-General of Marines), Col.-Commandant ROSE and other officers, was taken at the Royal Marine Barracks at Stonehouse.

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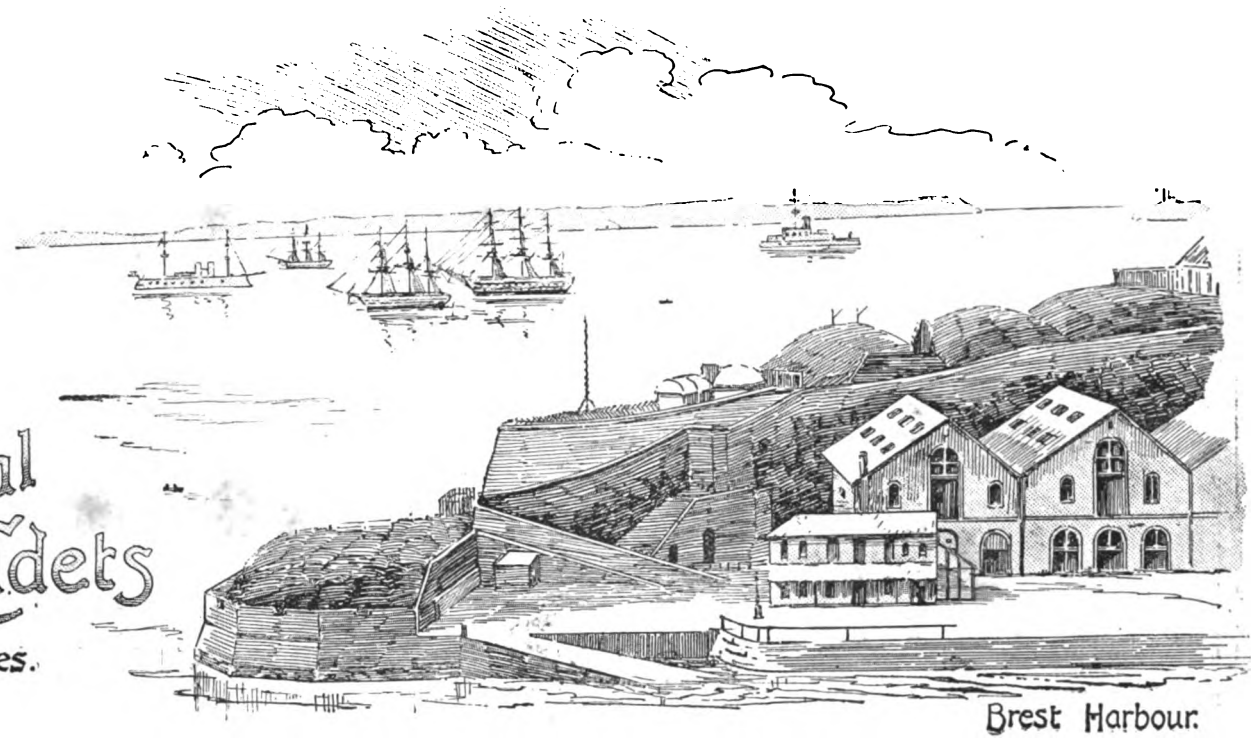
French Naval Cadets

by Davy Jones.



Brest Harbour.

THANKS to the excellent publications now appearing at regular intervals in this country, I presume there are no longer any persons, with a pretention to being somebody, who could ask the question that I was actually asked some fifteen years since by a highly-educated old gentleman, former prizeman of his University, and at the time an M.P. for a large Northern constituency. "I suppose," said my old friend, "that the French have no Naval Cadets, since all their officers are taken from the ranks." Where the worthy old gentleman had picked up this wonderful piece of information I cannot tell, but what I know is that I have come across a goodly number of other persons whose ideas on the subject did not very materially differ from those of the old M.P. As there may still be some among the general public who do not know how foreign Navies are officered, the present article will, it is hoped, enlighten them on the subject, as far, at least, as the French Navy is concerned. Although my acquaintance with the French training ship dates as far back as 1868, since which time I may be said to have hardly lost sight of her, I thought it would be as well to refresh my memory by paying her another visit. Having intimated my intention of doing so to the Captain in command, I was promptly informed that my visit would be welcome, and that whenever I chose to come to Brest my wishes would be fully gratified. Accordingly I started for Brest, which I reached after a rather long, but interesting journey, choosing the more picturesque, though longer route *viâ* St. Malo, Rennes, Redon, Quimper, and Châteaulin, and travelling from the latter place to Brest by the steamboat plying at irregular intervals—because of the tides—between Châteaulin and Brest.

A more beautiful trip cannot well be imagined, and I strongly recommend it to tourists who are not pressed for time. It was then by such a route that I once more reached Brest, and that I was able to admire again its magnificent and capacious roadstead, large enough indeed to accommodate all the fleets of the world, and so beautifully landlocked that the defences of the place may be said to have been mostly provided by nature. A slight idea of the size of the *rade* may be formed from the illustration at the head of this article.

I arrived at Brest rather late in the afternoon, and had only time to arrange to pay my visit the next day. According to appointment, I repaired the next morning to one of the dockyard pontoons from which the large steam pinnace of the training ship "Borda" starts at stated times. I found on board several cadets who were returning from the butts ashore, where they had been instructed in the use of the musket. We soon reached the "Borda," which, by the way, rides by a single anchor, and after the usual routine, I was shown to the Captain's cabin by one of the signalmen. At the door of this cabin was a sailor armed with a halberd. This was the Captain's sentry, French Captains and Admirals being the only officers so guarded in the French Service.

Before we enter into details the reader had better look again at the illustration. In the distance, on the right, he will perceive the rather narrow entrance to the roadstead of Brest, and a part of the coast of Brittany extending a long way to the left. The French training ship "Borda" is the old three-decker occupying the central part of the picture, whilst on the left are the two other vessels belonging to the training establishment. The larger of the two is the sea-going vessel "Bougainville," the other, used mostly in the roadstead, is the old brig "Janus," now barque rigged. On the extreme left of the picture is a sketch of the cruiser "Jean Bart," whilst on the right is the "Fulminant," neither of which vessels belong to the training establishment. The foreground of the picture represents a corner of the entrance to the dockyard.

After a very pleasant conversation with the captain, and a no less pleasant luncheon, at which I made the acquaintance of the commander of the "Borda," of the fleet-surgeon and of "Monsieur l'Abbé," I was taken over the vessel by the commander. I noticed that the cadets wear, on board, a sort of grey blouse and trousers of the same colour and material. Upon inquiry I found that this eminently serviceable, though by no means artistic costume, is made of very substantial duck. It appears the cadets call it the "cardboard uniform," an appellation which at once conveys to the mind the fact that it is not remarkable for pliability.

I was particularly struck, during my inspection of the vessel, with the extreme neatness and more than ordinary cleanliness of everything on board. I will now ask the reader to follow me through the various parts of the "Borda," beginning with the orlop deck, and gradually ascending to the upper deck. The "Borda" having been once a steamer, the place left empty by the removal of her engines has been utilized in a manner as ingenious as useful. It has been transformed into a large gymnasium and fencing room, and as the place, being under the water line, cannot be lighted by ordinary port-holes, immense hatchways have been cut through the various decks so that, after all, the light supplied is quite sufficient for the purpose. On the orlop deck are the cadets' dressing places, and also a cabin known as the "prison," specially provided for the use of cadets guilty of misconduct or gross idleness, both of which misdemeanours are, it appears, extremely rare. On the same deck there are also the crew's quarters, the electric dynamos, and a very interesting, though necessarily small, museum containing models of guns, ships and machinery.

The lower deck through which admittance to the ship is gained only contains a few officers' cabins, several bath rooms, the galley, and sick bay for bluejackets.

On the middle deck I first visited the cadets' sick bay. It is very nicely situated, beautifully lighted, very airy, and occupies the greater part of the stern on that deck. It was empty, and as the commander remarked, it is usually empty, thanks to the comparative newness of the vessel now used, and which has only been utilized as a training ship since 1890. Going towards the bow of the vessel we come across the studies used by the second year cadets, and a battery of guns utilized at night as a sleeping place, the hammocks being slung over the guns. This is also used as a mess-room by the simple process of rigging tables on trestles at meal times. On the main decks we find the studies used by the new cadets, several cabins for officers, and a handsome ward-room. Thence we pass on to the upper deck, which is very spacious, and unencumbered with superstructures of any sort. This deck is really beautiful, and affords ample space for walking. I soon noticed a fine search-light and Lord Kelvin's compass—adopted in the French Navy many years ago. The "Borda" has three masts, but they are of smaller dimensions than in days of yore, as her sails are now only used for sail drill by the cadets.

At the time of my visit to the upper deck several cadets were smoking cigarettes, others, pipes! "Happy cadets! why cannot we have the same privilege," the "Britannia" youngsters will no doubt think, and say. True, but we must not forget that a French Cadet is usually seventeen or eighteen years old when he joins the "Borda" for the first

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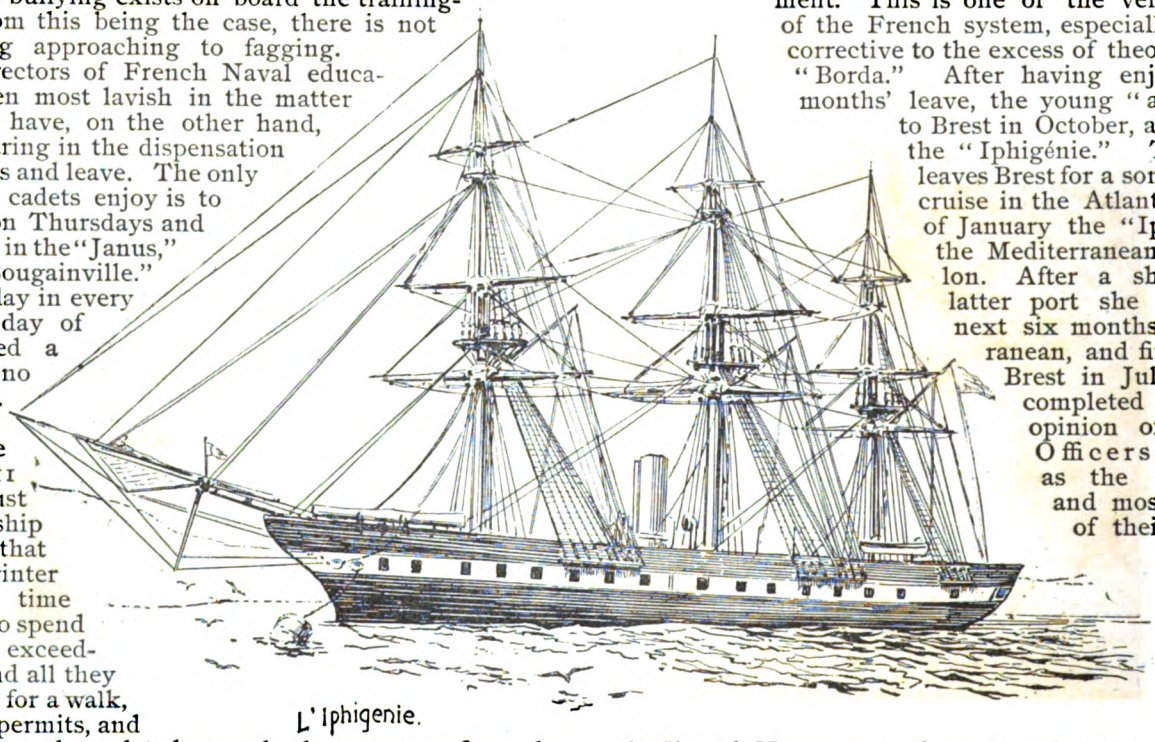
time. The French Cadet of fourteen is a myth, and will continue to be so, so long as the successful competitors are the first seventy or seventy-five candidates out of five or six hundred, and sometimes more competitors. The various "Ministres de la Marine," in France, seem, indeed, to have some sense of humour, for they surely do not expect boys of fourteen to pass the formidable competitive examination, which alone can give access to the "Borda," and which, besides the ordinary subjects, includes the integral and differential calculus, physics, chemistry, and astronomy.

Now if the youths of the "Borda" have, over the youngsters of the "Britannia," the advantage of enjoying their pipe or cigarette, it must be admitted that it is not much else they get in the way of amusement. It cannot be denied that the prospect, seen from the upper deck of the "Borda," is a fine one, at the same time it is apt to become somewhat monotonous after a month or two, and especially so as Brest is not renowned for the lusciousness of its climate, which is decidedly of the tearful sort. As a cadet remarked to me, it only rains about twenty days in a month at Brest during the fine season, and during the bad season it either rains alone or rains and blows together.

The day's work of French cadets is a long, a very long one, and very far from the ideal eight hours work of the British workman. French cadets work almost uninterruptedly from about six in the morning until eight at night, and when they are not being taught something either in the way of mathematics or science, they are employed in learning seamanship, or gunnery, or musketry. The instructors, with very few exceptions, are young Naval officers specially appointed to teach the cadets. In the studies the seats are arranged amphitheatre-like, that is, rising gradually so as to permit the instructor to see his class at a glance. The black-board, of very large dimensions, faces the class. This simple implement is, indeed, the main feature of French teaching, and an excellent one too. Besides these studies they have smaller ones in which their desks are arranged in rows of three. I took particular notice of a crown of laurel and oak leaves, painted over each middle desk, and enclosing the name of a celebrated French sailor. The idea is certainly a good one, and one worthy of imitation.

The course of studies extends over two years. The new cadets called "fistots" join the ship on the 1st of October. Each "fistot" becomes at once, as it were, the ward of an "ancien" or senior cadet, to whom he owes respect and submission. This must not be understood as meaning that any thing like bullying exists on board the training-ship. Far from this being the case, there is not even anything approaching to fagging.

If the directors of French Naval education have been most lavish in the matter of work they have, on the other hand, been most sparing in the dispensation of amusements and leave. The only relaxation the cadets enjoy is to go for a sail on Thursdays and Sundays, some in the "Janus," some in the "Bougainville." The first Sunday in every month is a day of leave, provided a cadet has had no punishment. On those occasions the cadets land at 11 a.m., and must return to the ship at sunset, so that during the winter months the time they are able to spend in the town is exceedingly short, and all they can do is to go for a walk, if the weather permits, and if it does not then the cadets have only the resource of spending their few hours of liberty in one of the cafés. They must not be too lavish in their expenditure as they are allowed only two francs a week, and no more. The known possession of extra cash might entail a severe punishment. At other times the only amusements to be procured on board are smoking and dancing. The latter is very much practised, and takes place in the "News" quarters, the State generously providing a piano.



L'Iphigenie.

Except the first Sunday in each month, already spoken of, there is no leave between October 1st and February or March, and then for ten days only. After this short break the cadets return on board; the first year cadets, to work until July 20th, when they start in the "Bougainville" for ten days, employed in exploring the principal bays of the Brittany coast. They then return to Brest to take the captain on board, and go for a cruise which terminates on August 31st. During that cruise they visit whatever places the captain may select, and often come to some English port. A few weeks ago, for instance, the "Bougainville" visited Dartmouth, Portland, and other places. After their return to Brest the cadets are on leave for the whole of September.

During the second year the same kind of routine is followed except that the passing out cadets take their final leave of the "Borda" on the 31st of July. On that long-wished-for day, when they are made "aspirants de deuxième classe" their first visit, on landing, is to repair to the outfitter who adorns their sleeves with the gold stripe mixed with blue silk which has been so often dreamt of by those naval tyros.

Such is the life of French cadets during their two years' of probation on the "Borda." Are they happy? Such is the question that may not unnaturally be asked, and which I will now answer. Place an English boy in the same position as a French cadet, and I have no hesitation in saying that he would be utterly miserable. Accustomed as the English boy is to short hours of work, to a large amount of liberty, to very long holidays, the life on the "Borda" would be hardly to his taste. However, it is otherwise with French cadets who, from their early youth, have been accustomed to very long hours of work, and to a minimum amount of playtime. I am positive French cadets are happy, and that they are convinced that it is impossible to make an efficient officer in any other way than the one they know of.

And now that we have followed the young "Bordache" (Borda cadet) during his two years' of preliminary training, we must not leave him yet, for he has another period of twelve months to serve on board the "Iphigénie," an auxiliary corvette of some 3,000 tons displacement. This is one of the very best features of the French system, especially as it acts as a corrective to the excess of theory on board the "Borda." After having enjoyed their two months' leave, the young "aspirants" return to Brest in October, and go on board the "Iphigénie." The vessel soon leaves Brest for a somewhat extended cruise in the Atlantic. At the end of January the "Iphigénie" enters the Mediterranean, and visits Toulon. After a short stay at the latter port she cruises for the next six months in the Mediterranean, and finally returns to Brest in July, after having completed what, in the opinion of French Naval Officers, is regarded as the most enjoyable and most useful portion of their naval education. It need hardly be said that the officers selected to perform duties in the "Iphigénie" are among the best the French Navy can produce, and that the "Ministre de la Marine" has so many good ones to choose from that his difficulty is of the nature of an "embarras de richesses."

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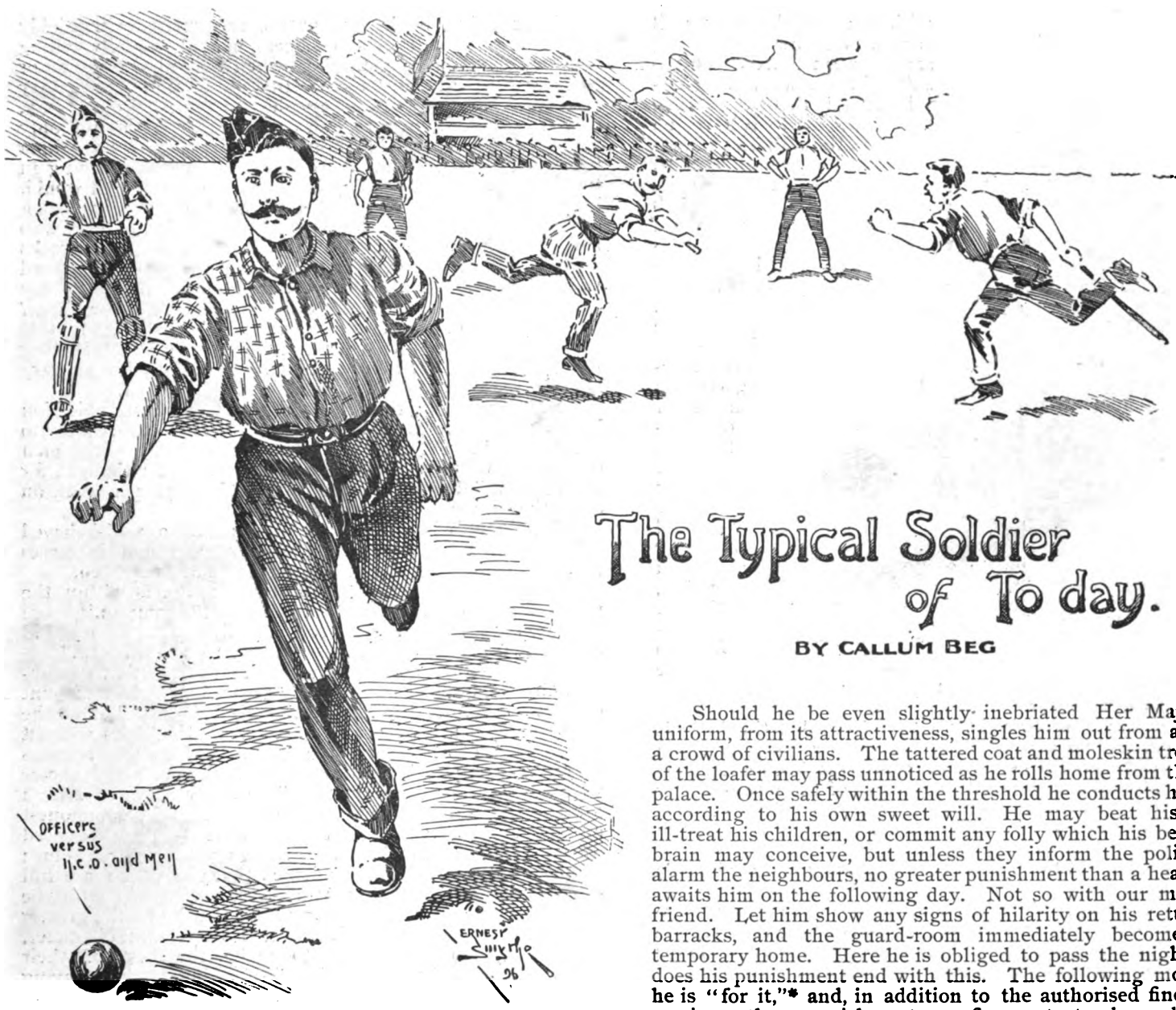

The Typical Soldier of To day.

BY CALLUM BEG

INNUMERABLE changes have of late years taken place in the Army, most of which have proved of benefit to the private soldier. "Tommy Atkins" of to-day is better clothed, fed, and in every respect better treated than was his predecessor of twenty or thirty years ago, and it is these very changes which have had the effect of inducing a better class of men to join the profession of arms and at the same time of improving the status of the rank and file.

Those who are out of touch with the Army and all things military are denied the opportunity of observing to what a great extent such seemingly trivial matters permeate the life and manners of soldiers as a class, and are, perhaps, too ready to believe that while in every particular the world continues to progress, Tommy—the one exception proving the rule—remains untouched by the waves of education and philanthropy surging round him on every side.

That we should look on the military with an unfavourable eye is hardly to be expected in a nation such as ours, owing as it does its present opulence and power in every part of the world to an Army at all times second to none.

The cynic may sneer, the moralist may shake the head; but neither can deny that our mighty Empire, upon which the sun never sets, is indebted for much of its mammoth growth to successive centuries of British pluck. Still, by thousands of those whose ancestors have contributed to the building up of this colossal structure over which the Union Jack continues to wave supreme, our soldiers are regarded as a body of dissolute libertines or, at best, as idle and superfluous members of society.

In the days of the Iron Duke it may have been so, nor was dissipation at that date peculiar to military men. Drunkenness and gambling were the vices of the time, common alike to all, but times have changed. We have become more civilized, more refined.

The "three-bottle" man is a being of the past. He has died a natural death with the stage coach, the pack-horse, and the full-bottomed wig. No longer do our squires spend the night in drunken slumber under the tables at which they quaffed their wine. All these things have changed, and yet many of us are content to believe that the Army remains as it was a hundred years ago.

Comparatively speaking, there is now little drunkenness among soldiers, but the prevalent idea that Tommy is prone to exceed in this respect may be easily explained.

Should he be even slightly inebriated Her Majesty's uniform, from its attractiveness, singles him out from among a crowd of civilians. The tattered coat and moleskin trousers of the loafer may pass unnoticed as he rolls home from the gin palace. Once safely within the threshold he conducts himself according to his own sweet will. He may beat his wife, ill-treat his children, or commit any folly which his besotted brain may conceive, but unless they inform the police, or alarm the neighbours, no greater punishment than a headache awaits him on the following day. Not so with our military friend. Let him show any signs of hilarity on his return to barracks, and the guard-room immediately becomes his temporary home. Here he is obliged to pass the night, nor does his punishment end with this. The following morning he is "for it,"* and, in addition to the authorised fine, may receive other punishment—confinement to barracks, or imprisonment,—according to the gravity of the case.

The certainty with which the crime of drunkenness will most surely be visited, causes the soldier to be careful in the extreme. If sufficiently capable to reach his cot in safety he usually retires thereto in preference to reposing in charge of the regimental guard.

It is surely equally erroneous to attribute bad manners to soldiers as a class. With the exception of those who "go down to the sea in ships" there is no section of the community more polite and courteous, especially towards the weaker sex. If not naturally so, their training is such that from being of necessity respectful to their military superiors, whether officers or non-commissioned officers, they consequently learn to address all with whom they come in contact in a civil and becoming manner.

This is not the opinion of some who cater for the amusement of the populace in garrison towns, but while these gentlemen continue to treat our soldiers as reptiles it is no matter for surprise that Tommy (in such cases a customer not a *servant*), resents it—at times in a more forceable way than prudence would seem to dictate. The wholesale boycotting of soldiers by those individuals (whose *modus operandi* is so well described in the well-known lines by Rudyard Kipling), is but a short-sighted and illogical policy, but Tommy is not without his champions in all sections of the community, and we trust that the way in which this subject has lately been ventilated in the public press, may be productive of a radical change.

Should one man who has the honour of wearing the Queen's uniform so far forget himself as to disgrace it, there appears nothing in this lamentable incident to establish a bias in favour of another conducting himself in an equally discreditable manner. It is impossible to conceive anything more unjust that the judging of a class by the behaviour of one or two of the members composing it, and in the case of the Army it is especially so, for no profession or trade includes in its ranks individuals drawn from so many different spheres of life.

Some would have us believe that Tommy is ignorant and unfit to associate with those who have adopted other professions. On the contrary, the average soldier can put his civilian brother to shame by evincing a more intimate knowledge of standard literature and history, both political and

*For the Orderly Room.

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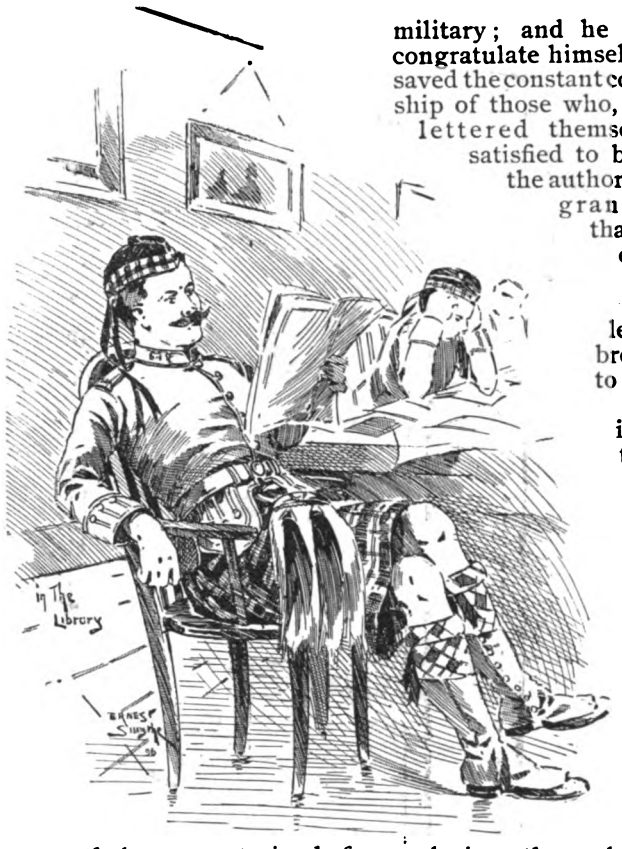

military; and he may well congratulate himself on being saved the constant companionship of those who, being unlettered themselves, are satisfied to believe, on the authority of their grandparents, that our noble defenders are men of an intellectual calibre inferior to their own. There are in addition to the foregoing a number of arguments against Army Service advanced by young men who, though qualified to enlist, are nevertheless constrained from placing themselves in the hands of the recruiter.

They have been brought up to believe that the Army is badly fed, and no amount of reasoning can convince them that their ideas on this subject are erroneous, but we feel confident that only a very small percentage of those who follow the drum has previous to joining the ranks, regularly enjoyed such substantial and wholesome fare as is daily set before the soldier.

Nor is it right to suppose that the Army, as a whole, is overworked.

If we except Aldershot, and one or two other large Military camps, there are but few stations where not only the evening but the greater part of the afternoon is available for such amusement as Tommy may care to select.

Numbers of men shun Army Service on the plea that the soldier is treated by his superiors as little better than a dog, and too many are ready to believe it. The severe discipline which formerly existed has, however, given way to a code more in keeping with modern ideas of humanity, and corporal punishment has been entirely abolished. Formerly, for the most trivial offence, a soldier was confined in the guardroom until disposed of by his commanding officer, but that institution is now exclusively reserved for the drunken and insubordinate.

The punishment awarded by commanding officers is, almost without exception, proportionate to the crime, and seldom exceeds ten days' confinement to barracks. In more serious cases a term of "168 hours' imprisonment" is given, and an offender is only remanded for trial by court-martial when the commanding officer is of opinion that the amount of punishment which he is authorised to award is inadequate to meet the wants of the case, or when its nature renders trial indispensable. At home there are three species of courts-martial, viz., regimental, district, and general.

The second is now the most common. It is empowered to award a sentence of two years' imprisonment and "discharge with ignominy." Soldiers are only tried by general court-martial when the crime of which they are accused is exceptionally grave. This Court may pass a sentence of death or penal servitude, but the former is practically unknown except on active service.

As regards the treatment of soldiers by company officers and non-commissioned officers, there is little to which the most fastidious could take exception. The officers of the British Army are, doubtless, kinder and more considerate to those under them than their brethren on the Continent, and take an interest in the welfare and amusements of their men which is totally unknown in France or Germany.

It is no uncommon thing to find officers and men playing football and cricket together, or co-operating with each other in providing entertainments, such as concerts and private theatricals.

Dances given by the sergeants of a regiment are invariably attended by the colonel and officers, who are equally willing to be present at such gatherings when given by corporals or privates serving under them. In fact a most satisfactory feeling of *bon cameraderie* pervades all ranks of our Army, and it is, indeed, rare to find an officer who is not only respected, but regarded as a brother-in-arms by those whom it is his duty to command. Were the discipline obtaining in the Army at the present day infinitely more severe, it would, by no means, affect a man of exemplary conduct, inasmuch as the rigour of military law is exclusively felt by those who transgress its precepts. Leave to remain out of barracks until midnight is unsparingly granted to all well-behaved men who apply for a pass to their company officer the day before it is required. Under certain conditions a *permanent* pass may be obtained, which entitles the holder to this privilege every night, when not on duty, without making fresh application. In fine, Tommy is treated by his military superiors in a way which leaves little to be desired.

Scanty remuneration is set forth as an additional objection by many eligible men, but we would leave our readers to decide whether there are, in other walks of life, young men of eighteen or twenty years who can, without "thought for the morrow," dispose of four or five shillings per week on other than the necessaries of life.

After all deductions have been made, a well-behaved soldier can rely on receiving this sum, which increases regularly as he grows older in the Service of the Queen.

It is frequently asserted that promotion is within the reach of none but the educated classes of the community, and that the recruit who has missed the advantages of a sound intellectual training must consequently "go to the wall."

Undoubtedly, no one is raised to the position of non-commissioned officer until he has evinced sufficient amount of knowledge to entitle him to this envied rank, but, as the Army schools at every station are open to soldiers without the payment of a fee, there is no excuse for one who remains in an inferior position owing to an imperfect acquaintance with the three elementary "R's," so easily acquired after a few months of diligent application. Perhaps the commonest argument advanced against enlistment is the supposed difficulty to be met with when seeking employment on return to civilian life. It cannot be denied that our streets are full of unemployed men of the Army Reserve, but if enquiry be made it will in all probability transpire that by far the greater part of these is composed of individuals of doubtful character, or of men who have failed to make the best of their opportunities, and it is not, therefore, owing to their having "served" that throws them for support on the charity of their fellowmen.

In these days when so many lucrative situations under Government are open to ex-soldiers, it should be easy for any well-conducted man to obtain employment after discharge, but accidents are bound to happen even to the most deserving. If it be our misfortune, to encounter at any time a "Son of the Empire" starving and cold through no fault of his own, we will the more easily solve the problem by attributing his lamentable condition to the irony of Fate rather than by laying the responsibility upon the noble profession to which he had formerly belonged.

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Photo RUSSELL & SONS, Baker Street.

COLONEL SIR JOHN CHARLES ARDAGH, R.E., K.C.I.E., C.B.

SIR JOHN ARDAGH, as the distinguished Commandant of the School of Military Engineering at Chatham, holds one of the most honourable and best prizes that the land service can offer to a sapper. As major, he went through the campaign of 1882, including the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and won Mention in Despatches and the Brevet of Lieut.-Colonel together with the Egyptian Medal (with Clasp), the 4th class of the Osmanieh and the Khedive's Star. In Sir GERALD GRAHAM'S Soudan campaign he served as Commanding Engineer and D.A.Q.M.G. in the Intelligence Department, being present at El-Teb and Tamai, and winning Mention in Despatches twice, the C.B., and two additional clasps to his Egyptian Medal. In the Khartoum Relief Expedition he commanded the Base at Cairo (Mention in Despatches for the fourth time and the Brevet of Colonel). In December 1885, Sir JOHN ARDAGH was again in action, at Giniss on the Upper Nile, and for the sixth time won Mention in Despatches. Since then Sir JOHN has served as Military Secretary to the Commander-in-Chief in India (whence his K.C.I.E.), and he is now also A.D.C. to Lord Wolseley.

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THE SCOTS GREYS IN FIELD SERVICE ORDER.

Photo F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

STAFF-SERGEANTS AND SERGEANTS OF THE SCOTS GREYS.

IN the top picture we see what "the Greys" would look like to any enemy that they had before them. If less imposing and showy in appearance without the universally familiar bearskins than when they "witched the world with noble horsemanship" at the Royal Military Tournament, the gain in business-like smartness and fitness for the rough and ready work of modern war, with its terrible long-range arms of precision, magazine rifles and so forth, is most marked. The lances that they nowadays carry are also borne in our other Dragoon regiments for all front rank men, the rear ranks of squadrons remaining as before armed with the sabre alone—a point of distinction from the usage in the regular Lancer regiments of the Army, who are all armed throughout with lances. In the lower picture we see Captain A. D. MILLER, the adjutant, the riding-master, Lieutenant G. PARKER (shown wearing the cavalry undress frock coat and seated in the centre), with the regimental sergeant-major, and the non-commissioned officers of the regiment, as photographed at Aldershot, where the Greys are now quartered.

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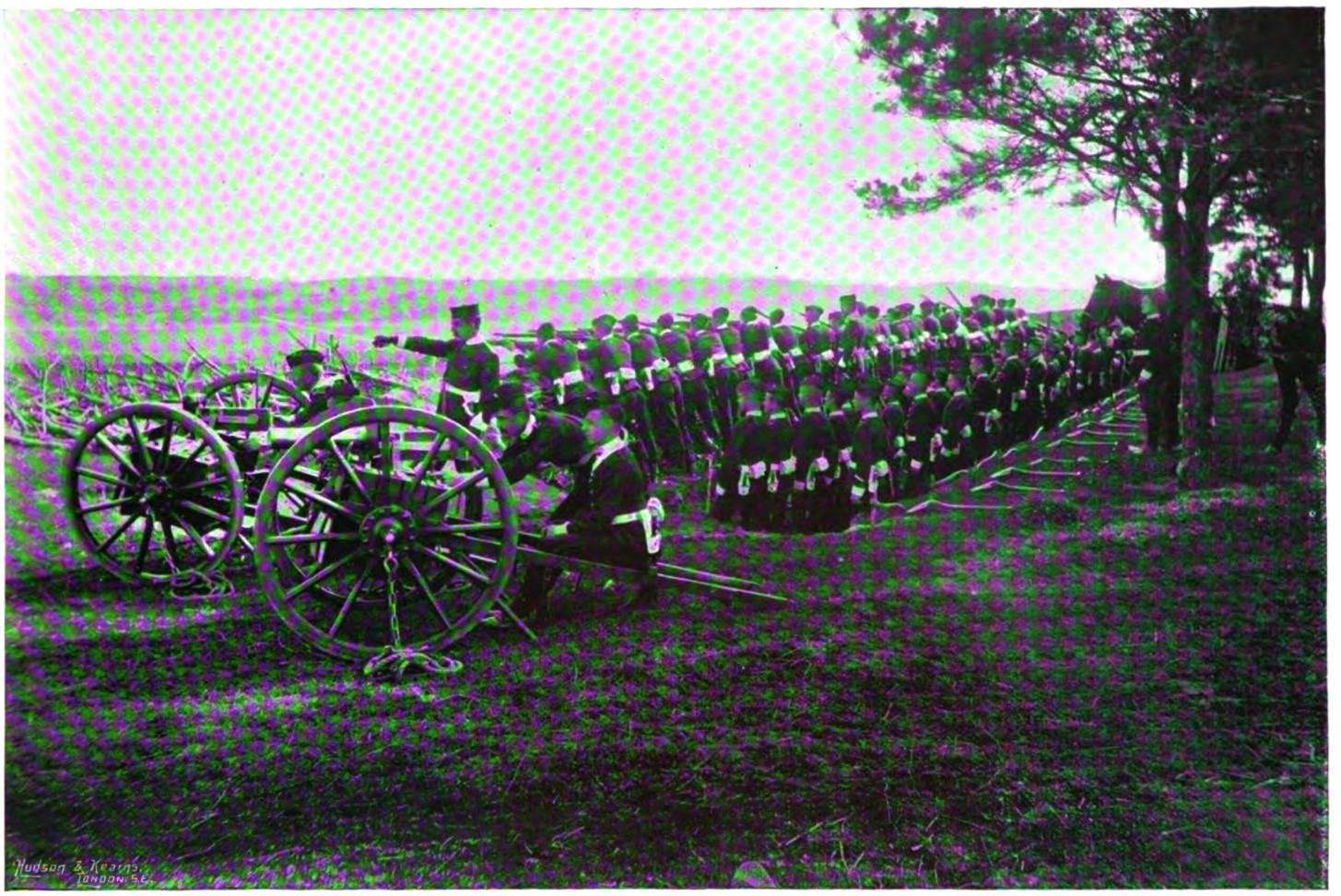

AT THE CURRAGH CAMP:—MANNING A FIELD WORK.

Photos. J. THOMSON, Brompton Road.

AT THE CURRAGH CAMP:—MARCHING OUT FOR FIELD WORK.

HERE we have two exercises in the British soldier's training for war, in the regimental Field Course that infantry battalions belonging to the Army at home have to go through each year. The men shown in each case belong to 1st Battalion The Princess of Wales's Own (Yorkshire Regiment) the old "Green Howards" (from the original colour of their facings and the name of their colonel, and to distinguish them from the Buffs, then known as "Howard's"), the 19th North Riding Regiment of Foot, of the days before 1881, at present stationed at the Curragh camp of exercise in Ireland, where our photographs were taken. In the upper view a detachment with the two machine guns allotted to the battalion under the Home Army mobilization scheme is shown manning a field work, protected with an abattis of tree branches, as part of a defensive position. In the lower view the same detachment is shown on the line of march, the ammunition mule for the machine guns bringing up the rear of the gun squad, the men of which are here seen taking charge of the drag ropes.

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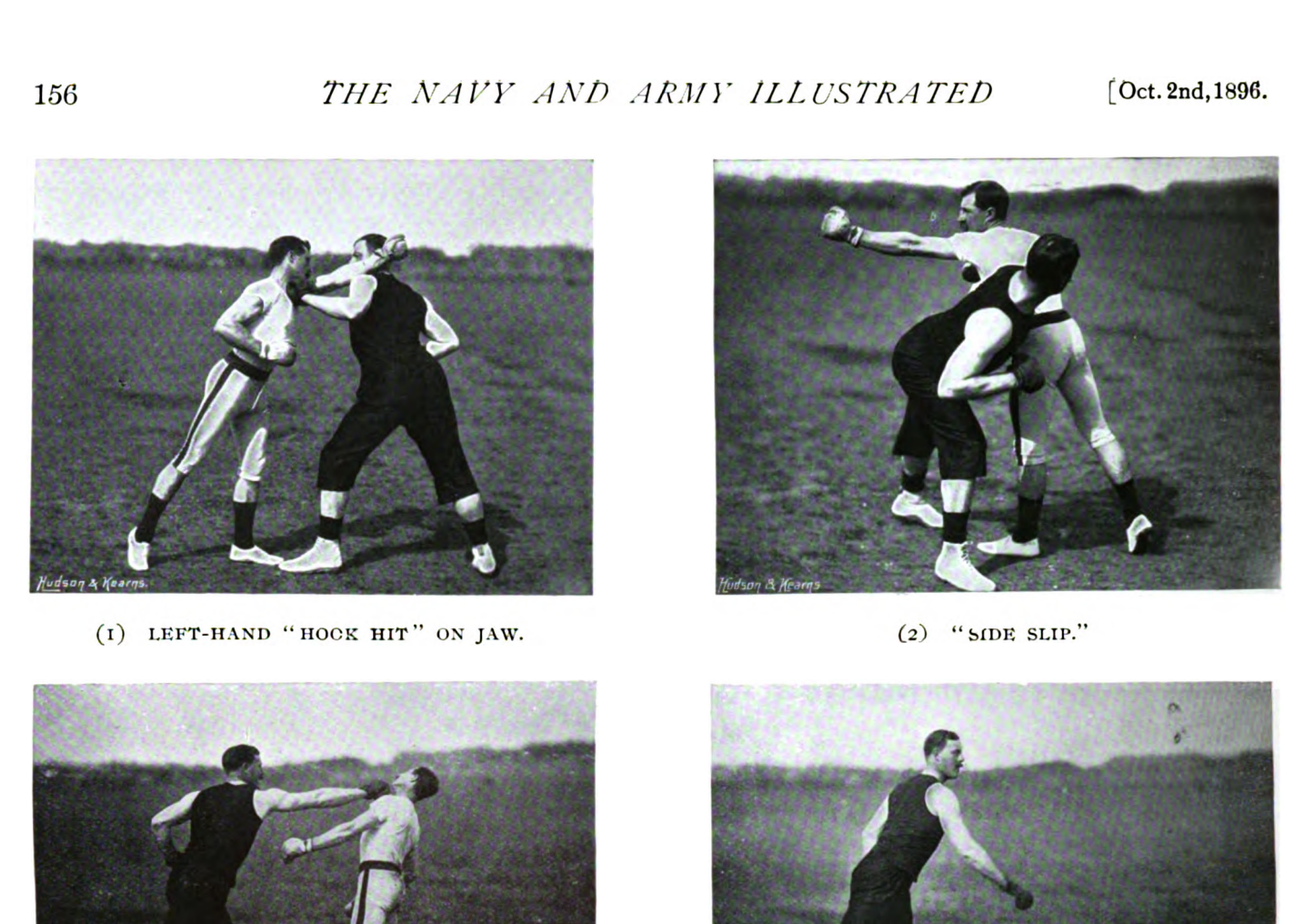
(1) LEFT-HAND "HOCK HIT" ON JAW.

(2) "SIDE SLIP."

(3) "RIGHT-HAND CROSS COUNTER."

(4) "KNOCKED OUT."



(5) RIGHT-HAND "TIME" UNDER CHIN.

The Art of Boxing:—A SET-TO AT ALDERSHOT MILITARY GYMNASIUM.

THESE are series of photographs taken at a Boxing Display at Aldershot Gymnasium, in which Captain EDGEWORTH-JOHNSTONE (whose portrait appears in the present number) took a prominent part. TOM BURROWS, who is also shown here, has for a long time past been a civilian Athletic and Boxing Instructor at Aldershot Military Gymnasium. He is an Australian by birth, a genial and popular fellow, and Aldershot greatly regrets his recent departure to Cairo, whither he has gone to take up the post of Instructor to the Soldiers' Club. The hits shown in our photographs are these:—(1) left-hand "Hook Hit" on jaw (delivered on an adversary making a left-hand lead off at the head); (2) "Side Slip" (to avoid an adversary's rush and left-hand lead); (3) "right-hand Cross Counter" on the angle of the jaw, a "Knock-Out blow," delivered on an adversary's left-hand lead; (4) "Knocked Out," a self-explanatory hit; (5) the large picture—right hand "Time" under chin, also delivered on an adversary's left-hand lead.

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An all-round Champion:—Captain W. EDGEWORTH-JOHNSTONE, of the Royal Irish.

ONE of the most popular officers in the Queen's Service is Captain WALTER EDGEWORTH-JOHNSTONE, of the Royal Irish, who for the past twelve months has so capably filled the post of Assistant-Inspector of Gymnasia at Aldershot. He is one of the foremost all-round athletes in the Army. As a boxer, Captain JOHNSTONE is the Amateur Heavy Weight Champion of England, and a holder of the Army Championship and the Irish Championship won in Dublin. As a Sandhurst Cadet, ten years ago, Captain JOHNSTONE captained the R.M.C. Rugby Team, and since then as a Cricketer he has played among the Gentlemen of Ireland, his native country. Captain JOHNSTONE as a subaltern in his former corps the West India Regiment, has served in three campaigns on the West Coast of Africa. He is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, is 33 years of age, stands 6-ft. 1-in. in his socks, and scales 13-st. 7-lbs. Before his present appointment he was Superintendent of Gymnasia in the Southern District. Captain JOHNSTONE won the "Sabre v. Sabre" Competition and Challenge Cup at this year's Military Tournament, and also at the recent Army Athletic Meeting at Aldershot.

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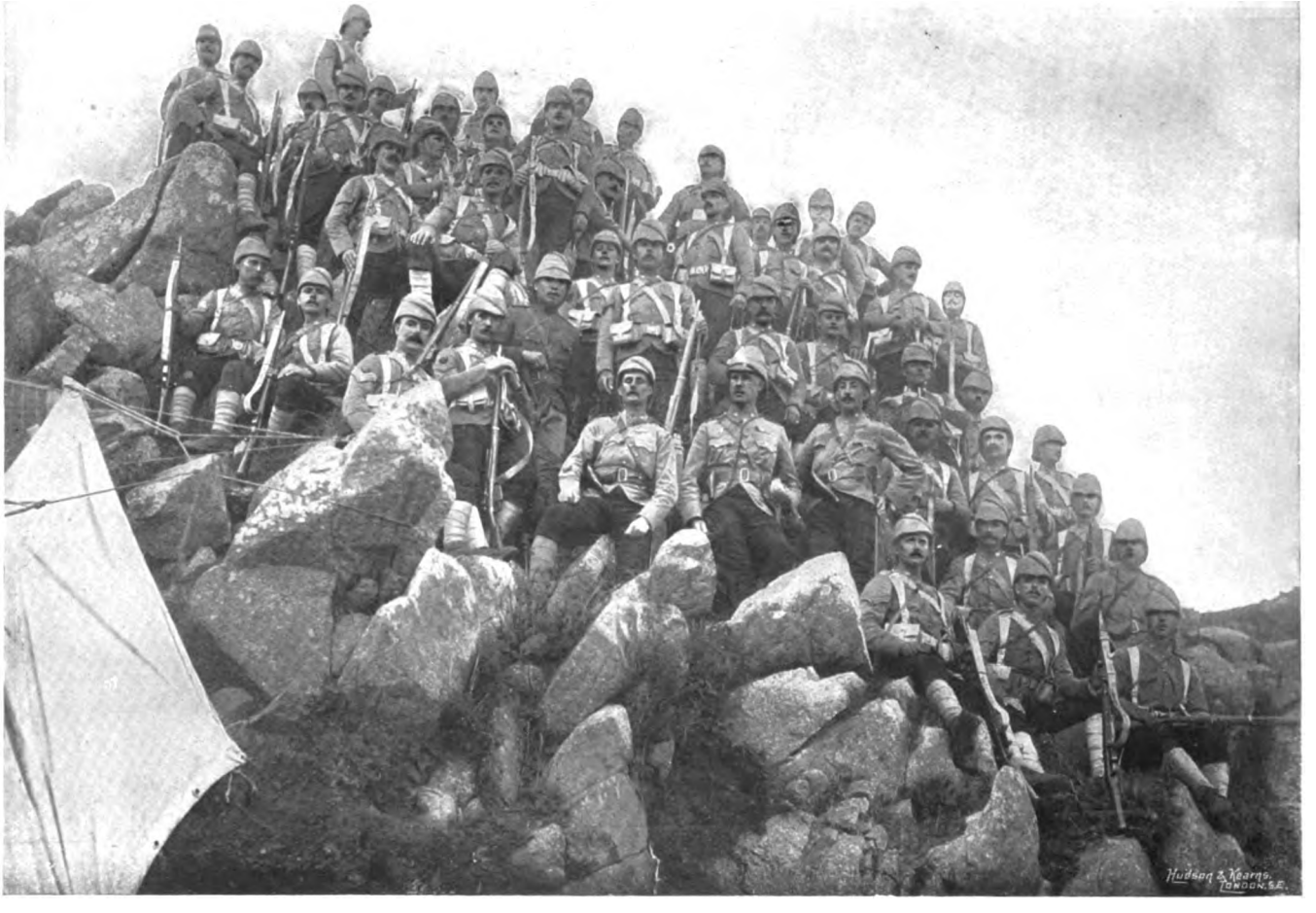
Lieut.-Colonel DIXON, C.B., and OFFICERS 2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers.



The STAFF-SERGEANTS and SERGEANTS 2nd King's Own Scottish Borderers.

BOTH these photographs were taken at Janbatai Kotal, Chitral, during the expedition last year, by the military photographer attached to the Chitral Relief Force. In the top one we see the officers of the famous old "K.O.B.'s" the special regiment of the City of Edinburgh, the castle of which city it bears for its Badge with "*Nisi Dominus Frustra*," the motto of the Scottish capital, for one of the regimental mottoes. The additional regimental motto, "*In Veritate Religionis Confido*," was conferred on the regiment by George the Third just ninety-one years ago, when the King also specially conferred on the regiment the title of The King's Own Borderers. It was originally known as "The Edinburgh Regiment" (Leven's), and has "the exclusive privilege of beating up for recruits in the streets of Edinburgh at any time without asking leave of the Lord Provost." In our lower photograph of the Staff-sergeants and Sergeants, Lieut.-Col. DIXON is again shown in the centre of the front row, with Captain and Adjutant HAIGH on his left, and Sergeant-Major PARKINSON on his right.

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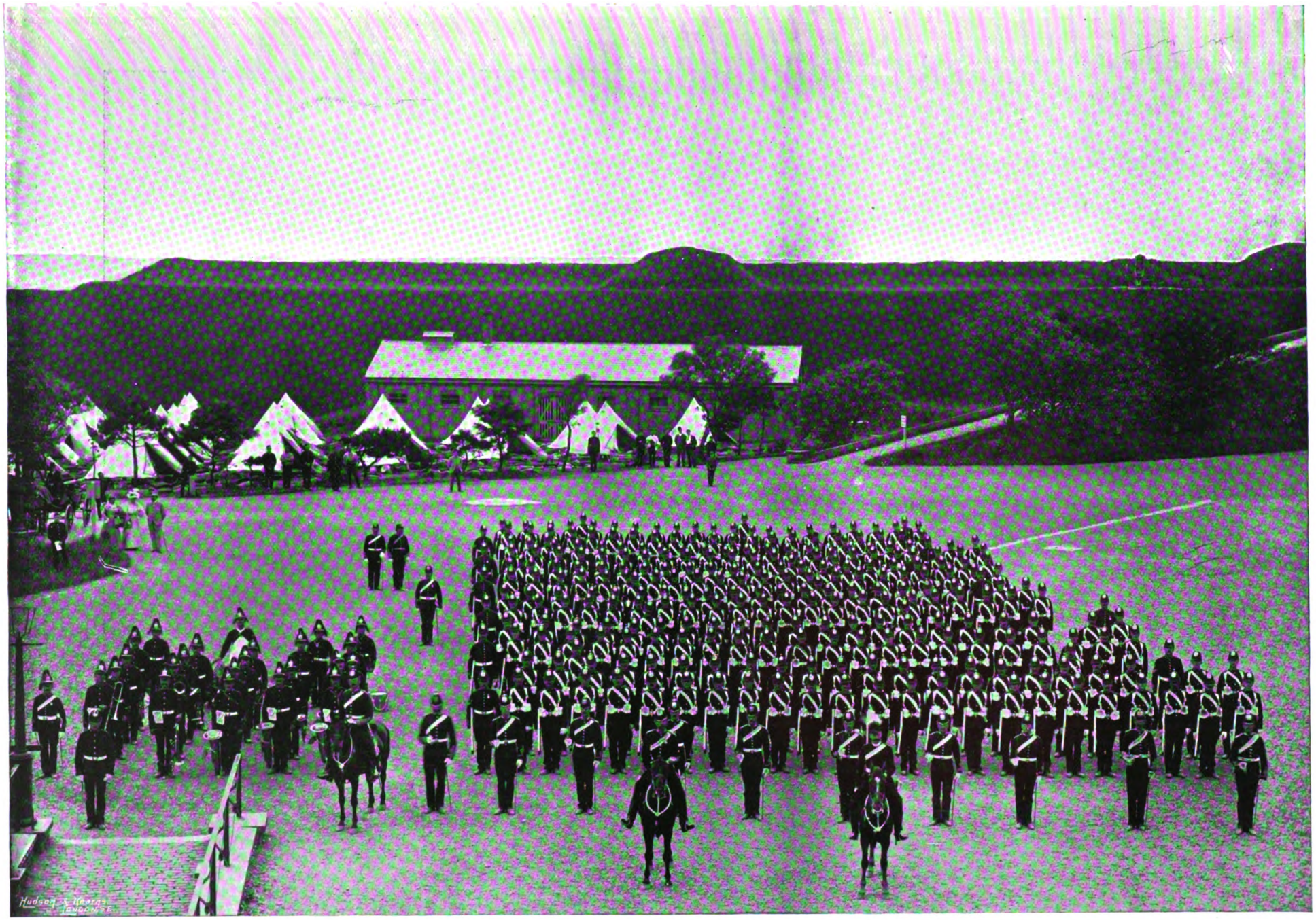

Photo. WESTON & SON, . over.

THE KENT ARTILLERY ON PARADE AT DOVER.

THIS regiment of Militia Artillery, affiliated to the Eastern Division Royal (Garrison) Artillery, was first raised in 1853 by Colonel J. F. CATOR (now Sir J. F. LENNARD, Bart.) at the time of the general re-organisation and re-constitution of the Militia throughout the country as an efficient force. It was embodied under arms at the time of the Crimean War. At present the Kent Artillery is commanded by Colonel E. L. F. JENNINGS. It has a strength of six companies, with Dover for its station, and was specially selected this year to train for a lengthened period of six weeks. Our photograph was taken on the return of the regiment to barracks after its annual inspection by Colonel F. DITMAS, R.A., the Officer Commanding the Militia and Volunteer Artillery of the South Eastern District under General BUTLER. It shows the regiment in marching order with the new equipment of Martini-Metford carbines, and sidearms. There are in all thirty-two corps of Militia Artillery in the United Kingdom, and the Kent Artillery is one of the few up to strength both as regards officers and men.

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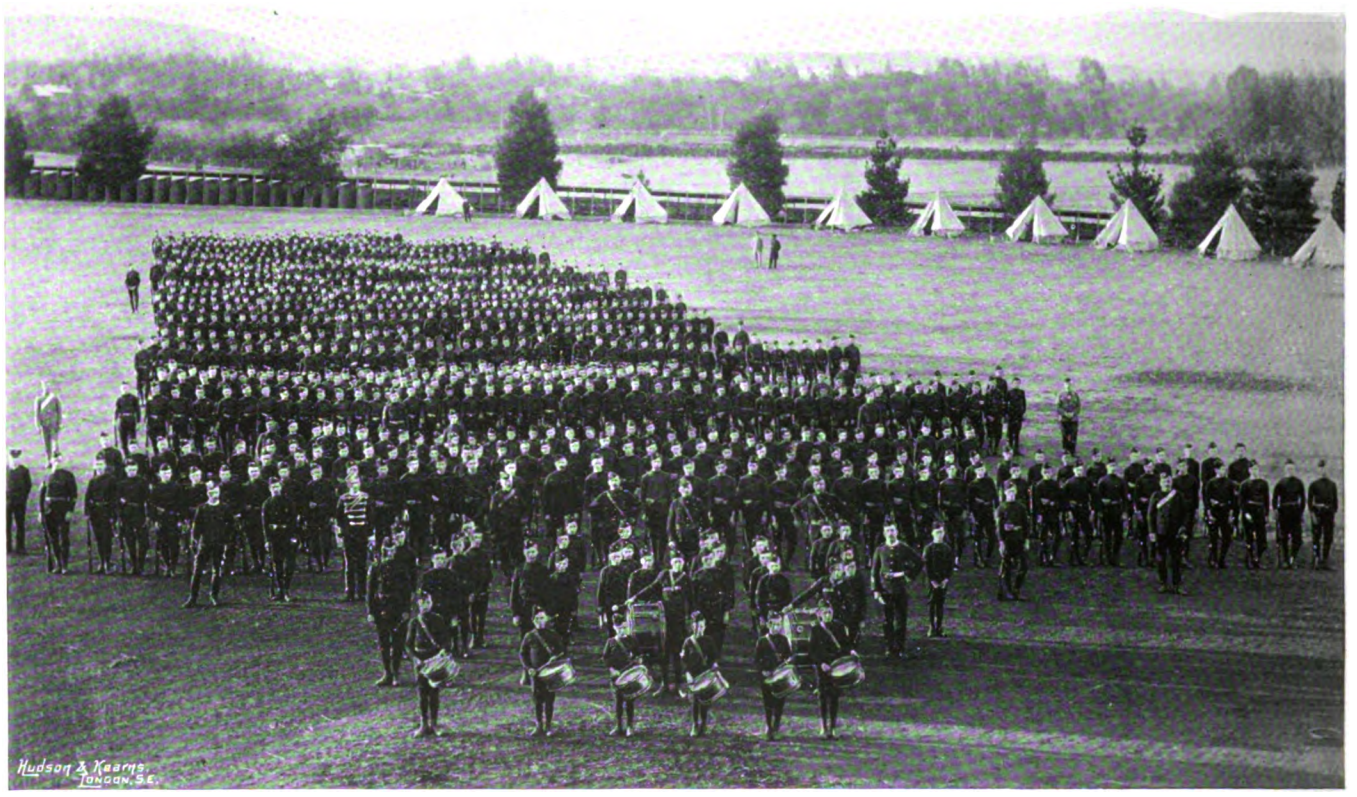
An Example to the British Empire:—THE NATAL CADET BATTALION.



Photos. W. L. CANEY, Maritzburg.

The NATAL CADET BATTALION on PARADE at DURBAN.

"WE wish to add to the three R's another R, namely Readiness—readiness to turn out when called upon for the defence of lives and homes—readiness, if need be, to do yeoman service as citizens and as patriots." These burning words the Prime Minister of Natal, Sir JOHN ROBINSON, addressed to the boys of the newly-formed Natal Cadet Battalion during their week under canvas at Durban in July last. It would be well if every British Colony were to follow the example of Natal, where from among the schools all over the country there has recently been formed a smart, well-trained, and well-equipped force of sturdy lads, some 1,800 in number. Upwards of 1,120 of them, from twenty-two schools, went into camp at Durban last July for shooting and drill competitions and a parade before the Governor, and it was then that the patriotic Premier of Natal made the stirring address, from which we have quoted a few words, bidding the lads "be ever loyal to their Venerated Queen and the Empire and the land of their birth whose future defenders under God's good providence they were called upon to be"

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16th, 1896.

The Aldershot Manœuvres, Aug. 28th to Sept. 11th, 1896.

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS*

GENERAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT, K.G.,

Commanding the Aldershot District.

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Major-General T. KELLY-KENNY, C.B.,

Commanding 1st Infantry Division.

THE recent concentration of troops at Aldershot for manœuvres is, it is believed, the largest that has taken place in this country since the Blandford Manœuvres of 1872. The Field State of Friday, September 11th, the day of the March Past, accounted for 33,324 of all ranks, 3,643 horses and 98 guns. The control of the manœuvres was in the hands of General H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, commanding the Aldershot District, who was assisted in the work by Colonel J. Talbot Coke as Chief Staff Officer, the personel in the *ordre de Bataille* being as follows:—

1st Infantry Division, commanded by Major-General T. Kelly-Kenny, C.B., composed of the 1st Brigade of Guardsmen and Marines, under Colonel Viscount Falmouth, C.B.; and the 2nd Brigade of West Surrey, Royal Sussex, South Staffordshire, and Essex men, under Colonel R. S. Fetherstonhaugh.

2nd Infantry Division, commanded by Major-General L. V. Swaine, C.B., C.M.G., composed of the 3rd Brigade of Leicestershire, Border, King's Royal Rifles, and 4th Rifle Brigade, under Colonel L. R. Stopford Sackville; and the 4th Brigade of Argyll and Sutherland and Gordon Highlanders, Scottish Rifles, and Wiltshire, under Lieutenant-Colonel O. C. Hannay, C.B.

3rd Infantry Division, commanded by Major-General H. M. Bengough, C.B., composed of the 5th Brigade of Bedfordshire, East Lancashire, Manchester, and 2nd Rifle Brigade, under Colonel V. Hatton; and the 6th Brigade of Royal Scots, Norfolk, South Wales Borderers, and Seaforth Highlanders.

4th Infantry (Militia) Division, commanded by Major-General Lord Methuen, C.B., C.M.G., consisted of the 7th Brigade composed of Colonel Knox's 3rd Battalions of the Liverpool, Worcestershire, South Staffordshire, and Manchester Regiments, and Colonel E. Eyre-Williams' 8th Brigade, which included the fourth battalions of the same regiments.

5th Infantry (Militia) Division, commanded by Major-General Lord William Seymour, consisted of Colonel Fitzroy Hart's 9th Brigade (3rd Queen's, 3rd and 4th East Surrey, and 3rd Northampton) and Colonel E. T. Hutton's 10th Brigade (4th Oxfordshire Light Infantry, 7th King's Royal Rifles, and 5th and 7th Rifle Brigade).

Cavalry Brigade, commanded by Major-General Hon. R. A. J. Talbot, C.B., which included the Scots Greys and Carabiniers.

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Major-General L. V. SWAINE, C.B., C.M.G.,

Commanding 2nd Infantry Division.

Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY.

Major-General H. M. BENGOUGH, C.B.,

Commanding 3rd Infantry Division.

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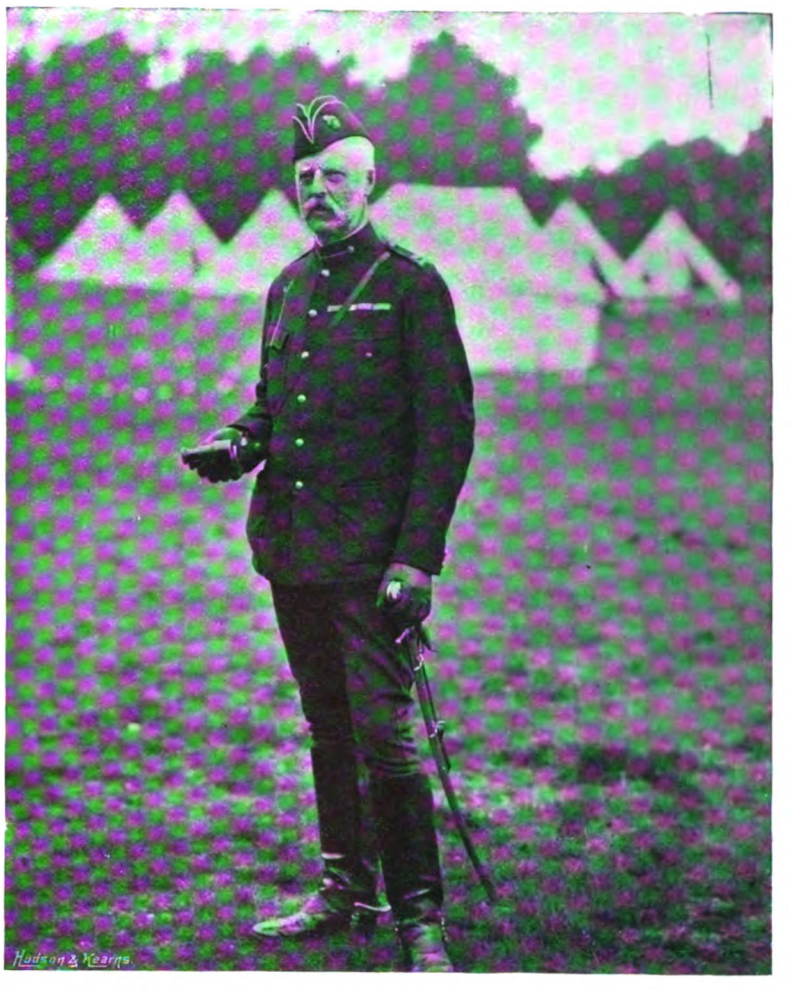
Major-General Lord METHUEN, C.B., C.M.G.,
Commanding 4th Infantry Division.



Major-General Lord WILLIAM SEYMOUR,
Commanding 5th Infantry Division.

The force assembled included 24 battalions of regular infantry, 16 battalions of militia infantry, 13 squadrons of cavalry, 19 batteries of artillery, of which four were Horse Artillery, two field companies, Royal Engineers, with balloon, and telegraph sections and mounted detachment, a company of mounted infantry, three bearer companies, and detachments of the Army Service Corps.

These troops were formed into five infantry divisions (three of regulars and two of militia); each division comprising two brigades, each of four battalions; to each division was attached a brigade division of artillery and a squadron of cavalry; the Engineers and the bearer companies being distributed among the regular divisions. Of the regular divisions only two, the 1st and the 2nd were mobile, and to them were consequently allotted the Army Service Corps. The cavalry brigade was composed of two regiments with a battery of Horse Artillery, the company of mounted infantry, and the mounted sappers attached. Three batteries of Horse Artillery formed the Corps Artillery.

The operations commenced on Saturday, 28th August, and terminated on the 11th September, giving 13 working days; but it was not until the 4th September (owing to wet weather the 5th September), that the two Militia Divisions took part as Divisions in the operations. In the absence of a Manœuvre Act, the Duke could, for operations involving tactical work, make use of Government land only, or of open, common land, courteously lent for the occasion. The manœuvering area consisted, therefore, of some half-dozen patches of land, of which not one afforded fair scope for the exercises of five Infantry divisions together, and the patches were scattered from Chobham on the North to Woolmer Forest on the South. In devising plans of operations the Aldershot Staff found themselves compelled, when all divisions took part in them, to fix the scene of warfare within half a day's march of the camps and barracks of the then immobile divisions, for from their quarters these divisions had to start off in the morning, and to them they must return at night. It was only the two mobile divisions, the 1st and 2nd, which could utilize the more distant ground; and, according to the original scheme, subsequently modified owing to the flooded state of the camping grounds, these two divisions were to be like two pickets in the middle of a well, where were also the three

Photos. GREGORY. *Copyright.—H. & K.*
Major-General the Hon. R. A. J. TALBOT, C.B.,
Commanding Cavalry Brigade.

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GORDON HIGHLANDERS AND LONDON SCOTTISH:—Waiting Orders.

other divisions; they were first to follow each other to the bottom of the well towards Woolmer, then be pulled up again for a temporary sojourn at the middle, then to the top of the well at Chobham and Barrosa, and, finally, to return to the original starting point. Accordingly, on Friday the 27th August, the 1st division marched in really good marching weather, and under peace conditions, to the camping ground at Frensham, sending its baggage round by Farnham. The baggage arrived an hour after the troops had got to the ground, but meantime the common presented a picturesque scene, dotted about with the redcoats lying resting on the heather and profiting by the luncheons brought in carts with the column. And now the 1st division was in its imaginary position as a detached force protecting the line of communication of a southern army advancing from Bognor on London, and threatened by a northern force from Reading. It had, by a powerful effort of its imagination, to believe that it had come from the east or from the south, in fact in any direction but that by which it had actually advanced. The troops to whom it had waved its hands, as to friends, when passing Aldershot during the day were really determined enemies, for they were the Reading force.

In the evening Major-General Kelly-Kenny, who was in command, hears of the arrival of a hostile division (the 2nd, Major-General Swaine), at Elstead, almost within a stone's throw on the River Wey, where the horses of his own division have been watering during the afternoon in fancied security. The further advance of the northerners must be stopped at all hazards, so by a night march, he moves east for this purpose, to Kettlebury Hill, where, soon after daylight, he is in a defensive position. It is just as well here to state, that both the night march of the one division, and the advance of the other division from Reading to the Wey, were alike imaginary, and that both divisions passed the night in camp and barracks, undisturbed by any feelings of anxiety for the morrow; but the scheme indulged in poetic license to account for the actual position of the divisions at the commencement of hostilities at 9 a.m. on Saturday, 28th August. And early on this day Major-General Swaine, who has now really arrived with his division at Elstead, receives from his superior Officer at Aldershot, Major-General Bengough, the following order which, it may be remarked, was not really given by this General, but was laid down for him in his special idea.

From General Officer Commanding Aldershot, to General Officer Commanding Advanced Division, Elstead.

"Aldershot, 5 a.m., 29th August, 1896.

"The division here, which has been reinforced by two regiments of cavalry, four batteries of artillery, and one company of mounted infantry, will leave Aldershot for Tilford at 7.15 a.m. Make a reconnaissance of the enemy's position, at which I shall personally be present, to enable me to formulate my further plans with a view to attacking the enemy

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ARGYLL AND SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS:—Holding a Road.

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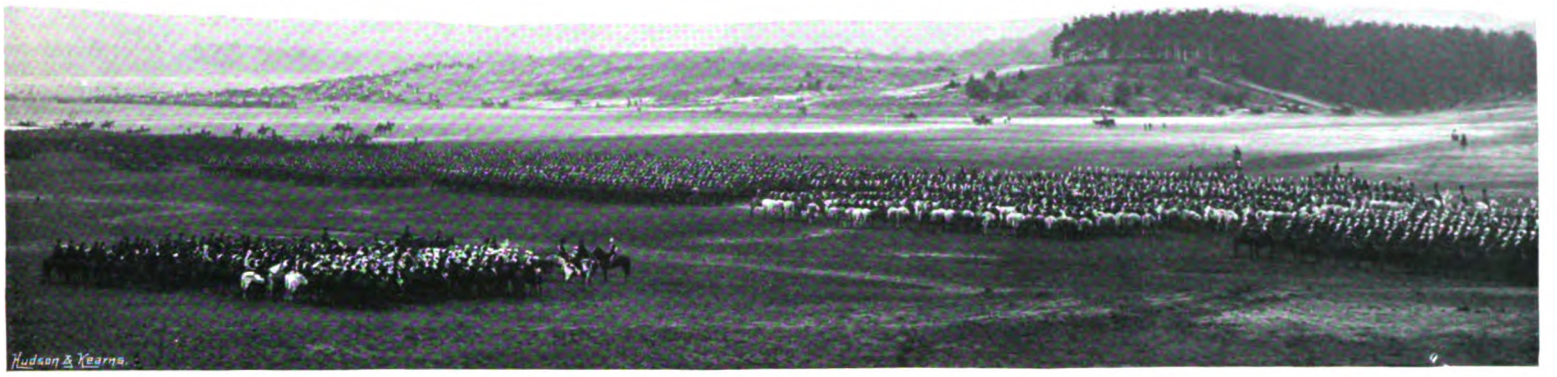
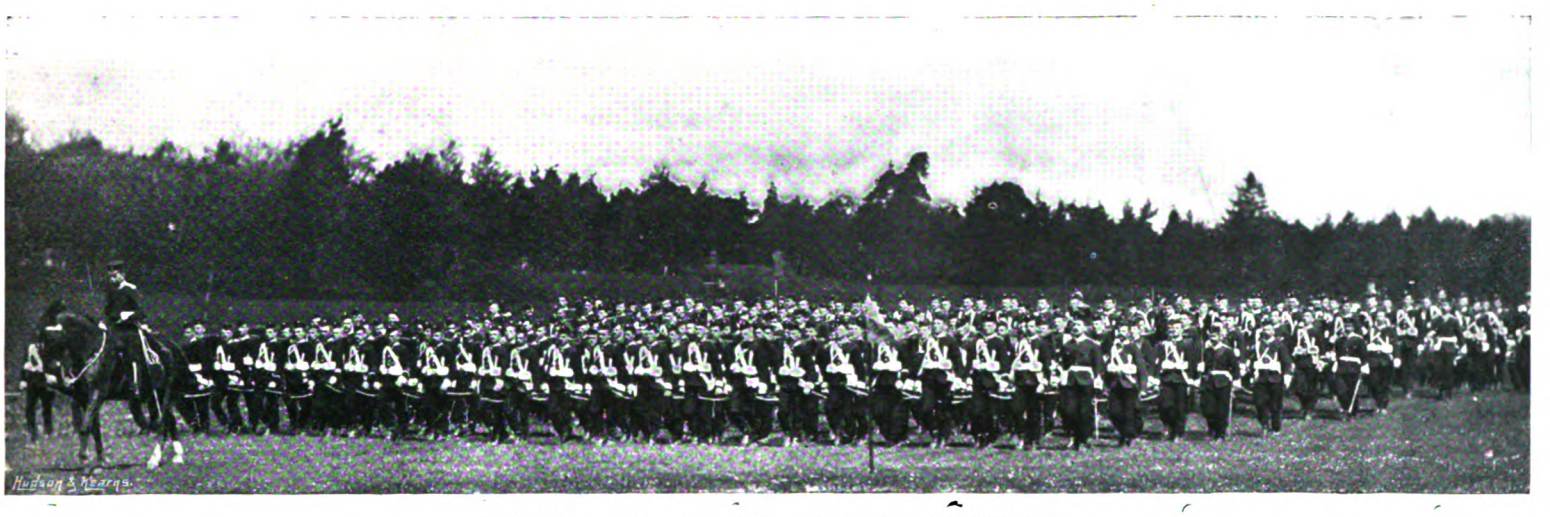


THE THIRTY-[redacted]THOUSAND TROOPS IN THE LONG VALLEY.

THE CAVALRY BRIGADE.



THE 2nd EAST LANCASHIRE.

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THE MARCH PAST, SEPTEMBER 11th.

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Photo. GREGORY. A CAVALRY ESCORT. *Copyright.—H. & K.*

vigorously on the arrival at Tilford of the Aldershot column." But as a result of the arrangements made nominally, but not really by Major-General Bengough, there was on the Wey at nine o'clock not only Major-Generals Bengough and Swaine, the latter having his division with him, but also Major-General Talbot with the Cavalry Brigade and a battery of Horse Artillery; the other Horse Artillery Batteries and Major-General Bengough's division being close at hand. At this point of time Bengough became too realistic to act in conformity with the verbal requirements of the scheme. He thought he was in a "state of war," and finding the ground exactly of that kind suited for reconnaissance by mounted troops, he ignored the order to employ the Infantry-General (Swaine) for the reconnaissance, and he told the Cavalry-General (Talbot) to carry it out with his brigade, supporting him by an infantry brigade of General Swaine's division. Many people thought that that was what most competent generals would have done, but the "remarks" indicate that the authorities were of a different opinion. It ought to have been Major-General Swaine, and nobody but him. Meantime, Major-General Bengough had detached an Infantry Brigade round to the west by Millbridge to work across by Frensham Common to the Devil's Jumps, and so to threaten the enemy's rear, if not to actually get on his line of retreat. The General himself remained near the Wey on Tadmore Hill, where by 10.45 had come to him from his cavalry and from the occupants of the car of his balloon full information as to the position of the enemy. This position, somewhat too extended, lay near the southern boundary of the Frensham tactical patch of ground, and was one which few generals would have occupied, had not, in their immediate rear, been a line of prohibited out-of-bounds white flags, backed up by precious pheasants and other game. It was at Tashkessia that the late Valentine Baker, looking to his right, saw the knoll which commanded his position, but which was too far off to be properly occupied. He could only hope that the Russians would never come there, and they never did. It was at Frensham that General Kelly-Kenny, looking to his left, saw Gold Hill and the Devil's Jumps, and hoped Major-General Bengough would never come there, but he did, for Bengough, after pounding his enemy's infantry, and their three batteries, with his own ten batteries, proceeded with his frontal attack, combined with a flanking attack, on Gold Hill and the Devil's Jumps. The umpires differed on a matter of vital importance to the defence, namely, whether a narrow lane, hedged by boundaries, should be treated as a defile, or whether the troops moving through it should be presumed to have gone in extended order over the ground on both sides, and, unfortunately for the defence, the decision was given against the defile view, and as the battalions poured out at the foot of Gold Hill under a close and withering fire the astonished spectators, not in the secret, could only suppose them to be wearers of Herr Dowe's impenetrable cuirasses. Reinforcements which were hurried to help to hold the hill found themselves taken in front and flank, and just before the "cease fire" sounded, the knell announcing the annihilation of the southern force was sounded by the guns of a northern battery which had succeeded in ascending one of the steep-sided Devil's Jumps. The Commander-in-Chief, who, with the Quarter-Master-General, was present, took advantage of the occasion to impress on all present the necessity for every commander of an attacking force to reconnoitre in person the position he intended to attack. The first Division now moved off to its fresh camping ground near Woolmer, the Frensham ground being occupied by the Second Division, the third returning to Aldershot.

On the following Monday, the 31st Aug., the two outlying Divisions carried out Minor Tactical operations of Brigade against Brigade, according to schemes set by the respective Divisional Generals. In both cases the exercises were rear guard actions; and that of the 1st Division was witnessed by Lord Wolseley, the Duke of Connaught, and Sir Evelyn Wood. Whatever may have been the cause, the conduct of the operation on either side was hardly satisfactory, and the criticisms passed on it by Lord Wolseley and Sir Evelyn Wood were decidedly of the severe order. The handling of the artillery and the wood-leading came in for special condemnation. The 2nd Division had a happier time by itself, and apparently did its work to the satisfaction of its commander. On the next day, Tuesday, 1st Sept., the scheme was devised so that the 2nd Division should have some reasonable excuse for going back to Aldershot, where it was to take up its quarters

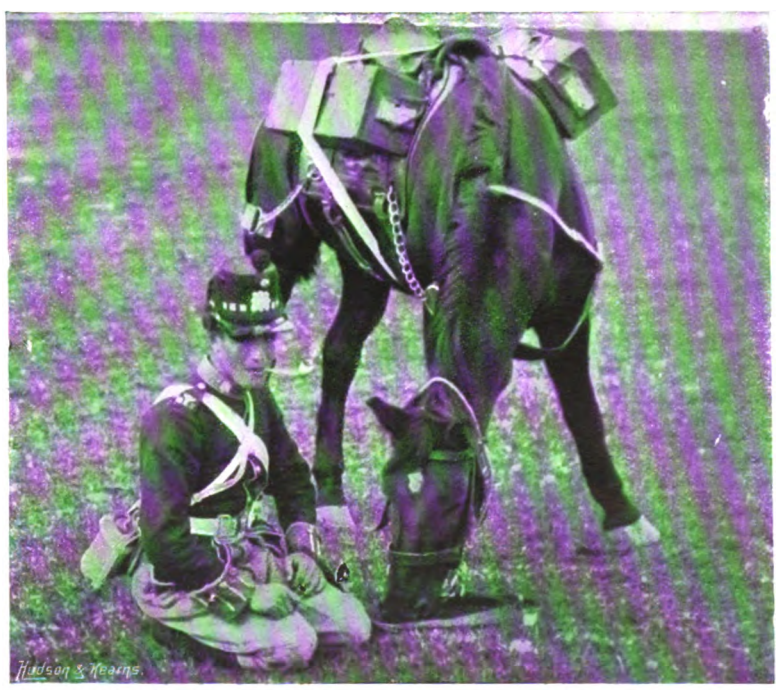
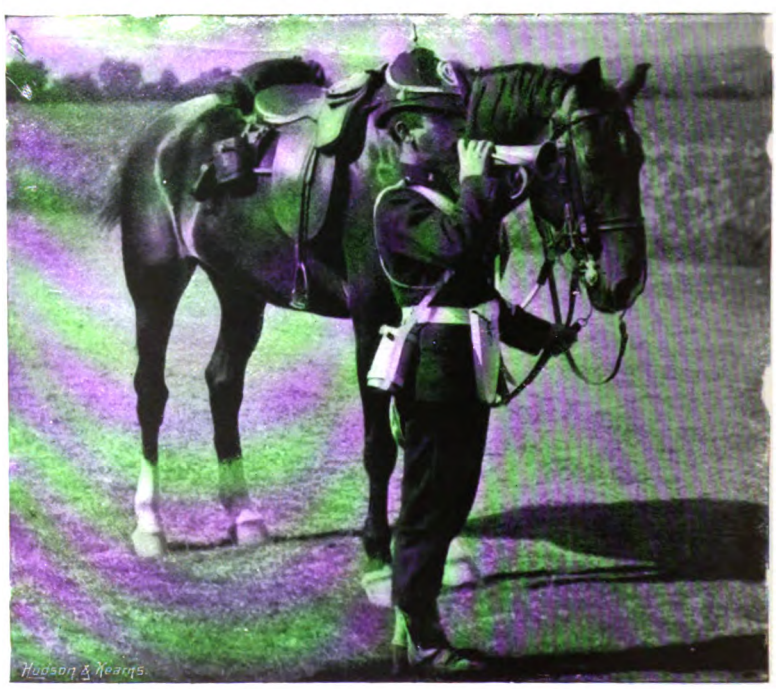


Photo. KNIGHT, Newport.

AT EASE.



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THE "ALERT."

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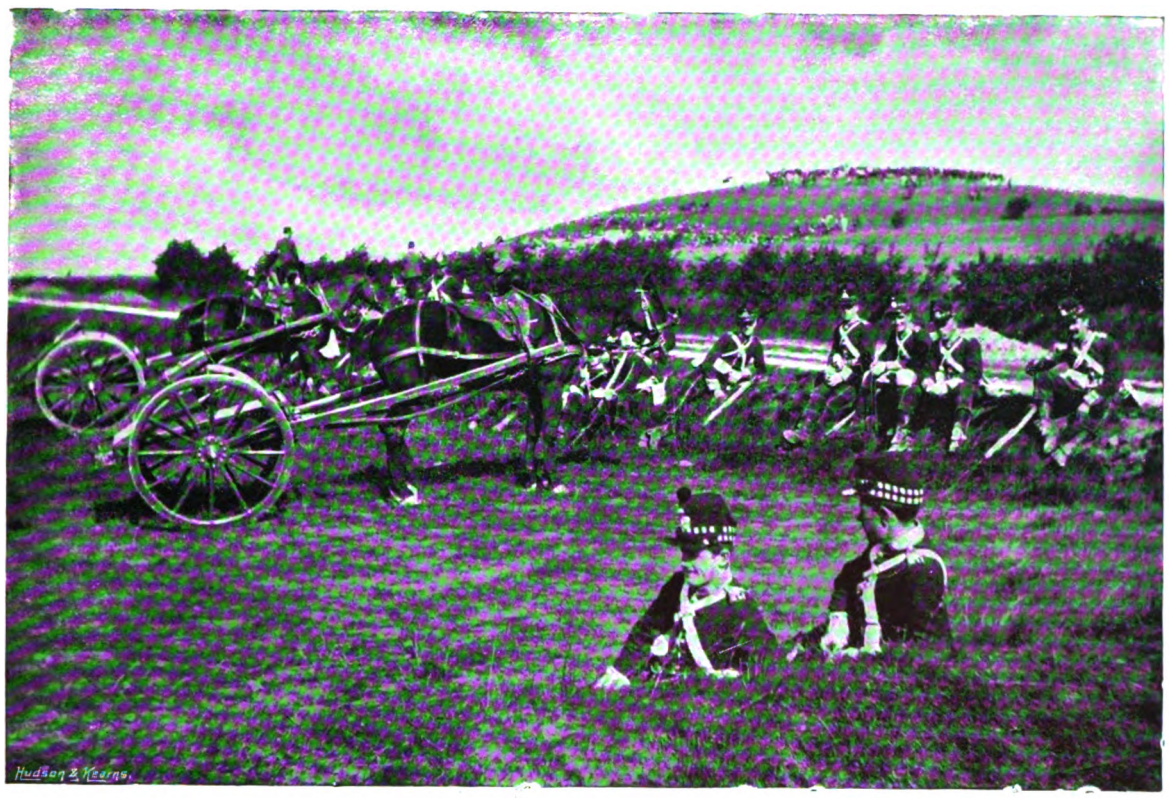

MACHINE GUNS:—In Reserve.

MACHINE GUNS:—To the Front.

at night, and that the 1st Division should find an equally reasonable excuse for moving North from Woolmer and then encamping at night on the ground vacated by the other Division. This was easily effected by the supposition that the Northerners had called back towards Reading one of the two victorious Divisions of Saturday, and that the beaten force hearing of this weakness of their enemy and reinforced from the South by a Cavalry Brigade, four Batteries of Artillery, and a company of mounted infantry should press forward again, and recover the lost ground. The reinforcements, it need hardly be mentioned, came actually very early from Aldershot, and at 11 a.m, these reinforcements, closely backed up by the 1st Division from Woolmer, were at the Pride of the Valley at the southern end of the Frensham patch of ground, the scene of Saturday's conflict, and were intent on discovering where the lessened force of their opponents now were. On this occasion, the General commanding the Division followed Lord Wolseley's advice and accompanied the Cavalry Brigade in the reconnaissance. The course events took was singularly like reality. Few things are more difficult in war to find out than where the enemy exactly is, especially if there be a friendly hill or two at hand for him to utilise, and you are not provided with a balloon to look over the top and see what is, if anything is, behind. So Major-General Swaine hid himself behind the hill, but his opponent, believing that a line running almost due east and west through friendly Tadmore Hill, was the position held, first bombarded it with his guns, occupying the time, so far as his infantry was concerned, in moving them excellently well concealed round the eastern side of Kettlebury Hill, and there forming them up for an attack in force on the hill. And as

Photos. KNIGHT, Newport.

ARTILLERY ORDERED TO ADVANCE:—Limbering up.

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UMPIRES IN CONFERENCE.

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A PALAVER AFTER THE BATTLE.

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A BRIGADE CAMP.

Photo. KNIGHT, Newport.

TIDYING UP.

he moved on, the Cavalry Brigade prepared for an attack on a somewhat isolated battalion and a half of rifles lying entrenched on an undulation of ground further to the west. The attacks took place almost simultaneously; that by the infantry on the right resulted in the capture of a hill, which had been occupied all the morning only by a few companies as a feint; that by the cavalry was carried home, but the result could not be determined with probability even by the most experienced umpires, inasmuch as cavalry charging entrenchments manned by infantry armed with magazine rifles could only succeed if the defenders had been already thoroughly shattered and demoralized by the previous hostile fire to which they had in theory been previously subjected. An unascertainable *datum* for a decision: And even now it would not have been difficult to discover the real position held by Major General Swaine's force; but, unfortunately Jupiter Pluvius viewed the operations apparently with marked disfavour, for, for some time before the attack, he had commenced to literally pour cold water on the proceedings. It was a deluge, reminding one of the worst days of the Meon Manœuvres; so just at the moment when all were hoping for a fresh, and even yet more interesting, development of the attack, consideration for humanity caused the "cease fire" to sound, and after a dripping conference everyone fled as fast as they could from the scene of battle.

For Wednesday, the 2nd September, the programme had provided work for the three regular Divisions combined; but now the bad weather had really set in and the downpour was incessant, so that all that spectators could do was to take the

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THE FIELD FORGE.

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CAMP LIFE:—Getting Water.

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THE WEST SURREY:—*The Close of the Training.*

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PART OF THE CONVOY.

Photo. KNIGHT, Newport.

AN AMBULANCE WAGON.

trouble, and it was worth it, to go and see the really cheery spirit the troops maintained under difficulties. This they could do either by watching the 1st Division on its march from its wet camp at Frensham to its still more sodden camp at Cowshot, or by prowling about among the Militia Divisions passing their existence among running streams and in pools of water. A little sympathy goes a long way under these circumstances, so the high and illustrious military personages turned out to give the encouragement of a defile past to the saturated 1st Division on its way to Cowshot,

The next day, Thursday, the 3rd September, the clerk of the weather made a somewhat hypocritical show of having changed his mind for the better. The 3rd Division took advantage of his benevolence for a very brief convoy tactical gallop without artillery on the Foxhills. The destination of the convoy was Guildford, into which town it had to penetrate to its friends inside, through a hostile investing force. The convoy itself seems to have adopted the highly original idea of asserting its independence by going off on its own account towards Guildford with half a battalion for the sake of company, leaving its escorting brigade to settle matters with a hostile force which had turned up to oppose its progress. Whether it had the countersign enabling it to pass through the investing line, if it ever reached it, is not stated in the narrative or the remarks. So here the convoy may be left.

Meantime an Artillery Tactical Day by the nineteen

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NEWS FROM THE BALLOON.

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THE DRUMMERS, GRENADIER GUARDS.

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WATERING HORSES:—15th Hussars.

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Batteries had been commenced, and was being carried out north of the canal in the neighbourhood of Lightwater and Colony Bog. These artillery operations, however pretty and pleasant to watch, are of little interest except from the technical point of view, and the 3rd September seemed, consequently, to most people somewhat of a lost day. Still to lovers of horseflesh the spectators of ninety-four magnificent gun teams was worth going some distance to see.

Friday the 4th was fixed for the entry into line with the three regular Divisions of the two Militia Divisions, which in four Brigades had been training from the 10th to the 24th August, and which on the 25th had been combined into the 4th and 5th Militia Divisions, military units never before organized for any military training. This event was looked forward to with the greatest interest, and its postponement, owing to the wet weather, was a subject of general regret; right glad, therefore, was everyone when, during the early morning of Saturday the 5th, the weather cleared about noon, and the two Divisions moved among the five to the rendezvous.

These two Militia Divisions included the metropolitan battalions of the Queen's and East Surrey Regiments, King's Royal Rifles and Rifle Brigade, the 4th Oxfordshire Light Infantry and 3rd Northampton, with the third and fourth battalions of the Liverpool, Manchester, South Staffordshire and Worcestershire regiments, the two latter being exceptionally fine corps, of physique superior to the majority of their line comrades in the Manœuvring force.

All idea of utilizing for camps the ground at Chobham and Barrosa to the north had now been given up, and consequently the First and Second Divisions became immobile, like the others, but the area over which the rest of the operations were to be carried on, was now necessarily restricted to the half-day's march limit. For the original general idea out of which each day's operations was naturally to arise, also had to be substituted general ideas, suited to the tactical operations practicable. On this occasion Lord William Seymour commanded the combined 1st and 2nd Divisions, occupying the Fox Hills as the rearmost force of an army retiring from Southampton on London.

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OBSERVING THE ENEMY.

The Southern Force, under the command of Lord Methuen, was composed of the 3rd Regular Division and the two Militia Divisions, and having followed up the retreating

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PREPARING TO ASCEND.

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CAMP LIFE:—Royal Artillerymen at Dinner.

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CAVALRYMEN PREPARING FOR SUNDAY PARADE.

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CLEANING UP AFTER THE DAY'S WORK.

DOCTORING A COMRADE.

enemy, was found at 2.30 p.m. at the foot of the South and South-Western slopes of the Fox Hills in close proximity to Lord William Seymour's force. Lord William had been directed to maintain his position on the Fox Hills, and dispute the advance of the enemy as long as possible, consistent with his safe retirement; his opponent received instructions to attack him vigorously. The plan of attack adopted was a frontal attack by the 5th Division (Militia) under the temporary command of Colonel A. Fitzroy Hart, C.B., the Brigadier of the 9th Brigade, supported by the 4th Division, also Militia, temporarily commanded by the Brigadier of the 8th Brigade, Colonel E. Eyre-Williams. With this frontal attack was combined an outflanking attack by Major-General Bengough's regulars, whilst the line of retreat was threatened by the Cavalry Brigade moving round still further to the East. Lord William, whose troops had been placed by the scheme in somewhat improbable positions at the commencement of the operation, and further was handicapped by the overwhelming superiority of cavalry given to his opponent, soon learnt from his balloon reconnoitrers the direction of the impending blow, but owing to some cause, which did not publicly transpire, his intentions were not fully carried into effect. The Southern Force speedily gained the southern end of the hill range, and, now that the clouds had temporarily cleared away and given place to brilliant sunshine, an extremely pretty, and

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THE FIELD SADDLERS.

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AMONG THE MILITIAMEN:—Settling Accounts.

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AN ADVANCE PARTY:—The Enemy Sighted.

FATIGUE PARTY:—Gathering Heather for the Beds.

by no means improbable, battle commenced. In the absence of bullets, the advance of an attack seems never to be checked for long, but to progress rapidly and with irresistible power. There is not present that well-known and universally acknowledged holding power on the part of the magazine rifles which in actual war gives to the defender time to alter his original arrangements, and to transfer his troops in good time from one point in the defence to another; so as might have been expected, the result of the battle at its close, at 5.30 p.m., when the umpire-in-chief decided that the troops had had enough of it, was pretty clear. And it was evident that unless the Northerners could have found some means, not hitherto discovered, to stem the victorious advance until dark, they would never have got back to the retiring army in rear.

The excellent order in which the battalions of Militia worked in the attack, and also moved in loose formations over the broken and undulating ground, created a very favourable impression as to their efficiency for the fight. Hardly was the conference over, than the rain again descended in torrents, drenching the troops on their march home. On Monday, 7th September, H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught, taking command of the 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th Divisions, attacked from the high ground of Cæsar's Camp and Beacon Hill, Major-Gen. Kelly-Kenny's 1st Division defending the Norris and Portland Bridges over the Canal. As the Defender elected not to take advantage of the protection which would have been

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MILITARY CYCLISTS:—The Scouts of the Future.

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afforded him by the canal, had he placed himself on the further side of it, his ultimate fate was sure and certain, so little interest attached to his dispositions; the interest lay in the details of the advance of the four divisions to the attack, for both Richardson and Hearne are worth watching even if bowling against a mere local team instead of against the Australians. To the 4th Division was assigned the attack in the centre, the 5th Division, possibly owing to its severe losses in the fighting line on Saturday, taking the place of support. The two Regular Divisions were each despatched on an out-flanking movement, which only partially came off, for very soon the containing centre became involved in a hot action, and pressed on rapidly. This premature display of vigour was in the reserves, attributed to the Militia being too keen to advance, but in the opinion of many competent judges, this is doubtful; and it would seem that the enemy being found by the 4th Division in an unexpectedly advanced position, there ensued at once a hot engagement; and as history teaches us, it is not only almost impossible but of doubtful value to withdraw out of action troops pressing successfully onwards. On the following morning very short tactical exercises were carried out. The 1st Division worked by itself near its own camp; the Long Valley and the high ground to the south was divided into two areas, in each of which a regular division worked east and west against a Militia Division. In view of the operations which were to take place the following night, the tactical work between the 2nd and 4th Divisions was done in somewhat perfunctory manner, otherwise there might have been an interesting exhibition of the effect produced on English commanders by prolonged acquaintance and contact with foreign methods. For in this case the ex-military attaché at Paris, Major-General the Hon. R. A. J. Talbot, C.B., was pitted against his colleague at Berlin, Major-General L. V. Swaine, C.B., C.M.G.; the umpire-in-chief being the former military attaché to Berlin, Lord Methuen. It will doubtless be a source of satisfaction to many to learn that not one of these three distinguished officers have suffered from residence abroad, and that they all appeared to be warm supporters of home manufacture as applied to tactics.

A rest, followed preparatory to the commencement of the now historic night march, the night march of four infantry Divisions each with its Artillery, the biggest bit

KING'S ROYAL RIFLES.

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WITH THE SCOTS GREYS:—The Baggage Wagons.

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of night work of the kind ever carried out in England. Starting about 8 p.m. each Division, first by following roads, brooks, and lanes prescribed in orders, and then by proceeding for given distances by compass bearings was to take its appointed place by a certain hour on the eastern slope of the Fox Hills, where at dawn they were to assault the crest already occupied by Major-General Bengough's Division. At the time of moving off, 8 p.m., the sky was clear, but there was plenty of friendly summer lightning, lighting the columns on their way, but about eleven the meteorological conditions assumed another aspect altogether, and one of a most unfavourable character. The stars disappeared behind masses of heavy clouds, and the darkness became intense, whilst not merely at various points in the horizon, but directly overhead there burst out a thunderstorm as terrific as is ever seen in this country. The effect on the marching may be best described by one word "staggering," for that was the condition generally of men and horses on the recovery from the blindness which followed the bewildering flash. Hail and rain contributed liberally to the general discomfort. When at length the storm cleared away, the columns had arrived at their respective destinations, where officers and men, wet through, threw themselves down on the wringing heather and slept and loudly snored. An hour later the "alert" sounded, and the columns, already formed into fighting order moved forward to the assault, and were soon on the high ground which was being rapidly evacuated by the defenders. The cavalry and artillery, hitherto kept well in rear, were only too glad to warm themselves by a dashing gallop to the top to pour in their morning greeting to the retiring foe. No doubt the concentration had been effected, but this was due to the fact that there were no bullets in the rifles of General Bengough's force. One column at least would on the way to the point assigned to it have lost its general, its staff, and have found the bodies of its leading companies riddled by the fire from a watchful picket lying a few yards in front of it on its path of advance.

As a night march on a large scale the operation was eminently successful, but it is tolerably certain that in war there would have been no such successful concentration, neither could there have been a combined assault by the four Divisions. Early breakfast and turn-in was the order of the day for the 9th, and in the state of the barometer there was little hope of good luck for the 10th, the concluding day of the operations. The dismal prognostications were verified, and 10 a.m. on the 10th found Lord Methuen with his tried and trusted militiamen of the 5th Division seeking, through the blinding mist and rain, to ascertain the details of the process of "eating up," to which he was shortly to be subjected at the Bisley and Perbright ranges by H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught; who, with four Divisions and an overpowering force of artillery, was advancing from the north to carry out the process. The only consolation for the defenders was that their enemies in the process of reaching them would perforce acquire a delightful knowledge of what wading through bogs means. If their own condition would be miserable at the close of the defence, that of the bog-trotters would necessarily be worse at the finish of the attack. So all that Lord Methuen and his militiamen could do was to do their best, and they did it right well, placing themselves on the altar of compulsory self-destruction with a good humour and absence of growling in the highest degree commendable. Lord Methuen, of course, knew that the Duke, with such a preponderance of force, would not do anything in earnest against his centre, but would work against his flanks, Long before the attack was developed, the containing Division in the centre and the two opposite his left flank were duly "located," but in the misty atmosphere not even the best deer stalking telescope could penetrate into the covered ground on his right through which the first division was wending its way, Lord Methuen and his Militia stood and died on the Battle Field. The Guard dies, it never surrenders, was its last proud cry of despair.

And not even for the great march past on the 11th would the elements do more than become pleasant when the defile actually commenced. Up to that time the rain had its way, but eventually matters mended, and the great gathering at Aldershot in 1896 terminated with as brilliant, attractive, and spirit-stirring a display as has ever been seen in the Long Valley. At its termination, packing up immediately commenced, and in the afternoon began the transport to their home of large numbers of damp and moist bodies which were to pass many hours in vapour baths in stuffy railway carriages before they would again experience the long lost but comfortable feeling of being really dry.

The Aldershot Manœuvres of 1896 were now over; they had been carried on in the face of very great difficulties, some of which it was impossible to foresee. If under the circumstances, little was learnt, it must be remembered that the opportunity for teaching was limited. To military critics of the professional type may be left the somewhat unenviable work of showing up and scarifying the alleged offences and offenders. Here, in these columns, the bright side only may be kept in view, and, that at Aldershot in 1896, and especially in the combination of the Regulars and the constitutional force, there was a bright side, even the most crabbed and hypercritical of critics will not deny. Our hearty wishes to the Commander-in-Chief, to his Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, and to the officers and men recently under his command for better luck next time shall be our concluding words.

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CAMP LIFE:—Wash and Brush up.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

Vol. II.—No. 22.] FRIDAY, OCTOBER 16th, 1896.

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VICE-ADMIRAL SIR ALEXANDER BULLER, K.C.B.

VICE ADMIRAL SIR ALEXANDER BULLER is in command of what is at the present moment the second strongest naval force under the British flag in foreign waters. Recent events have led the Admiralty to raise the strength of the squadron on the China station until it has become practically next in importance to the Mediterranean Fleet. Sir ALEXANDER entered the Royal Navy in 1848, and served in the Black Sea during the Russian War as a Mate and a Lieutenant. As a Captain he commanded the Naval Brigade landed for operations in Straits of Malacca during the Perak campaign of 1875. From 1884 to 1887 he was A.D.C. to the Queen, and from 1889 to 1892 he filled the important office of Admiral Superintendent of Malta Dockyard. The Vice-Admiral wears the Humane Society's bronze medal, won in 1861, when a lieutenant of the "Edgar," for assisting to save life.

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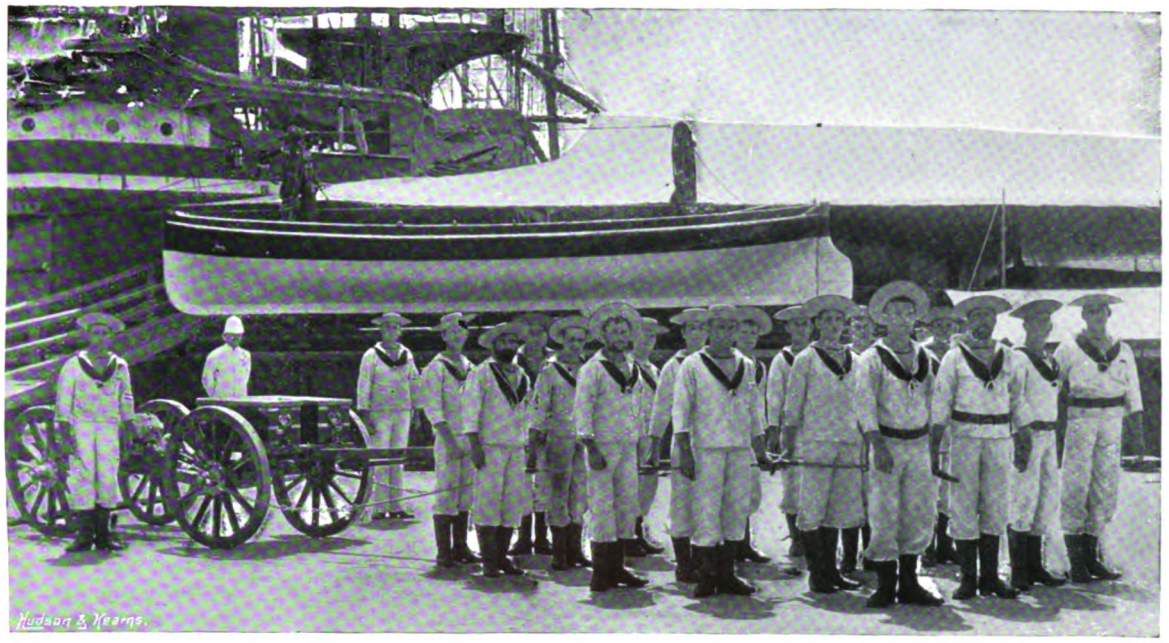
TARS of the "NILE": Training and Temperance.



FIELD GUN DRILL—READY TO ADVANCE.

FIELD GUN DRILL—READY TO REMOUNT.

Photos. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE GOOD TEMPLARS AND THEIR CHARTER.

THE "Nile," some of whose men we see here, is one of the most powerful battleships in the Mediterranean.

She was first commissioned at Portsmouth on the 30th June, 1891, by the present Junior Sea Lord at the Admiralty, then Captain G. H. U. NOEL, and forthwith proceeded to join the Mediterranean Fleet, in which the "Nile" has recently been re-commissioned at Malta for a third term of service on the station.

There can be no need to dilate on the reason and origin of the "Nile's" name. Just as her sister ship the "Trafalgar," commemorates the 21st October, 1805, so on board the "Nile" they honour with special ceremony every anniversary of the 1st of August, 1798.

The "Nile" is the second battleship of her name that the Royal Navy has had on its list. Her predecessor is still in existence as the Mercantile Marine Officers' Training Ship "Conway" stationed in the Mersey.

Two of our photographs show detachments of the ship's company ashore for field gun drill at Malta. In one we see the gun's crew with their 9-pounder with drag ropes manned, ready to advance as if moving forward as part of a landing party for operations on shore. In the second we see the same gun dismounted and disabled.

This exercise is meant for use in the event of the shore operations in which the men are supposed to be taking part necessitating the temporary abandonment of a gun.

In the picture the men are seen awaiting the order to reassemble the parts of the gun and bring it into action.

This drill is a familiar display and was one of the most popular features of the special performances given by the bluejackets in the arena at Chelsea during the Naval Exhibition of 1891. As a test of general all round smartness it is an exercise of very high value and there is always keen competition among the guns' crews to establish a record.

In the present case of the "Nile's" men the petty officer in charge with his watch in hand is seen standing ready to time the detachment.

In the third photograph we see a number of those seamen who do such credit to Miss Weston's efforts for the benefit of the bluejackets, and of whom a large proportion in each ship testify to the great moral advance made by the man-o'-wars' man since Queen Victoria came to the throne.

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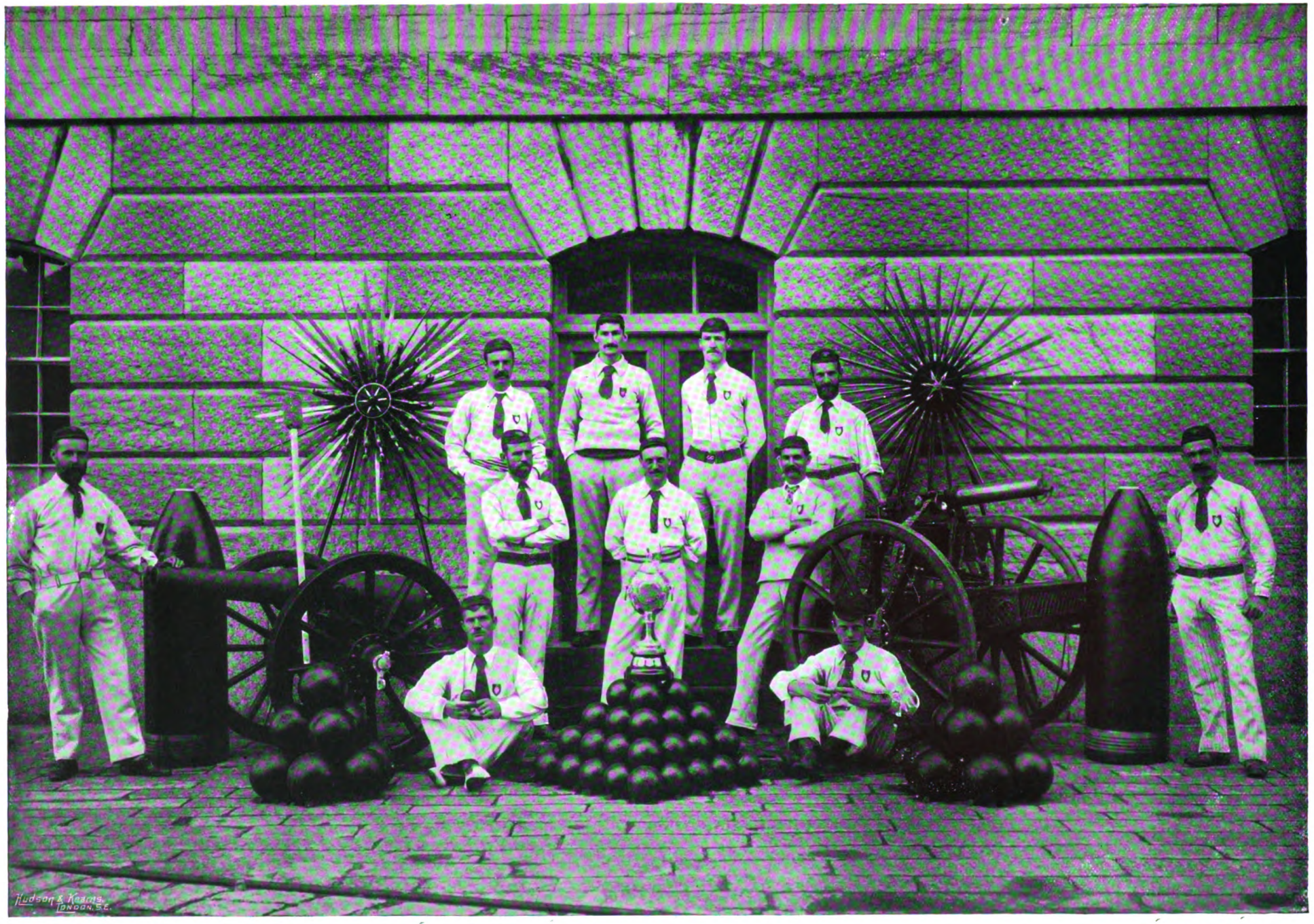

Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth —*HUDSON & KEARNS.*

A CHAMPION NAVAL CRICKET TEAM.

OUR photograph shows the Senior League Cricket Eleven of the Royal Naval Ordnance Department at Plymouth, the winners this year of the "Mercury" Silver Challenge Cup and of no fewer than twelve medals. The "Mercury" cup is shown in the centre, in front, standing on a pile of 32-pr. shot. On each side of this trophy are shown piles of the largest round shot used in the Navy at the time when the present type of projectiles were introduced. Two specimens of these last are shown at the sides of the picture, in the shape of two shells, used with the 111-ton gun. On one side is a Maxim machine gun, and on the other a 9-pr. muzzle-loading field gun, as used in the Navy for landing expeditions. The Royal Naval Ordnance Department is the branch of the Service specially charged with the supply and distribution of guns and ammunition to the fleet.

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Officers & Men of Her Majesty's Royal Navy & Royal Marines.

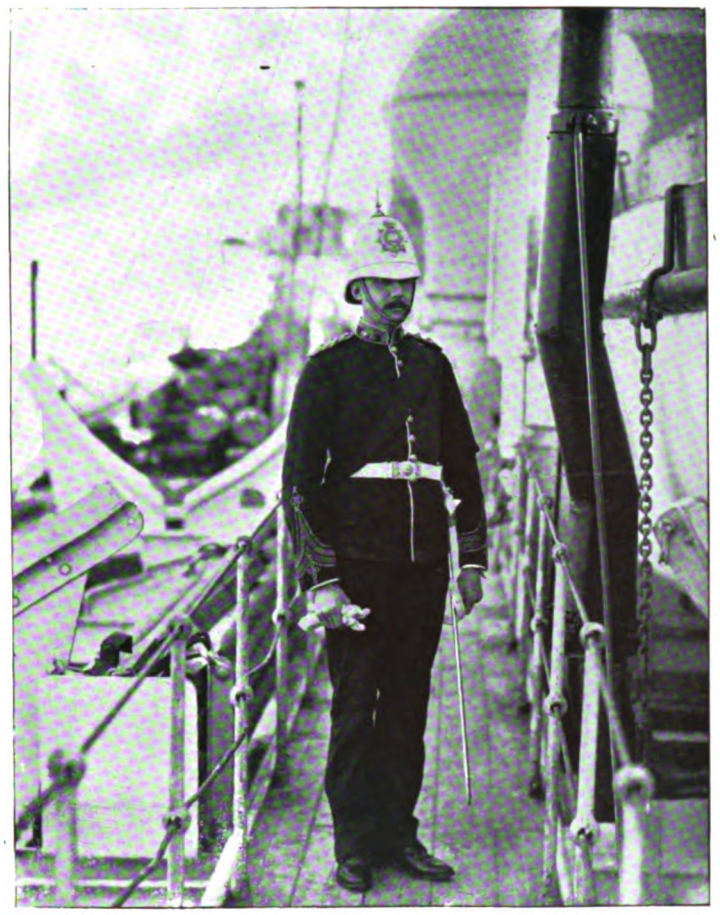

Photo. GREGORY. *Copyright—H. & K.*

CAPTAIN G. C. B. WOLFE, R.M. LIGHT INFANTRY.

IN these illustrations are depicted some typical uniforms worn by officers and men of the Naval Service. The first shows the Captain of the Marines of the cruiser "Theseus." The officer in question belongs to the light infantry branch of the Royal Marines, and is the only officer of the corps attached to the ship.

The second photograph is a portrait of Mr. J. R. GIBBS, Boatswain of the battleship "Resolution," who was at the time the photograph was taken senior boatswain in point of standing in the Channel Squadron. The boatswain holds office by a warrant issued by the Admiralty, but in particular circumstances is considered eligible for promotion to commissioned rank. To the boatswain's care on board is committed everything that has to do with the masts and rigging and the anchors and cables; he has charge of the boats and holds, being further specially responsible for the cleanliness of the ship, and that everything is in "ship-shape" order. Warrant Officers have cabins to themselves, and a separate mess. The third photograph shows three of the Petty Officers of the battleship "Magnificent." Petty Officers are selected from among the leading seamen as vacancies occur, and professional attainments, good character, intelligence and smartness are the qualifications needed.

On the opposite page we give the portraits of two officers now serving in the battleship "Nile"—Lieutenant SAUNDERS, R.N., and Lieutenant JOHN EROUGH. These officers are represented as on duty ashore when the ship was at Malta. It is usual when a fleet is in port and "general leave" is given to the men, to detail some officers—in this case, a lieutenant of the Royal Navy and a lieutenant of Marines—on special service on shore, on "picket duty," as it is called, with a small number of men under their command to patrol public places and maintain general order. The two officers shown here are in the white drill uniform worn in the Mediterranean in the summer and on tropical stations for the greater part of the year.

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MR. J. R. GIBBS—BOATSWAIN, H.M.S. "RESOLUTION."

Photo. GREGORY. *Copyright—H. & K.*

A GROUP OF PETTY OFFICERS—H.M.S. "MAGNIFICENT."

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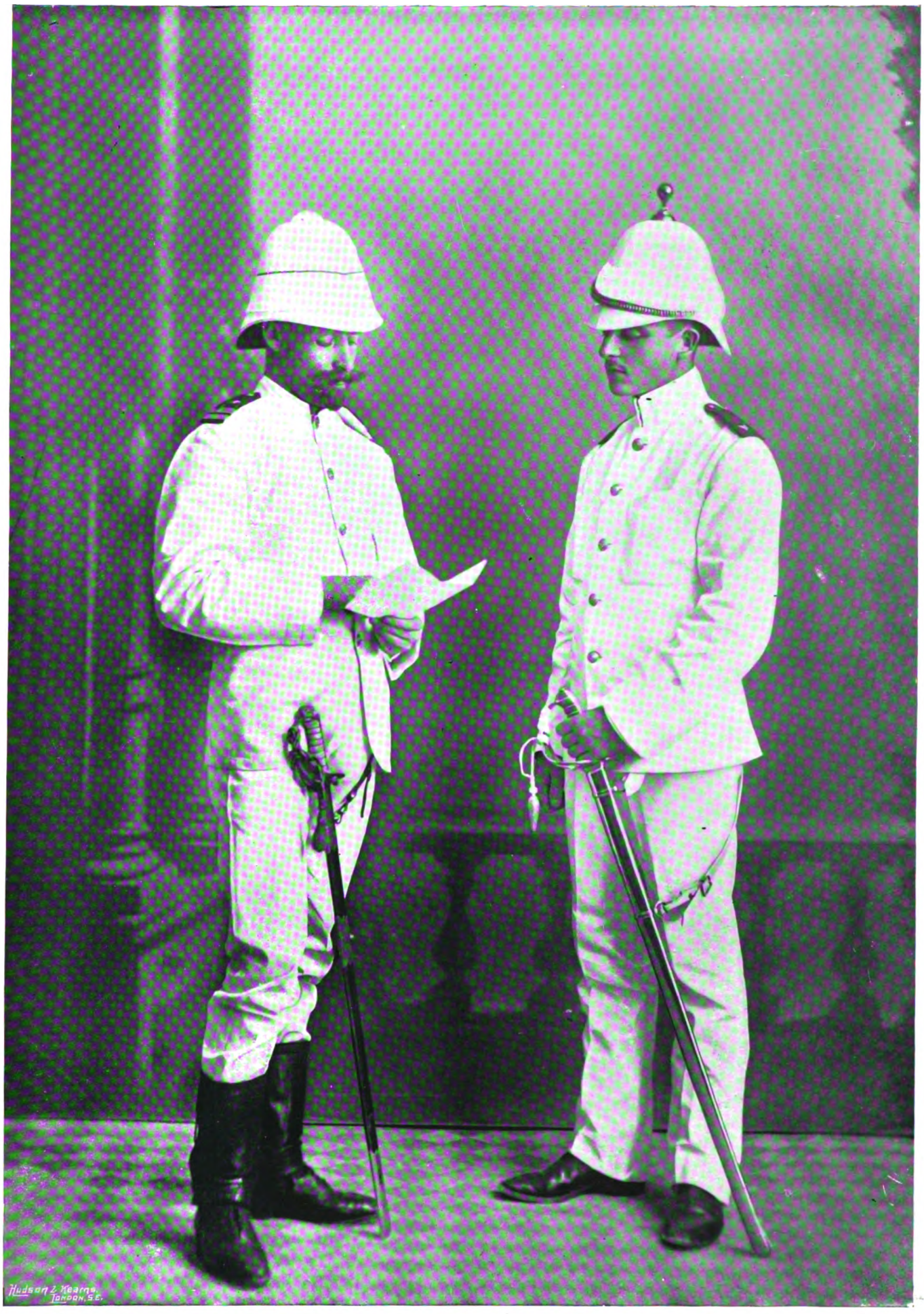

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Lieut. SAUNDERS, R.N., and Lieut. JOHN BROUGH, R.M.A., ON PICKET DUTY.

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TORPEDO NET DRILL: "OUT NETS."

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TORPEDO NET DRILL: ROLLING UP NETS.

ONE of the most arduous exercises which the bluejacket has to perform is undoubtedly that which follows on the order being given "Out Net Defence," or more briefly, "Out Nets." The practice means the shifting of the steel wire nets, each of which weighs about 400 lbs., from where they are kept stowed on deck, generally round the barbettes and amidships, to the sides of the vessel where the net sections are connected with each other, mesh by mesh, furled in one continuous length and attached to the booms, to be swung overboard and hung clear of the ship at about thirty feet out, the length of the steel spars or outrigger booms. Each section of net is about fifteen feet by twenty, so that a number of them are required to provide for the defence of the ship. Net Defence, of course, is only used when the ship is at anchor.

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A PET ON BOARD SHIP:—THE BLOODHOUND OF THE "REVENGE."

EVERYBODY who has ever read Captain BASIL HALL'S "Voyages and Travels" will remember how fond in the old times our sailors used to be of pets on board ship, and particularly of dogs. Who, for instance, has not grieved over the untimely fate of poor "Shakings," the midshipman's dog of the old "Leander," in whose memory all the officers' dogs on board, and the ship's pigs as well, were put into mourning by the midshipmen by means of strips of black cloth that the lads tied around the animals' forelegs. NELSON'S officers, in the fleet off Toulon, had their dogs, with whom, we are told, they used to take runs ashore at Maddalena and elsewhere; and the story of COLLINGWOOD'S pet "Bounce," and his airs as "My Lord the Admiral's dog" over the dogs of the other officers of the "Queen," is quite historic. In an earlier number we gave portraits of Admiral ALINGTON'S pet dog on board the "Magnificent," and Captain PIGOTT'S in the "Alexandra"; to-day we give the portrait of Commander NICHOLSON'S bloodhound on board the "Revenge."

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Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta.

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THE "IDLERS" ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

HERE we have an opportunity of seeing at a glance the various artificers regularly employed on board a Man-of-War, engaged on various duties. We see going on, knotting and splicing, men of the carpenter's crew and of the sailmaker's crew, the painter at work, the blacksmiths, armourer, cooper and others. The photograph will serve to show how a modern warship constitutes within itself in its various craftsmen, practically a small manufacturing township. It should be said, of course, that a visitor on board would not see at one time and all together the men here shown, the men in question, having been assembled together for the special purpose of our photograph. In ordinary circumstances they would be found at work all over the ship distributed about on deck and below. Curiously, an old usage of the Royal Navy, gives to these men the general denomination of "Idlers"—not, however, by way of reflection on their individual industry or capabilities, but simply because, owing to the nature of their various daily employments, they are "excused" from keeping watch.

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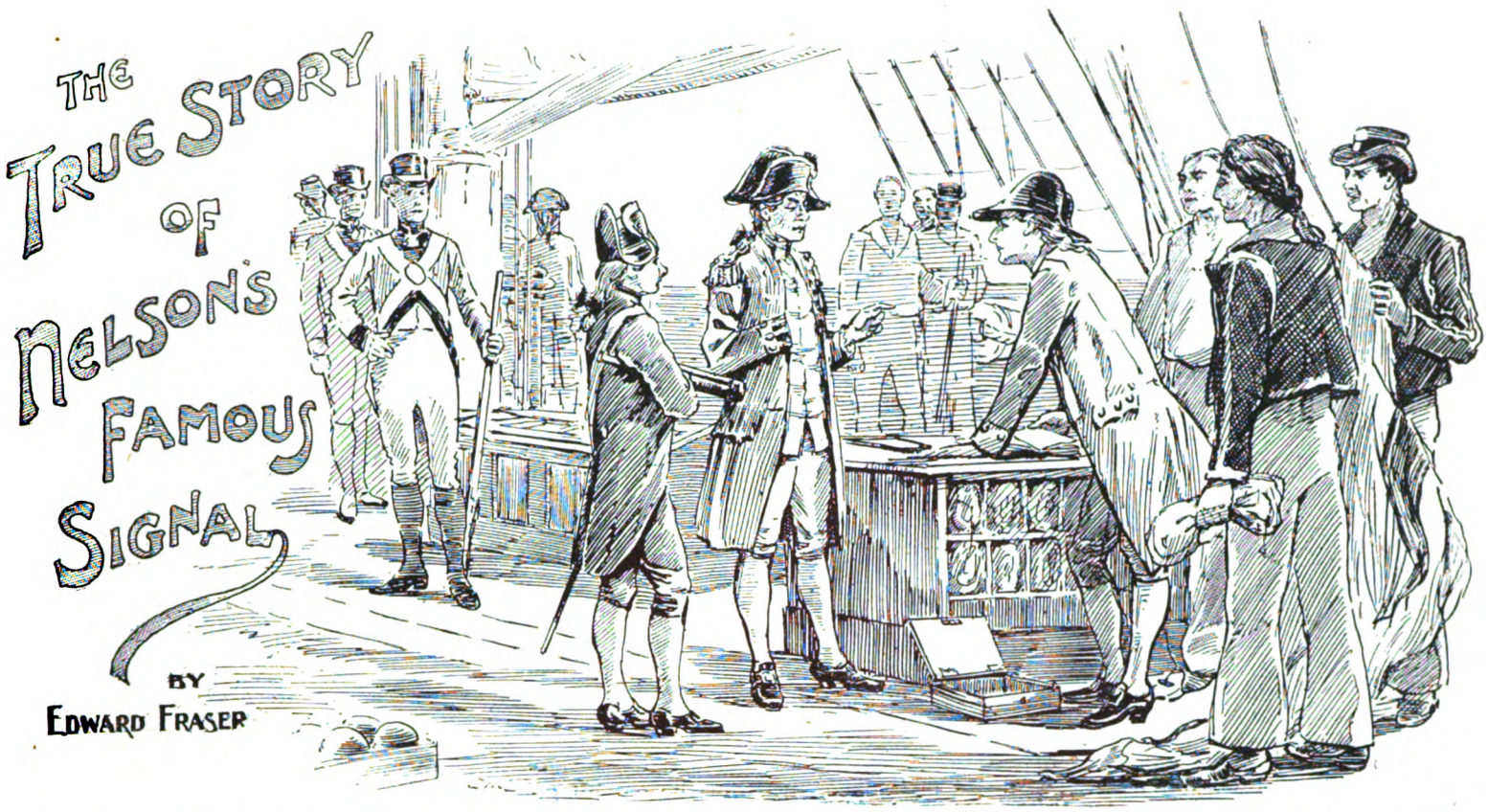

IT was a little before twelve o'clock on the morning of Trafalgar, that Nelson directed his famous signal to be made. The "Victory" was at the time about a mile and a half from the enemy's line, slowly forging ahead before the faint breeze, under every sail she could set. On the flagship's quarter-deck, Nelson and Captain Blackwood, the officer commanding the frigate squadron, were walking together, watching the long straggling array of French and Spanish ships as they slowly drew across the course of the British line.

Presently Nelson asked Captain Blackwood what he would consider a victory. "If fourteen of the enemy are taken," was the reply. "I shall not be satisfied," rejoined Nelson, "with less than twenty." Then after a short pause, during which the Admiral seemed to be musing, he turned to his companion again. "Don't you think," he asked, "it seems that a signal is wanting?"

"No, my lord," Blackwood answered, "I think nothing more is needed; the whole fleet seems to understand what they are about." But the Admiral had already made up his mind, and turning in his walk along the quarter-deck, he stepped up the poop ladder to where the Flag-Lieutenant, John Pasco, who was in charge of the signal department, was standing.

What passed Lieutenant Pasco has told. "His Lordship," he related, "came to me on the poop, and after ordering certain signals to be made, about a quarter to noon, said, 'Mr. Pasco, I want to say to the fleet,' 'England confides that every man will do his duty.' He added, 'You must be quick, for I have one more to add, which is for close action.' I replied, 'If your Lordship will permit me to substitute "expects" for "confides," the signal will soon be completed, because the word "expects" is in the vocabulary, and "confides" must be spelt. His Lordship replied in haste and with seeming satisfaction, 'That will do, Pasco, make it directly.'"

The immortal message then went up, in twelve separate hoists, Lord Nelson's word being rendered according to Sir Home Popham's Telegraphic Code—which had been supplied to the fleet as an experiment—with the numerical flags of the Admiralty official Day Signal book (the 1799 issue then in use):—

253	269	863	261	471	958
ENGLAND	EXPECTS	THAT	EVERY	MAN	WILL
220	374	4	21	19	24.
DO	HIS	D	U	T	Y.

As the last hoist was hauled down, Lord Nelson, who had meanwhile returned to where Blackwood was standing, exclaimed: "Now I can do no more. We must trust to the Great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

When the Admiral's message, "had been answered by a few ships in the van," says Lieutenant Pasco, "he ordered me to make the signal for 'Close Action' and to keep it up. Accordingly I hoisted No. 16 at the main topgallant mast head and there it remained until shot away."

It is noteworthy, by the way, how Nelson in each of the three actions in which he held chief command, made No. 16—"engage more closely," his special battle signal. With No. 16 at the "Vanguard's" main topgallant mast head he triumphantly led his "Chosen Band" at the Nile. It was No. 16 that at Copenhagen he bade his signal officer—after he had himself put his telescope to his blind eye and jocularly declared that he could not see Sir Hyde Parker's permissive signal to discontinue the action—to "keep flying," and to "nail to the mast." Now finally he "sailed to imperishable glory in the "Victory" with the same No. 16 once more hoisted aloft.

Captain Blackwood, judging it would seem from shouts which he heard with his own ears from the ships nearest the "Victory," tells us that the Admiral's message was greeted everywhere with enthusiasm. "It was received," says Southey, adopting Blackwood's account, "throughout the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed, and the feeling which it expressed." But Blackwood's position, in the flagship away at the head of the weather line, was by no means the best for general observation. As a fact, partly owing to the lightness of the wind, which caused the flags to droop and prevented them blowing clear for their colours to be made out, partly owing to the crowd of canvas on the "Victory," and on the other ships following her in the line ahead blocking out the view, as well as to the long distance over which the lines extended (six miles from van to rear), many of the ships following Nelson and Collingwood did not "take in" the signal from the "Victory" at all. They only received the message, after an interval, through the "repeating frigates," whose duty it was to pass the Commander-in-Chief's signals along the line in both columns of attack. Even then some paid very little heed to it, and did not even enter it in their signal logs. With regard to this fact it should be borne in mind that a very few minutes after the Admiral's message was signalled from the flagship, just as the repeating frigates were passing it along, the enemy began to open fire on our van, and this of itself would naturally draw off the general attention from everything else.

Lieutenant Pasco, who from the poop of the "Victory" had at least as good an opportunity as Blackwood of seeing how the Admiral's message was received, simply states, as we have seen, that "it was answered by a few ships in the van."

Another way in which Captain Blackwood's mistake as to the cheering may have originated is explained in the diary of midshipman Lovell, of the "Neptune," which was the third or fourth ship in Nelson's line. "As our fleet gradually drew nearer to the enemy, there was," he says, "a good deal of cheering going on all down both lines, the crews of the different ships cheering the ships ahead." Captain Blackwood may have mistaken this cheering, as the sound came wafted to the "Victory" on the breeze soon after the hoisting of the signal, as connected with the reception of the Admiral's message.

The "Victory's" men, when in due course the purport of Lord Nelson's message was conveyed to them, gave it, as Dr. Beatty relates, three enthusiastic cheers. In the "Royal Sovereign," Collingwood, who on first seeing the flags going up in the "Victory" had impatiently exclaimed, "I wish Lord Nelson would not make any more signals, we all know what we have to do," when the wording of the signal was reported, received it with an expression of lively satisfaction, and straightway despatched an officer round the decks to announce the message to the ship's company. The gallant "Tars of the Tyne" (as Collingwood called the men of the

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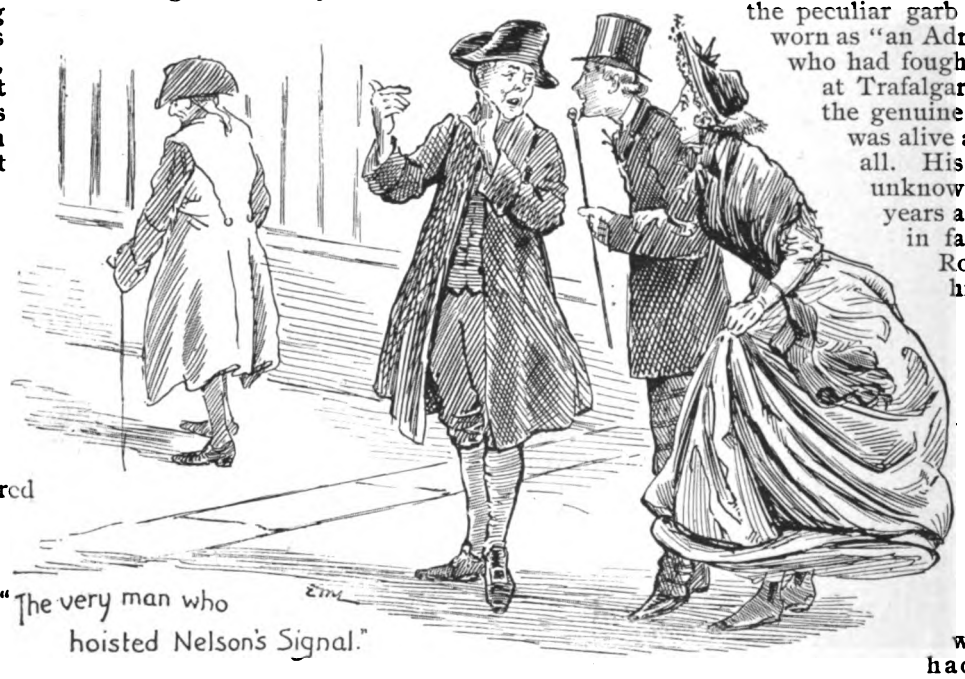
"Royal Sovereign," in his address to them before the battle), greeted it with a burst of cheering that was a sufficiently enthusiastic response. It was the same in the "Bellerophon," of Collingwood's line, where the signal was received and acknowledged by signal midshipman (afterwards the world-renowned Arctic explorer) Sir John Franklin. Captain Cooke of the "Bellerophon," the instant the Admiral's message was reported, himself went below, and as he passed along between the decks among his men as they stood at quarters, repeated it aloud everywhere, receiving in reply cheer on cheer from the gallant Billy Ruff'ns. And more than that. The men on the lower deck, in the heroic enthusiasm of the moment with one accord further responded by chalking "Billy Ruff'n—Death or Glory!" on their guns. Of other ships, the "Belleisle," Collingwood's second astern, answered Nelson's words with hearty cheers, as Sir Harris Nicolas, who was a mishipman in the "Belleisle" relates, and so did the "Dreadnought," and the "Polyphemus." Others may have cheered, but the fact is not recorded, except in the following case.

A lieutenant of Marines in the "Ajax" (the late General Sir S. B. Ellis), thus describes the scene between decks in that ship when the Admiral's message was received. "It was not received," says he, "as popular accounts relates with acclamation by the whole fleet. I was the officer directed to acquaint the men on the main deck with the Admiral's signal. When the men were mustered, with becoming dignity I delivered the sentence, rather anticipating that the effect on the men would be to awe them by its grandeur. Jack, however, did not appreciate it. There were murmurs from some, while others in audible whispers muttered—'Do our duty! of course we'll do our duty. I've always done mine, haven't you? Let's come alongside of 'em, and we'll soon show whether we'll do our duty.' Still the men cheered vociferously—more, I think, from love and admiration of their Admiral and leaders, than from any real appreciation of the well-known signal."

In some ships, the officers did not, it would seem, think it worth while either to note the signal or to communicate its purport to their men. In the "Defence," for instance, this was the case, and also, curiously, in Blackwood's own "Euryalus," the "Victory's" special repeating frigate, where no notice was taken of Lord Nelson's message beyond the bare official entry that it was passed on. Blackwood himself was of course out of his ship at the moment, with Nelson on the quarter-deck of the "Victory." In the "Euryalus," according to the late Admiral Sir Hercules Robinson (father of the High Commissioner at the Cape), one of Blackwood's midshipmen, Nelson's signal was merely noted in the signal book. "We certainly never heard a word about it in the ship till we heard of our alleged transports on our return to England."

More curious even than this though, is the way that, time and again the wording of Nelson's message has been distorted. This, in the face of the fact that the exact words were taken down then and there, as each hoist of the flags was shown, in the logs of at any rate seven ships. Besides the two repeating frigates "Euryalus" and "Naiad," whose duty it was to record every signal from the "Victory" as flagship, the "Defiance," "Revenge," "Spartiate," and "Polyphemus," entered Lord Nelson's message word for word in their signal logs; the "Orion"—commanded by Edward Codrington,—of Navarino fame in after years—in addition quoting the signal number of each flag. One may certainly then wonder how no fewer than *three* differing versions are to this day in vogue among us.



"The very man who hoisted Nelson's Signal."

Lord Nelson of course made only *one* signal. Yet we find, for example, "England expects every man *will* do his duty," recorded round the steering wheel on the quarter deck of the old "Victory" in Portsmouth Harbour, and "England expects every man *to do* his duty," recorded on the stone pedestal that supports the "Victory's" anchor on Southsea beach near by,—inscriptions placed in each case by the authorities. Equally curious is it to find "England expects every man *will* do his duty" on the pediment of the Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, and "England expects every man *to do* his duty" inset at the head of Nelson's tomb in the mosaic pavement of the crypt of St. Paul's. More than this indeed, the emblazoned legend that was inscribed on the bows of the big 120-gun ship "Nelson," built by the Admiralty specially in honour of the hero of Trafalgar and launched in 1814, worded the message as "to do." None of these versions is what was actually signalled by Lord Nelson. The signal that went up on board the "Victory" just before midday on that 21st of October, 1805, consisted of these nine words, no more and no fewer:—

"ENGLAND EXPECTS THAT EVERY MAN WILL DO HIS DUTY."

To mention one or two more of these curious variations from the original. Collingwood had engraved on a ring for himself "England expects everything: men do your duty." Blackwood, while, in a letter written a few days after the battle words it: "England expects that every officer and man will do their utmost duty." These are variations, however, that perhaps might be explained as hasty quotations from memory. "England expects every man to do his duty," is the form used in the inscription on the bust set up in Greenwich Hospital Chapel, of Sir Thomas Masterman Hardy—"Nelson's Hardy,"—the captain of the "Victory" at Trafalgar. The word "that" after "expects" is omitted in the Trafalgar medal struck and presented to those present at the battle by Mr. Boulton, as well as in the version of the signal given by Dr. Beatty, the surgeon of the "Victory," in his "Authentic Narrative" of Trafalgar, and also in the inscription on the sword of honour presented to Collingwood after Trafalgar by the City of London. The "that" is moreover, curiously enough, left out in the illuminated scroll designed to show the flags of Nelson's signal, that Lieutenant Pasco himself had afterwards affixed round the telescope he used at Trafalgar, which was eventually presented by a descendant of the gallant officer to the Duke of Edinburgh, by whom it was shown at the Naval Exhibition of 1891.

For years after Trafalgar men who had either helped to carry Nelson to the cockpit or had hoisted Nelson's signal with their own hands abounded all over England. Every mumping sham salt who accosted people along the highway with a whine for alms, had done one or the other—not a few, as they did not hesitate to maintain, both! The yarn paid so well, indeed, that it is said, some of the Greenwich pensioners were not above doing a very profitable little business on similar lines, particularly with country visitors to the Hospital, who were always asking to be shown "the man who hoisted Nelson's signal." Of course the pensioners were always ready to oblige. Some "Greenwich canary"—as pensioners in disgrace for getting drunk, who wore the punishment dress of a long yellow coat with red sleeves in place of the ordinary dark blue uniform coat were nicknamed—was, we are told, palmed off as a regular thing, on the gaping visitors as the very man. It was added, to improve the occasion and draw more coppers, that the peculiar garb of the "Canaries" was worn as "an Admiralty privilege by men who had fought on board the 'Victory' at Trafalgar!" Yet all the time, the genuine "Victory's" signalman was alive and not at Greenwich at all. His whereabouts, were quite unknown for more than forty years after the battle, until 1847 in fact, when poor old John Roome, the man who with his own hand had made the hoists on the 21st of October, 1805, was accidentally discovered wandering in a state of penury in Blackfriars. He was then old and infirm, and had for years past been dragging out a precarious existence by hawking watercress in the streets. The unfortunate fellow, who in Nelson's time had prided himself on being one of the smartest lads in the "Victory," had afterwards, it came out, deserted, thus losing his prospects of a Greenwich pension and berth for life in the Hospital. Happily, though, the case was not hopeless. When—through the exertions, curiously enough, of the officer who had been Roome's immediate chief at Trafalgar (Lieutenant Pasco, who, by another coincidence, happened in 1847 to be Captain of the "Victory" at Portsmouth), the old man's position was submitted to the Admiralty, with the result that Roome was finally admitted as an in-patient to Greenwich Hospital, where he died in the year 1860. Lieutenant Pasco, the signal officer of the "Victory" (he was severely wounded at Trafalgar), died a Rear-Admiral in 1853.

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BY F. HAMILTON—KNIGHT.

MARY JANE dearly loves a red coat, more particularly if it should be accompanied by the musical jingle of a splendid spur (not Q's) from Knightsbridge or Albany Street, and Mirabel Montrecourt, under the mask of hauteur, which we are assured invariably stamps the "caste of Vere de Vere" is not less partial to Mr. Atkins' superior officer. It is therefore by no means surprising, seeing that the female element dominates the theatre from the back of the gallery to the front rows of the stalls, to find in the military drama one of the most popular theatrical entertainments of the present day.

The melodramatist, fully alive to this fact, is for ever cudgelling his brains to ring fresh changes on the old materials. Not one of our innumerable little wars but is laid under contribution; indeed, seeing that there is hardly ever a little paltry, punitive expedition, engaging perhaps only a few score hundreds of men, that is not made memorable by some brilliant deed of gallantry, some glorious display of heroism to add fresh lustre and honour to the flag, it would indeed be astonishing if the popular playwright were to fail to avail himself of the gold mine of dramatic incident the defence and extension of the Empire is for ever placing at his hand.

By my side as I write I have a picture of a young man in the full marching uniform of a private in a line regiment, correct in every detail from helmet to gaiter button. Such a Tommy as our "Barrack Room Ballads" have taught to love and be proud of. It is Mr. Augustus Harris as Frank Darlington in "Youth," and the date is that of fifteen years ago. From that time the vogue of the military melodrama, if I may so call it, has advanced by leaps and bounds. The enterprising and vigorous young manager found that he was able to gauge the tastes of his public to a nicety, and, as was ever his wont, spared neither pains, trouble, or money to give it what it wanted. But with the manager of "The National Theatre," as he proudly named Old Drury, it was always a case of "going one better" on himself, the result being that as Autumn drama followed Autumn drama at "The Lane,' we were presented with a series of military pictures, each one if possible excelling its predecessor in detail, accuracy and up-to-dateness. Wherever the British forces were engaged on active service, there the acumen of Augustus Harris followed them, and the public was thrilled with action after action, in the Soudan, in Burmah, in South Africa, and, alas that it should have to be written, one of his last great achievements was that remarkable display in the early part of this year, "The Relief of Chitral."

The actors in these mimic battles were no broken-down, narrow-chested "supers," clad in any cast-off uniforms that came to hand, and armed with obsolete Sniders, or, even what is still the old soldier's love, the redoubtable "Brown Bess." No, just as Frank Darlington fifteen years ago carried his Martini-Henri, so his successors have worked their Gatlings, their Maxims, and their Hotchkiss guns, their uniforms have been replicas of the latest War Office patterns, and the men themselves, with the full sanction and approval of the authorities, not Stage Soldiers but Soldiers on the Stage. I have often thought that it must have been a source of keen regret to such a master of realism that the exigencies of the case prevented the use of real ammunition, real nurses, and real wounded combatants. Had "Augustus Duriolanus," as he was affectionately called by his facetious contemporaries, lived two thousand years ago, the Colosseum at Rome would have offered him a congenial field wherein to exercise his marvellous powers of organisation; and it is easy to picture him, after some particularly successful display, stepping up gaily to the podium to receive the Emperor's congratulations and a laurel wreath; living in our prosaic age, he was the recipient of the accolade from his sovereign, the applause of countless thousands of his countrymen, and, at the zenith of his career, the funeral of a prince.

It is not my purpose to offer any dry-as-dust compendium of plays, ancient or modern, which have dealt with "The Milingtary." Such a proceeding would necessitate a catalogue as long as Carlyle's "Frederick the Great," commencing with Ben Johnson and ending with the aspiring dramatist (whoever he may be) who only yesterday completed his masterpiece on the subject in question. I merely throw together a few fugitive notes of some productions and performances that have come under I trust a not unobservant eye during the last few years. Within a couple of years of the production of "Youth" I find another go-ahead management tackling the soldier drama, and again with little intervals to, as the French say, run back in order to jump better, sticking to it up to the present moment.

Two of our best stage craftsmen, seeing the way the wind of popular favour was blowing, laid their heads together and wrote what was to prove one of the most successful dramas of the kind ever produced; and for over five hundred nights the delighted, if somewhat crowded, pit at the Adelphi shouted with approval as Mr. Charles Warner, for the time being "In the Ranks," knocked down dozens of stalwart guardsmen as though he was engaged in a game of animated ninepins. That was enough for the Brothers Gatti, and from time to time they have converted the stage of the Adelphi into a veritable "Champ de Mars." It has been a regular case of one down another come on. The Army first, then the Navy, then the Army again—"Rag and Famish." One day it is Mr. Warner as "Ned Drayton, the Guardsman"; the next Mr. Terriss as "David Kingsley, the Sailor"; a little while yet and we see Mr. Leonard Boyne as a gallant sergeant in

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the Royal Horse Artillery; whilst it is but a few weeks ago that we saw Mr. Terriss, in all the glory of his Highlander's uniform, standing, Ajax like, bathed in limelight, whilst a particularly ferocious colour-sergeant degraded him in full sight of his regiment, and the audience; an operation which, though happily impossible under the Queen's regulations, had the desired effect of rousing the onlookers to a pitch of sympathetic frenzy.

To get away for a moment from soldiers as treated collectively on the stage, that is to say, when they are used for a purely spectacular point of view, as in battles, parades, and, as recently, in impossible degradation scenes, it is not, perhaps, unamusing to recall the military types, in a more or less modified form, that playwriters have, and will doubtless in the future, delight to revel in. First and foremost, there is the wicked major. It is a curious fact that the villain seldom gets beyond his majority. No, it may be taken for granted, that if there is a major in a melodrama, he must of necessity be a wicked major. He generally wears a heavy black moustache—very black for choice—a frock coat, a flower, a very shiny hat, and, above all things, white spats. This is only, I may observe, noticeable with the stage major. He smokes innumerable bad cigars, and, generally, after having received a terrible towelling at the hands of the hero, the heroine, and, above all, from the (presumably) comic comedian, makes his exit with a monosyllabic "damn." It used to be "foiled," or "no matter," but we have changed all that.

The next typical soldier may be described roughly as "The Ha-Ha" captain. The dramatists have entered into a solemn league and compact that a captain (unless he is a bad captain, and such being the case he must never be as steeped in perfidy as the major) must always interlard his conversation with numberless irritating Ha-Ha's. A Ha-Ha being, I believe, in military parlance, some sort of defensive obstacle used in fortifications, perhaps may account for this curious fact. I respectfully leave the elucidation to more erudite observers. The stage captain, hoping, perhaps, ultimately to become a wicked major, like his superior officer, always carries a heavy moustache; this is invariably fair, and we may suppose that as he gets on in years and crime he has to dye. Any way, take him all in all, the stage captain is generally "a most amoosing little cuss." I have in my mind's eye at the moment the most irreproachable of stage captains, Mr. W. H. Kendal. Younger playgoers than myself must remember Captain Crichton in "Impulse," the outwardly, affected, Ha-Ha "Johnnie" of his day, the truly large-hearted, upright, honourable officer and man. We can do with some more Captain Crichtons, both on the stage and off.

When the major ends his black career of crime with an expletive and makes his exit, he seems, perhaps not unnaturally, to develop a chronic bad temper, because when next we meet him as a Colonel or a General the laws of stagecraft demand that he must have developed in a most violent and irascible old gentleman. No properly constituted stage General was ever in anything but a most extremely bad temper. Why even the genial Gilbert's General Bunthunder was a termagant in scarlet, and I am sure that Grossmith's General, in the "Pirates of Penzance," could have snapped your head off with the greatest pleasure in life. But W. S. G. didn't let him.

Do you ask for examples? Well, perhaps no playwright has left the Army more religiously alone than our leading one, and, yet we find the dyspeptic and "livery" Major Tarver, obviously the bad major in "Dandy Dick," the irascible and violent Colonel Lukyn in "The Magistrate," and that vapid Guardsman, the Earl of Drumdurais (he must surely be a captain), in "The Cabinet Minister." "Q.E.D." Which was to be demonstrated.

And yet now, through all the smoke of the rifles, the zi-go-go, as the Matabele called it, of the Maxims, above the clatter of the sabres and the blast of bugles, there stand out in my memory more vividly than all else, the pictures of three Stage Soldiers, not Soldiers on the Stage. Three historic, histrionic pictures, all alike in having reached the highest plane of artistic achievement, and yet all as different and far apart as the Poles.

These three are, first and foremost "Colonel Daunt" in "The Queen's Shilling," "Captain Hawtree" in "Caste," and "Corporal Gregory Brewster" in "A Story of Waterloo." If anybody does not know the original creators of these parts it will afford him or her a delightfully reminiscent time to find out. I wish I could learn by personal observation once more.

And yet again, halting for a moment in the land of memories, and recalling the many magnificent spectacles that have been placed of late years before the public by enterprising and public-spirited managers, I must, to use an Irishism, say that the best, the most splendid, the most real regiment I ever saw upon the stage, was one I didn't see at all; and I believe that my humble opinion will be universally endorsed by all who saw or thought they saw that regiment." In the second act of "Ours," when Angus MacAlister has said farewell to his sweetheart Blanche Haye, he goes out to join his regiment which is sailing at the instant for the Crimea. The scene is a drawing-room. We have not on the stage as much red coat as would make a pen wiper; *but* we *hear* the band playing "Bonnie Annie Laurie;" we hear the commands of the officers "Company number one, quick march!!!" "Company number two, quick march!!!" And, as Blanche Haye falls fainting to the ground, we see, we feel, we know that that regiment is marching to the wars, almost as certainly as if the whole battalion from Colonel to drummer boy passed before our eyes.

In conclusion, I assert, without fear of contradiction, that as long as Tommy Atkins retains the regard and affection of his country, so long will theatrical audiences refuse to bid

> "Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
> The spirit-stirring drum, the ear piercing fife,
> The Royal banner,"

and that Melpomene and Thalia, to say nothing of Terpsichore (remembering the Empire ballets), will continue to remain, as heretofore, his most humble handmaidens to command.

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MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. REGINALD TALBOT, C.B., A.D.C.

MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. REGINALD TALBOT, who commands the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot, is an old Life Guardsman. He served in the 1st Life Guards for upwards of thirty years, for six of which—from 1882 to 1888—he held the command of his distinguished regiment. The General has seen a good deal of war service, his career including staff employment during the latter part of the Zulu War, the Egyptian War of 1882 (present at El Magfar and Marsama, the two actions at Kassassin, the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, and the capture of Cairo), and the Nile Expedition of 1884-5; in which last-named campaign, as Lieutenant-Colonel, he commanded the Heavy Camel Regiment. He was British Military Attaché in Paris from 1889 until July last year. During his term of service with the Embassy in Paris he rendered a service of special interest to the Nation and the Army, by recovering at great trouble and at his own expense what was believed to be one of the colours of the old 24th—the 1st Battalion of the present South Wales' Borderers—lost at Isandula, which, in some way or other, had found its way from Zululand to Paris. Major-General the Hon. REGINALD TALBOT, who is also an A.D.C. to the Queen, has been twice mentioned in despatches, and wears three clasps to his Egyptian Medal. He won his C.B. for his services with the Desert Column, at Abu Klea, Gubat, Metammeh, and Shabacat Wells.

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A SERGEANT OF THE 3rd (PRINCE OF WALES'S) DRAGOON GUARDS.

THE 3rd Dragoon Guards, to which the Sergeant shown in our photograph belongs, goes back for its origin to the days of James II. when it was raised by combining several troops of Cuirassiers into one regiment of Heavies, or, as they were then called "Horse," at the time of Monmouth's rebellion. It was styled a "Dragoon Guard" regiment in George the Second's reign, when the Regiments of Horse were reorganized, and received its present title of "Prince of Wales's" in the year 1765, in honour of the Prince who was afterwards George IV. The Badge of the regiment is the Prince of Wales's plume which is borne on the regimental standard, together with the two badges of the ancient Princes of Wales—"The Rising Sun," and the "Red Dragon." In honour also of the special Royal associations of the 3rd Dragoon Guards, the Sergeants of the regiment wear the Prince of Wales's plume in solid silver, as an arm badge on the right sleeve. The badges that the Sergeant here shown wears on his left sleeve are regimental badges for proficiency with the lance, sword, and at musketry. As a Dragoon Guard Regiment (distinguished from Dragoon regiments) the 3rd wear *velvet* facings—yellow in their particular case—and helmets of gilt brass. Dragoon regiments wear *cloth* facings and helmets of white metal. The 3rd Dragoon Guards have red and black helmet plumes, and their uniform is scarlet.

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Photo. J. THOMSON, Brompton Road. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE COLOURS AND DRUMS OF THE 2nd GRENADIER GUARDS.

HERE we see the stand of colours at present in use in the 2nd Grenadier Guards, with the drums piled in front. The colour borne in the right hand of the Sergeant in the centre of the picture is the Battalion Queen's colour; that borne in the Sergeant's left is the Battalion Regimental Colour. The Queen's Colour of the 2nd Grenadiers is a crimson flag bearing the battle honours of the regiment with the Royal Cypher, surmounted by the Crown in the centre, and a Grenade below, and with the Union cantoned in the upper corner next the staff, in the same manner as in the Red Ensign. It differs in various points from the Queen's Colours of the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Grenadiers. The Battalion Regimental Colour consists of the Union flag, (like the Queen's Colour of a Line Regiment), bearing in the centre of the flag one of the thirty Company Badges (assigned to the First Guards by Royal Warrant by Charles II., and since added to by Queen Victoria) still used in the Regiment, with a Grenade below and the Crown above. On each side of the special Company Badge are arranged the battle honours of the Regiment, "Lincelles," "Barossa," "Waterloo," "Inkerman," on one side, and "Corunna," "Peninsular," "Alma," "Sebastopol," on the other. The special Company Badge, borne on the Colours by each Battalion, is changed with every new issue of Battalion Colours, in regular order right through the series of thirty, as officially laid down.

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"FORM RAFTS."

GETTING INTO POSITION.

"DRESSING" THE BRIDGE.

MAKING A "DOUBLE CUT."

Photos. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT INSPECTING THE BRIDGE.

MAKING A MILITARY BRIDGE.

THESE are some photographs taken during the bridging operations carried out before the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT at the Cove Reservoir at Aldershot by the Bridging Battalion and a portion of two Field Companies R.E., under Lieut.-Col. DORWARD, D.S.O. A pontoon bridge 650 feet in length was thrown across the Reservoir in 28 minutes, work being carried on from each bank simultaneously. One photograph shows the pontoons in the water with stores and superstructure ready on the bank, and the men awaiting the order "Form Rafts." The rafts are next shown being moved up stream in order to be placed in position and anchored in readiness to be hauled into place and put together in the proposed bridge. A third photo shows the bridge completed and the pontoons being finally "dressed" in exact line by the detachment "commanders," and officers posted on the bank at each end to correct the alignment. The fourth photo shows the bridge "double cut" or swung into two halves so that vessels may pass through. When all was ready the DUKE OF CONNAUGHT crossed the bridge.

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Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

Lieutenant G. C. M. SOREL-CAMERON, of the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders.

THE distinguished regiment, to which the young officer whose portrait we present in full uniform belongs, has a splendid reputation. It was first raised on the 17th of August, 1793, by Colonel ALAN CAMERON, of Erracht, in the County of Inverness, among men of the Cameron name and clan, and has since remained the most purely Scottish of all our Highland regiments. At present five-sixths of the officers are of Scottish birth and extraction, and over seventy-six per cent. of the rank and file, Scotsmen. Hardly another battalion in the Army can show a better fighting record than the old 79th, among the fifteen battle honours on the colours being the names of all the fiercest fought actions of the century. The Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders is the only regiment left undisturbed by the Army reformers of 1881, and they remain thus the only single battalion regiment in the Army. The project of converting them into a third battalion of Scots Guards has, happily been abandoned, in the face of the fierce antagonism to the measure excited in the North. The regiment is now at Gibraltar.

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THE 1st WELCH.

THE TEAM THAT WON THE ARMY SHIELD.

AN HOUR'S RECREATION.

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *AFTER DINNER.* *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE 1st Battalion of the Welch regiment ranks among the older regiments of the British Army, going back for its origin, as it does, to GEORGE THE FIRST'S reign, when a corps recruited from among old soldiers of the Guards was raised and styled "The Royal Invalids." The regiment, some years later, was numbered the 41st, and then, early in the present century, it received the name of the "Welch Regiment." It was known as the 41st Welch down to 1880, when, on the introduction of the territorial system, it received its present title as the 1st Battalion the Welch Regiment, a second battalion being affiliated with it—the former 69th South Lincolnshire. The old 41st helped to defend Canada during the American War of 1812-14, joined the Army of Occupation in Paris after Waterloo, formed part of the Avenging Column under General NOTT in the Afghan War of 1842, and later was present at the Alma and Inkerman, and throughout the Siege of Sebastopol. As the "1st Welch" the present battalion more recently served at Gibraltar, in Natal, in Egypt, and at Malta, whence it returned home in 1893. The Hon. ARTHUR WELLESLEY, afterwards DUKE OF WELLINGTON, was for a time lieutenant of the Grenadier Company of the "Royal Invalids." The badges of the Welch Regiment are the PRINCE OF WALES' plume and the Welsh Dragon, with the motto, "Gwell Angeu neu Chwilydd"—in English, "Death rather than dishonour." A rose and thistle growing on one stalk, surrounded by the garter and the motto, "Honi Soit qui mal y pense," is the ancient badge of the regiment—borne on the battalion regimental colour. As the Royal Invalids, their first uniform was the same as that of the Chelsea pensioners, red broad-skirted coat with blue collar, cuffs, breeches, stockings, black waist-belt, and three-cornered hat. Now-a-days, the 1st Welch wear white facings exactly the same as the English regiments of the Line. Our photographs give a satisfactory idea of the type of men who at the present time serve in the ranks of this distinguished regiment. That they can shoot straight, the first duty of soldiers, their success as winners of the Army Shield last year, is proof sufficient. How they look after themselves at their present quarters, Fort Staddon, Plymouth, when off duty, our readers have also an opportunity of seeing.

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Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

SONS OF THE "KING'S OWN."

MANY a regiment of Her Majesty's Army can point to certain of its officers and men who have been born and brought up with the colours and are "Sons of the Regiment" in the fullest sense. Few corps in the Land Service, however, can show so many sons of the regiment of all ranks—both officers and men—as can the "King's Own," or, as the famous old 4th of the Line, is now officially designated, the "Royal Lancaster Regiment." It is a pleasing and interesting picture in every way. Unfortunately, a group such as that we see here must inevitably, in these days of short Service for the rank and file and open competitive examinations for the commissioned officers, tend to become yet more and more rare.

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Photo. T. WINTER, Rawal Pindi.

OUR INDIAN ARMY:—THE CHAMPION SHOOTING TEAM OF THE 26th P. I.

THE 26th Punjab Regiment of Bengal Infantry, to which the group of men here shown belong, are at present serving with the Indian Contingent that was dispatched in May last to garrison Suakin. They were originally raised at the time of the Indian Mutiny in 1857, and were known as the 18th Punjab Infantry. The rank and file come of the best fighting stock in the East, being raised,—as they exclusively are,—among Sikhs, Dogras, and Pathans. Those that have had to face them during our wars in Afghanistan and in Burmah have had good cause to know their capabilities in this respect. Their uniform is Khaki (or drab), with red facings, and their head-quarters are at Jhelum in the Punjab, where our photograph of the Champion Shooting Team of the regiment was taken last February.

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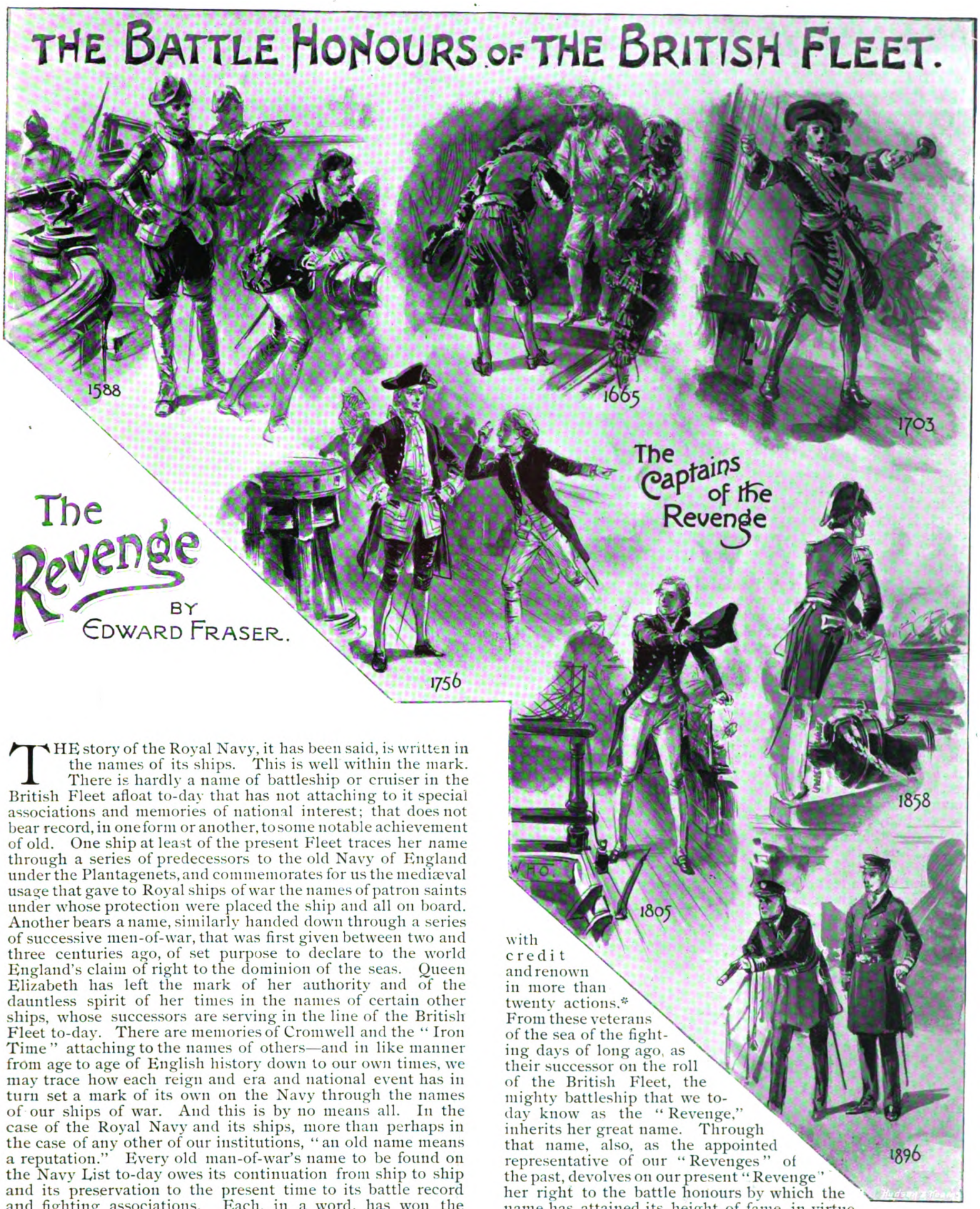

THE story of the Royal Navy, it has been said, is written in the names of its ships. This is well within the mark. There is hardly a name of battleship or cruiser in the British Fleet afloat to-day that has not attaching to it special associations and memories of national interest; that does not bear record, in one form or another, to some notable achievement of old. One ship at least of the present Fleet traces her name through a series of predecessors to the old Navy of England under the Plantagenets, and commemorates for us the mediæval usage that gave to Royal ships of war the names of patron saints under whose protection were placed the ship and all on board. Another bears a name, similarly handed down through a series of successive men-of-war, that was first given between two and three centuries ago, of set purpose to declare to the world England's claim of right to the dominion of the seas. Queen Elizabeth has left the mark of her authority and of the dauntless spirit of her times in the names of certain other ships, whose successors are serving in the line of the British Fleet to-day. There are memories of Cromwell and the "Iron Time" attaching to the names of others—and in like manner from age to age of English history down to our own times, we may trace how each reign and era and national event has in turn set a mark of its own on the Navy through the names of our ships of war. And this is by no means all. In the case of the Royal Navy and its ships, more than perhaps in the case of any other of our institutions, "an old name means a reputation." Every old man-of-war's name to be found on the Navy List to-day owes its continuation from ship to ship and its preservation to the present time to its battle record and fighting associations. Each, in a word, has won the right to be found on the glorious roll of the British Fleet, at the cannon's mouth.

The story of the origin, historic associations, and war career of each of our battleships and cruisers, right through Her Majesty's Fleet, we propose in these pages to relate, beginning here with, perhaps, the most celebrated and best known of all, with the story of a ship in whose name it is a special point of honour with every Englishman to take pride—the "Revenge" of immortal memory,

> "A name through all the world renown'd,
> A name that rouses like a trumpet sound."

The flagship of the Special Squadron, commissioned last winter as a reminder to the world that the British Lion is awake, bears a name of distinguished ancestry, associated with famous traditions. During the past three centuries upwards of eight men-of-war have borne the name of "Revenge" with credit and renown in more than twenty actions.* From these veterans of the sea of the fighting days of long ago, as their successor on the roll of the British Fleet, the mighty battleship that we to-day know as the "Revenge," inherits her great name. Through that name, also, as the appointed representative of our "Revenges" of the past, devolves on our present "Revenge" her right to the battle honours by which the name has attained its height of fame, in virtue of which the name "Revenge" has been considered deserving of commemoration and of being handed on from ship to ship during three hundred and twenty years.

Were it customary for a vessel of the Royal Navy to possess a special "ship flag" of her own—as each battalion of the Army has its own regimental colour—on which "ship flag," as is done in the case of the ensigns of the military service, should be emblazoned the records of the historic actions at sea in which the predecessors of the ship have borne a part, the "Revenge" would display on her flag a roll of battle honours that would vie with the proudest record of war services borne on the colours of any regiment of Her Majesty's Land Forces.

* There have been TEN "Revenges" in point of fact, but two of these are hardly to be counted: one was only a small 4-gun vessel employed during the Civil War, about 1642; and the other an 8-gun "floating battery," in existence under the name "Revenge," in the Demerara River, British Guiana, just a hundred years ago.

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It was Queen Elizabeth who first placed the name "Revenge" on our Navy List, by giving it to a warship of forty guns, launched at the Royal Dockyard at Deptford in the year 1577. As in the case of most of the names given by Queen Elizabeth to her ships, the name was chosen of set purpose and with a special significance. Our Elizabethan man-of-war names, of which there are still some eight or ten yet preserved on the Navy List, "Dreadnought," "Defiance," "Repulse," "Warspite," "Swiftsure," and so on, were nearly all originally bestowed with some underlying allusion to circumstances in our foreign relations existing at the time that the names were fixed on; by way of retort, as it would seem in nearly every case, to some recent menace from abroad. Particularly was this the case in regard to the naming of our first "Revenge."

It was to be, indeed, as things befel, a name to our enemies of presage and of dread. Of all Queen Elizabeth's fleet no other ship was destined to wreak England's vengeance in more heroic fashion on the then great national foe. Not only, indeed, was the "Revenge"—as all the world remembers—the special heroine of Grenville's desperate fight off Flores, but she was also, and before that—as all the world does not remember—on a yet more momentous occasion the flagship of Sir Francis Drake. At this point it is that our story of the war career of the "Revenge" begins:—in the presence of the enemy, in the third week of July of the year 1588.

In the opening encounter of the week of battles with the Spanish Armada that Sunday forenoon, no ship of all the Queen's fleet bore a more distinguished part than Drake's "good ship 'Revenge.'" Leading in among the enemy, after the first hour of long range firing between the English van and the Spanish rear had brought both sides to closer quarters, the "Revenge," at the head of the English Vice-Admiral's squadron, Drake's special command, for close on three hours fought, broadside to broadside, first with one and then with another of the more powerful of the Spanish rear-guard ships. Forcing her way in among the Spaniards as they gave back and began to crowd on their main body, she finally singled out the big galleon "Santa Ana," in which, perhaps the best seaman in all King Philip's navy, Don Juan Martinez de Recalde, the commander of the rear-division of the Armada, was flying his flag. On the "Santa Ana" the "Revenge" led a spirited attack, that pushed Recalde so hard that Medina Sidonia himself, the Spanish Admiral in chief command, had to head back and come to the rescue with every ship at his disposal. It was enough: Drake's men had played their part. Before Medina Sidonia's advance in force, the "Revenge" left the "Santa Ana," and with the rest of the attacking English van drew off, satisfied with having shown the enemy something of their quality.

Monday morning saw the "Revenge" capture Don Pedro de Valdez, the famous Vice-Admiral of the Spanish squadron of Andalusia, in his flagship the "Rosario." This time there was no fighting—the terror of Drake's name sufficed. Crippled by the loss of part of her masts and spars, the result of a collision with a consort during the fighting with Drake on the day before, the "Rosario" during Sunday evening had dropped astern of the main Spanish fleet and was slowly drifting up Channel on the tide when, in the grey of the early morning, the "Revenge" loomed up close by. Drake promptly sheered alongside, although the "Rosario" was more than twice the size of the "Revenge," and sent a rough summons to the Spanish Vice-Admiral to surrender at discretion. The Spanish Vice-Admiral demurred. "I am Don Pedro de Valdez, and to yield so stands not with my honour," is said to have been the proud Don's first reply. He added that he might treat for terms. Drake curtly declined to waste time in talk. "I am Francis Drake," he sent back word, "and my matches are burning." The sight of the "Revenge's" gunners at their posts, smoking linstocks in hand, settled the matter. In a very few minutes Don Pedro and his hidalgo retinue had come on board the "Revenge," and were bowing to Drake as one by one they handed over their swords to him on the "Revenge's" quarterdeck.* The "Revenge" saw her prize safely into Torbay, whence the "Roebuck," of Drake's squadron, took the Spaniard into Dartmouth, to be ransacked according to the custom of the time and the spoil allotted among the captors:—something like fifty-five thousand ducats of gold and half-a-hundred diamond-hilted swords. "Spanish Barn" the country folk round Torre Abbey to this day call the old building where the "Revenge's" prisoners from the "Rosario" were, as local legend tells us, placed under watch and ward.

There was yet harder work for the "Revenge" next day, in the great battle of Tuesday off Portland Bill. First came the fierce brush early in the morning, when Drake and Lord Howard and the leaders of the English fleet, after a daring attempt to work in between the Spanish fleet and the land, had at the last moment to tack, baffled for want of sea room, and were closed with by the enemy in the act of going about. Exultantly came on the galleons under full sail and the galleasses with flashing rows of oars, shouting and cheering amid blare of trumpets and ruffle of drums, in full confidence to run down and sink the light-built English vessels. It was a moment of extreme peril:—until the fortune of the fight of a sudden changed. As the Spaniards were in act of closing on the "Revenge" and the ships with her, in a flash as it were, the English sails filled, ship by ship and all together, and then stretching out with bowsprits pointing seaward, the "Revenge," "Victory," "Ark Royal," and the rest cleared the enemy, pouring in so fierce a fire as they passed that the Spanish ships had to sheer off. This was the first action of the day. Later the wind, going round with the sun, shifted and gave Drake and Howard the weather gage, on which came on the most desperate encounter that our ships had yet seen. Lord Howard in the "Ark Royal" and Drake in the "Revenge," with the ships nearest at hand, driving ahead before the wind, pushed into the thick of the Spanish main body, and attacked the enemy, gun-muzzle to gun-muzzle, in a long and furious battle that lasted until the afternoon sun was nearing the horizon. Now moving ahead through her own smoke to plunge into the mêlée and come to the rescue of some hard-pressed consort, now working tack for tack parallel with and firing salvo after salvo at a short fifty yards range into some towering galleon or huge galleass; so the hours of that eventful afternoon wore through on the powder-begrimed decks of the "Revenge." In vain did the most formidable of the Spanish galleons try to close and board her. Ship after ship was forced back at every point, with shot-torn bulwarks and splintered sides, and with their scuppers spouting blood after each English broadside, as Drake's round shot crashed in among the masses of Spanish soldiery who were packed on board the galleons as closely almost as they could stand.

A third day of battle was yet to come—Thursday's hot fight off the back of the Isle of Wight, and once more the "Revenge" took her full share of what was done, until the long summer day drew to its close and the Armada "gathered in a roundel," sullenly stood off eastward, proposing to fight no more until the coast of Flanders had been made.

Sunday night saw the fireship attack so disastrous to the Armada, and next morning followed the crowning victory of the week's campaign, the great fight off Gravelines of Monday, the 29th of July, "the great battle which, more distinctly perhaps than any battle of modern times, has moulded the history of Europe—the battle which curbed the gigantic power of Spain, which shattered Spanish prestige and established the basis of England's empire." Here the "Revenge" distinguished herself even more brilliantly than before. She led the attack ahead of all the fleet, came into action first of all the English ships, and fought in the thick of the fray from six in the morning until past four in the afternoon, within pistol-shot of the enemy most of the time.

"The 'Revenge' saw her prize safely into Torbay," 1588.

At the outset, from six till nearly eight o'clock, the "Revenge" and Drake's squadron had to bear the

* In the Museum of Trinity House is a flag taken from the Armada by Sir Francis Drake and presented by him to the Trinity House, with the remark "that the Corporation would probably live longer than he should." This may indeed be the very flag of the "Rosario" which surrendered to Drake—more likely than not it actually is the "veritable trophy."

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The Spanish Soldiers.—1588.

brunt of the fight alone, with, for antagonists, Medina Sidonia himself and his chief captains, who had gathered to stand by their admiral. Trying to rally the Armada after the panic of the night these had at first, before daybreak, anchored in a group, to act as rear-guard to the Spanish fleet, firing signal guns to stop their flying consorts, and sending pinnaces to order the fugitives back. Presently the "Revenge" and the ships of Drake's squadron following her came on the scene. Drake steered directly for Sidonia's own ship, the towering "San Martin," and keeping the "Revenge" within pistol shot, poured in broadside after broadside until the double-timbered sides of the huge Spanish flagship gaped with shot holes. With shattered timbers, and leaking like sieves, Sidonia's forlorn-hope band were forced to weigh anchor and follow in the general flight. Then Hawkins and Frobisher came up; and, some three hours after the "Revenge" began the battle, Lord Howard and his attendant ships. More Spaniards reinforced their admiral as Sidonia passed north, the Spanish rear and centre squadrons forming together a long straggling array, among the ships of which from nine to after one o'clock the "Revenge," "Victory," "Triumph," "Ark Royal," and their following squadrons dashed in here and there. In the afternoon, shortly after two, the English attack passed on, pressing forward to overtake the Spanish van group of galleons and stretching northward to join hands with Seymour and Wynter, who in like manner had been hotly engaged and were dealing havoc among the headmost squadrons of the Armada. By four o'clock the battle was won, but firing went on till nearly six, "when every man was weary with labour, and our cartridges spent and our ammunition wasted"—in modern phrase—expended.

Wrote Drake to Walsingham from the "Revenge's" cabin that night, as he led the pursuit of the enemy along the Banks of Flanders at the head of the English fleet:—"God hath given us so good a day in forcing the enemy so far to leeward as I hope in God the Prince of Parma and the Duke of Sidonia shall not shake hands this few days; and whensoever they meet, I believe neither of them will greatly rejoice of this day's service."

From the scene of the battle off Gravelines along the shoals of the Dutch coast to northward of the Dogger and out into the North Sea till nearly off the Firth of Forth the "Revenge" led the English pursuers throughout; and then, with a final long range shot at the sternmost of the flying Spaniards, she at length hauled off and watched the last of the beaten enemy fade away into the mists on the northward horizon, hastening to their doom to round Cape Wrath and perish on the reefs of Stornaway and the quicksands of Connemara.

Such is the story of the part that the "Revenge," under the personal command of Sir Francis Drake, took in helping to beat off the Spanish Armada, pieced together as the scanty details of each ship's share in the fighting allow. Log-books, official reports, Captains' letters, as yet were not; nor did Drake himself, as it would seem, care over much to use his pen.

Drake again hoisted his flag at the masthead of the "Revenge" in the year after the defeat of the Armada, and in her led a squadron to the coast of Spain; and after that the "Revenge" made yet another deep-sea cruise against the Spaniard, with Sir Martin Frobisher's flag at the fore.

Twelve months later still, we come to the story of the ever-to-be-remembered August day of the year 1591 that ends the heroic eventful history of the Royal Navy's first "Revenge"—the story of how Sir Richard Grenville died.

The surprise at Flores in the Azores, on the afternoon of the 31st August, opens the story. There in the roadstead off the north of the island, Lord Thomas Howard, with six English men-of-war and victuallers and small craft, was lying at anchor in wait for the expected passing of a homeward-bound Treasure *Flota* from the Spanish Main which they had been sent from England to waylay, when with startling suddenness an alarm was given. A pinnace came in from eastward under crowded canvas with news that a Spanish War Fleet of at least half-a-hundred galleons was at sea and close at hand. The captain of the pinnace had himself sighted them but a very few hours before, heading for Flores direct and nearing the island fast! The news came on the squadron, all unprepared for an emergency as it was, like a thunderclap. More than half the crew in every ship were away on shore, busily engaged getting water, and shingle for ballast, or foraging among the homesteads round for fresh meat and bread and vegetables. Nearly as many had been landed sick and were lying under shelter near the beach. Only a handful of ship-keepers and officers were on board. Yet, taken unawares and at a disadvantage as the English Squadron were, they met the situation with alacrity and promptitude worthy of the Navy of which it was their pride to form part.

It was just before one that the first alarm gun fired:—by two o'clock five of the six men-of-war, with the victuallers and the pinnaces, had slipped their cables or weighed, and were beginning to work out seaward for an offing. The one ship that still remained with anchors down was the "Revenge." She was the Vice-Admiral's ship, and as such her special duty was to remain behind to the last, to act as "whipper in" to the Squadron and collect stragglers. But more than that. The "Revenge," too, had a large number of her own sick on shore to bring off—some ninety, out of a company of a hundred and ninety all told. Sir Richard Grenville, the Vice-Admiral, refused to leave a single one of his men behind:—

> "I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord Howard,
> To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

Then, at length, with every man safe on board, Sir Richard Grenville weighed; and at the same instant, as the "Revenge's" dripping anchor came to the bows, there appeared round the nearest headland of the island, and to windward, sweeping on with ports triced up and gun-muzzles showing, the two vanguard squadrons of the Spanish Fleet. To a seaman's eye the case of the "Revenge" seemed desperate. Their one chance was to go about and run for it, in hope to weather the leaders of the Spaniards. So the Master of the "Revenge," the officer second in command on board, pointed out to Grenville, urging him "to cut his mainsaile and cast about, and to trust to the sailing of the shippe." Raleigh tells us this, writing within three months of the battle, from what eye-witnesses of the fight and survivors of the "Revenge" told him.

"But Sir Richard utterly refused to turne from the enemy, alleging that he would rather chose to die, then to dishonour himselfe, his countrie, and her Majestie's shippe, persuading his companie that he would passe through the two Squadrons, in despight of them, and enforce those of Sevill to give him way. Which he performed upon diverse of the foremost, who, as the mariners term it, sprang their luffe, and fell under lee of the 'Revenge.'"

> "'Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,
> For I never turned my back upon Don or devil yet.'
>
> Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd and we roar'd a hurrah, and so
> The little 'Revenge' ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,
> With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick below;
> For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were seen,
> And the little 'Revenge' ran on through the long sea-lane between."

It was then that the catastrophe came about that the Master of the "Revenge" had foreseen. Beset round with

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"And the Spanish Fleet, with broken sides, lay round us all in a ring."—1591

ships, when right in the very centre of the Spaniards, the "Revenge's" way was of a sudden checked. Her sails flapped loose, flattened, hung down and ceased to draw, the wind taken out of them by a gigantic war galleon that ranged close alongside towering high over the "Revenge." It was a Spanish flagship, the huge "San Philip," the biggest and most powerful three-decker afloat, a warship of enormous proportions and bulk, nearly four times the size of the "Revenge," and carrying more than twice as many guns. The "San Philip" pushed herself right in the path and to windward of the "Revenge," blocking out the breeze, and after that, as the little English man-of-war heaved helpless on the swell, the "San Philip" deliberately swung alongside to foul and hold her fast. This was just on the stroke of three o'clock, and forthwith the tremendous combat opened.

At once four of the most powerful of the Spanish galleons —the smallest of them twice the size of the "Revenge"— drew out to support the "San Philip," and took post round the "Revenge." They set themselves, two on the larboard side of the "Revenge" and two to starboard, and then all five stormed at her with iron shot and big stone balls and langridge and cross-bar shot, closing in all round the little English ship with boarders, pike and sword in hand, swarming in the lower shrouds and along the bulwarks at every point.

They closed and boarded, but only to be beaten off each time; first one ship, then another, and so with all the five—one by one flung back beaten and in confusion. Again and again throughout the afternoon did the Spaniards come on, only to be sent overboard again, shattered and reeling after each attack—"still repulsed againe and againe, and at all times beaten backe into their own shippes or into the seas."

Long before six o'clock other ships had to come forward to take the places of the "San Philip" and her four consorts of the opening fight. The "San Philip" had been driven off—"the great 'San Philip' having received the lower tier of the 'Revenge' discharged with cross-bar shot, shifted herself with all diligence from her sides, utterly misliking her first entertainment;" and of the other four, two had gone down with all hands alongside the "Revenge," one had run herself ashore in a sinking state to save her men, one was crawling off out of the fleet for the harbour of St. Michael's to founder there that very night.

"For he said, 'Fight on! Fight on!'"—1591.

So it went on as the afternoon lengthened into the evening, fresh ships ever pushing in to the attack, to relieve beaten consorts as these drew off; the heroic "Revenge" by herself, with her hundred men on board, stubbornly resisting all comers, meanwhile, single-handed, to the death. "The Spanish ships which attempted to board the 'Revenge' as they were wounded and beaten off so always others came in their places, she having never lesse than two mightie galleons by her sides and aboard her." And as Raleigh continues: "The Spaniards were always supplied with soldiers brought from every squadron, all manner of arms and powder at will. Unto ours there remained no comfort at all, no hope, no supply either of ships, men or weapons." Still, though, they showed a dauntless front, and ever persistently fought on.

"And the sun went down and the stars came out far over the summer sea,
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and fifty-three.
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built galleons came,
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-thunder and flame;
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her dead and her shame.
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could fight us no more—
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world before?"

Just before midnight Grenville received the hurt that was to prove his death wound. He had received some slighter wounds in the earlier part of the fight, as it would appear, but had concealed them, or at least refused to notice them, declining to quit the upper deck to have them seen to by the surgeon in the cockpit below until an hour before midnight. He then went down and was being attended to, when, first a musket bullet gave him a serious wound and then a second bullet struck him in the head, a shot at the same time killing the surgeon of the "Revenge" by Sir Richard's side. It was not in Grenville, though, severe as his injuries might be, to stand aside in hour of peril. He had himself brought again on deck, there to resume his charge until the fight should end.

"For he said, 'Fight on! fight on!
Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck."

* * * * *

They had dared all that men might dare:—aught more they could hardly do. Fifteen long hours, from the first shot to the last, had they fought, engaging in close quarter combat in all that time with no fewer than fifteen several men-of-war; with the rest of the Spaniards meanwhile firing steadily into the "Revenge" from far and near as every opening offered—sustaining, this one little English two-decker, "the voleys, boardings and entrings of fifteen shippes of warre, besides those which beat her at large." The powder on board to the last barrel was spent, all her pikes were

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broken in hand-to-hand fight, and of Grenville's men that went into action, forty lay dead and not twelve in all remained on deck. The "Revenge's" masts were "all beaten overboard, all her tackle cut asunder, her upper worke altogether rased and in effect she was even with the water, but the very foundation or bottom of a ship, nothing being left overhead either for flight or defence, ... not being able to move one way or other but as she was moved by the waves and billows of the sea."

There was indeed no need to blow the ship up, as the Master and Captain of the men of arms with the rest answered back to Sir Richard and the Gunner, forgetful these in their sublime heroism, as it would seem, that there was no powder left on board. No Spanish trophy, said the Master, would the "Revenge" be. The Spaniards could not hope to keep her long afloat. "The shippe had six foote of water in hold, and three shot under water which were so weakly stopped as with the first working of the sea she must needes sinke." He was no craven, was the Master of the "Revenge," for he had kept the deck with Sir Richard from first to last all through the fight, in spite of twelve bad wounds, of which more than one, as he well knew, must surely prove mortal before long.

But again Sir Richard would not hearken—and then the Master and those that took his part, of their own accord went out of the ship to parley with the Spanish Admiral for conditions, and tell him, as they did, of what Sir Richard had in mind to do. It was enough. The Spanish Admiral was ready to assent to any terms. "Finding none over hastie to enter the 'Revenge' again, doubting lest Sir Richard would have blown them up and himselfe, and perceiving by the report of the Master of the 'Revenge' his dangerous position," he "yielded that all their lives should be saved, the company sent for England, and the better sorte to pay such reasonable ransom as their estate would bear, and in the mean season to be free from galley or imprisonment."

So it ended; the men of the "Revenge," on the Master's return to the ship, standing up against Sir Richard and the master Gunner, and by force of a majority carrying the surrender through, despite the angry protests of their sorely-wounded chief. The Gunner they had to overpower by personal violence, and disarm and lock in his cabin. The Spaniards then sent their boats on board and took possession, shifting most of the survivors from the ship, manning the "Revenge" with a "swarthy alien crew," and taking off Sir Richard in a swoon, on board their own admiral's ship.

"And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him then,
Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught at last.
And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign grace;
But he rose upon their decks, and he cried:
'I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man and true;
I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do:
With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die!'
And he fell upon their decks, and he died."

Of the final destiny of the "Revenge"—or at least of all that was left still floating of the heroic ship's poor battered hull. There was to be no triumphant carrying of the "Revenge" into any Spanish port amid the "Viva's!" of an exultant shouting mob: no entry into Cadiz roads in tow astern of a victorious enemy. That last calamity Fate was to spare the ship of Grenville and of Drake. Just fifteen days from the sad morning that saw the red St. George's cross lowered from the stump of the ensign staff of the "Revenge," in the tremendous Atlantic storm that fell on the Spanish Fleet when putting to sea from the Azores on its return to Spain, the "Revenge" perished—"cast away upon a Cliffe near to the island of Terceira, where it brake in a hundred pieces and sunke to the ground, having in her seventy men, gallegos, Biscaines and others, with some of the captive Englishmen, whereof but one was saved."

"A great gale blew,
And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake grew,
Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts and their flags,
And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd navy of Spain,
And the little 'Revenge' herself went down by the island crags
To be lost evermore in the main."

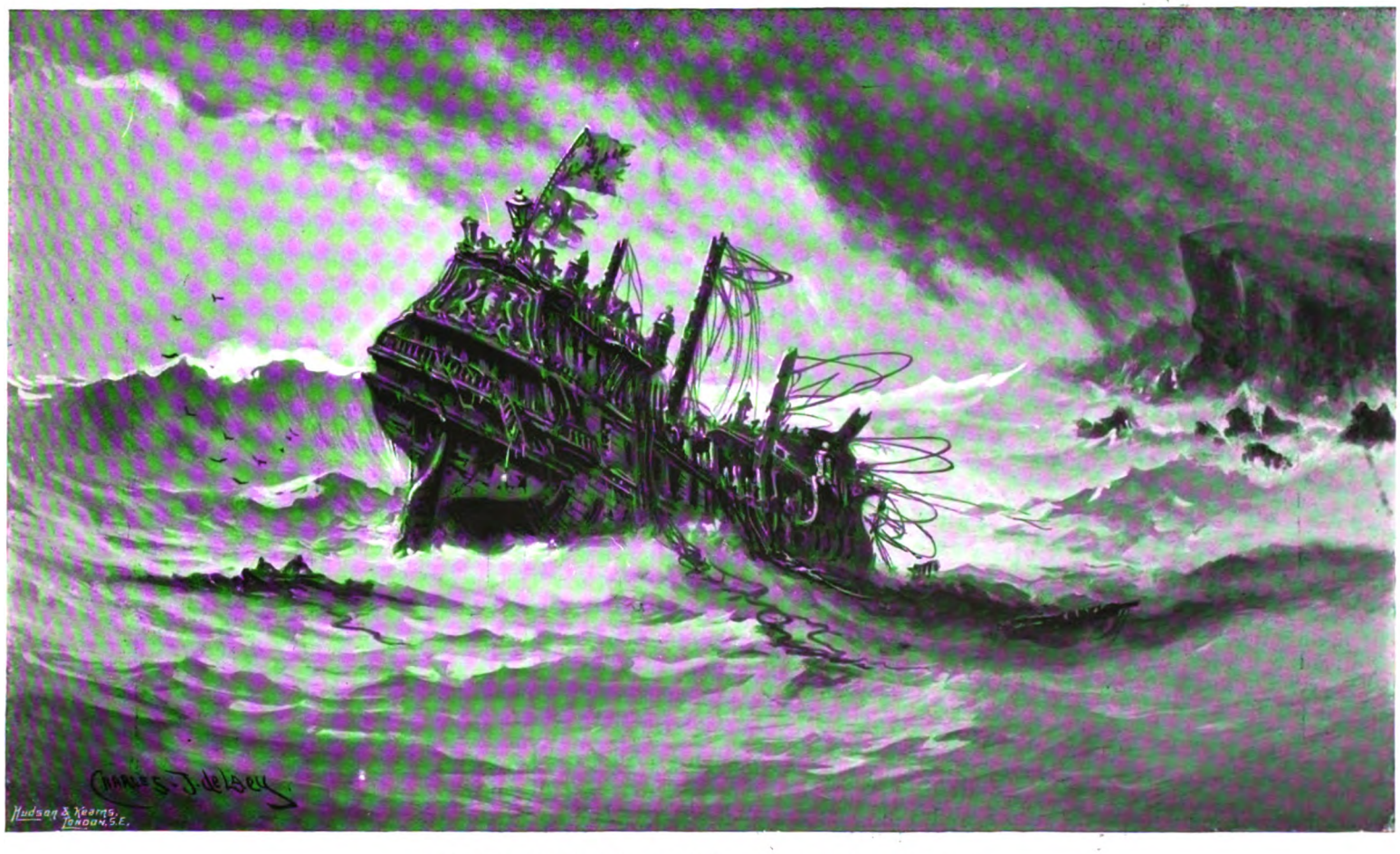
"Hardly, it seems to us," says the great historian of Elizabethan England, Mr. Froude, "if the most glorious actions which are set like jewels in the history of mankind are weighed one against the other in the balance, hardly will those 300 Spartans who in the summer morning sat 'combing their long hair for death' in the passes of Thermopylæ, have earned a more lofty estimate for themselves than this one crew of modern Englishmen."

But it is not for the exploits of Drake's and Grenville's heroic "Revenge" alone that the name has come down with such honour to our times: that it has been handed on from ship to ship across three centuries. There have been other men-of-war to worthily uphold the renown of the "Revenge." Hardly another man-of-war in all the English Navy of the seventeenth century deserved better of England than, for one, the "Revenge" that bore the name next after Drake and Grenville's ship, the "Revenge" that Prince Rupert gave the name to at the Restoration—the re-christened "Newbury" of Cromwell's Navy, one of Blake's squadron at Santa Cruz. In no fewer than twelve fights from first to last, did this our second "Revenge" take part.

First of all, she led the van of the English Fleet in the desperate battle of the 3rd of June, 1665, off Lowestoft, one of the fiercest encounters ever fought upon the seas, when the Duke of York faced Opdam and the younger Tromp with a hundred and ten men-of-war a side:—

"We swore not to shirk
As we set to work
Till we sent them flying to strong Dunkirk."

Said Robert Holmes, the Captain of the "Revenge," before the fight, when King Charles, at Rupert's desire, handed Holmes personally his commission to command the ship:—"I will make good the name of the 'Revenge,' Your Majesty,



"And the little 'Revenge' herself went down."—1591.

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upon all enemies." How he kept his word, Holmes' special promotion to Rear-Admiral of the Red and a knighthood, due to the "Revenge's" prowess in Lowestoft fight, bears witness. Next, in a scuffling fight with a Dutch squadron off Berghen on the Norway coast, some three months later, a Captain of the "Revenge," Holmes' successor, Arthur Langhern, gave his life for his country on the "Revenge's" quarter-deck. Then, in the four days' battle with the Dutch off the North Foreland in June of 1666—"the Four Days' Bloody Blunder," as our rough tarpaulins called it,—the "Revenge" fought magnificently among the headmost of the English van, seconding her leader, the ever intrepid Sir Christopher Myngs of the "Victory," as he drove ahead among the enemy to meet a death like Nelson's on a later "Victory":—

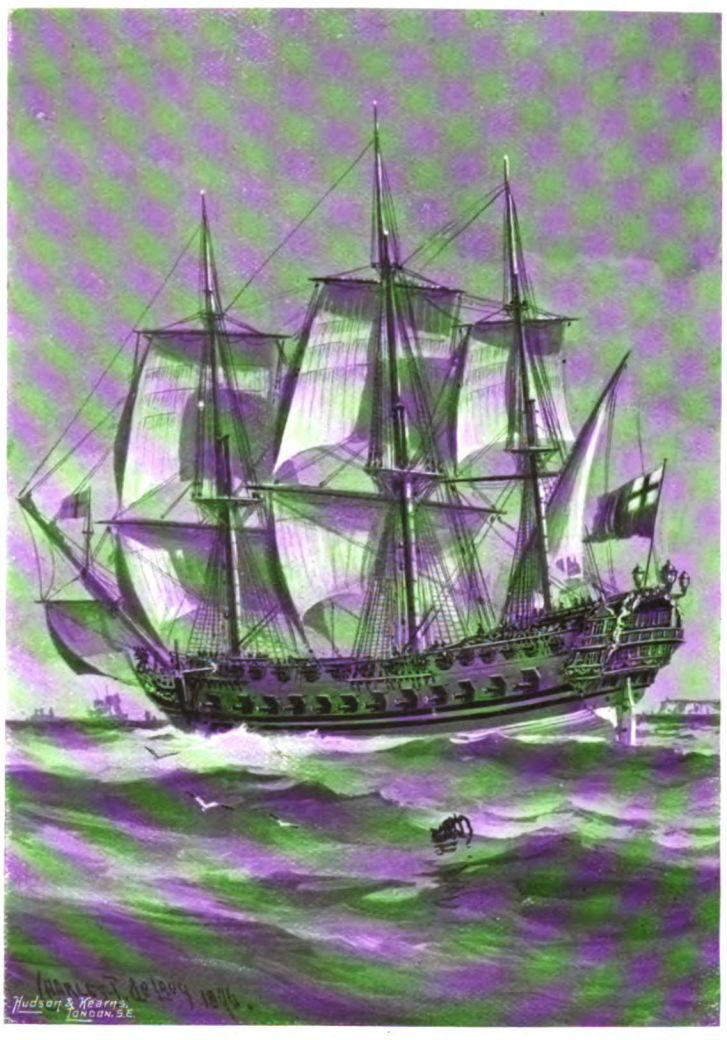
"The chain shot swings
And the grape shot rings,
Ever fiercest of all fights Sir Christopher Myngs."

Once more, specially told off to the Red squadron for her Captain's (John Elliott's) valour in the North Foreland fight, the "Revenge" in the tremendous battle off the Gunfleet, at the entrance to the Thames, that followed seven weeks later—the "St. James's Day Fight" of our Naval annals—gave the famous De Ruyter himself proof how her men could handle and point her guns. And after that within a month the "Revenge" was backing up her old chief, Admiral Sir Robert Holmes, in his adventurous raid on the Dutch shipping in the Scheldt. Five fights these within fifteen months. Then comes the "Revenge's" forlorn-hope attempt to keep the Dutch out of the Medway in the Year of Shame, 1667,—her fight as the heroic "young Spragge's" flagship off Sheerness in vain attempt to help the fort and ill-found garrison against an overpowering foe; and a little later as Mediterranean flagship, she had two fights with Algerine men-of-war; again with Sir Edward Spragge for her Admiral. Not all the Dey's castles and frowning ramparts and boom defences could save his fleet from the "Revenge" and her squadron that April day of 1671 in Bugia Bay. Again in the thick of the battle smoke in the Southwold Bay fight, the tremendous fifteen hours' combat off the Suffolk coast on the 29th of May, 1672, when De Ruyter surprised the Duke of York at anchor, no English man-of-war did better service than the "Revenge," following the Duke's flag in the Red squadron till the day's grim work was done. The tale of twelve fights is rounded off by the 'Revenge's' share in Prince Rupert's three desperate battles with De Ruyter, in May and June and August of 1673. In each of these the "Revenge," again among the picked ships of Rupert's own Red squadron, repeatedly "made good her name upon the enemy." And so we near the end, the curtain ringing down on the veteran man-of-war in her twenty-eighth year of service, 1682, when the worn-out "Revenge," "cast" from the Navy, passes beyond our ken.

Another memory of the name "Revenge":—the escape of the successor to the "Revenge" of Rupert and Spragge, the "Revenge" of Queen Anne's Navy, in the "Great Storm" of November, 1703. Caught on her way to Chatham as she lay weather-bound at the mouth of the Thames, the "Revenge" was torn from her anchors, forced over the north end of the Galloper Sand with but four feet of water under her keel, and driven out into the North Sea across to the deadly shoals and sandbanks of the Flanders coast. Without cable or anchor left, hardly hoping the storm would let them make their one port open, Helvoetsluys, Captain Kerr and his four hundred men seemed driving to certain doom, when, in their extreme peril, the storm wind "dullered." Lulling for a space, it let the "Revenge" claw off the shoals and work out seaward, to arrive eventually in Southwold Bay, half dismasted, with boats washed away and the pumps going hard. One fight is added by this our third "Revenge" to the battle record of the name: the smart affair of March, 1705, off Gibraltar, when the "Revenge," flying Sir Thomas Dilkes' flag, assisted to surprise, drive ashore, and capture a French squadron, one ship of which, "l'Arrogante," fell to the "Revenge" herself, after a seven hours' chase and a fight within half gunshot.

Passing over our fourth "Revenge" which never fired an angry gun, we come to the "Revenge" of the Seven Years' War. In her career two notable events befel; one, and the first, Byng's ill-fated fight off Minorca. The "Revenge," on that unfortunate afternoon of the 20th of May, 1756, was posted in the centre of the British line, at the head of the six ships which Byng personally led as his own special charge. The six van ships of the fleet were in the special charge of the Vice-Admiral, Temple West. All in the British fleet were in high spirits as they neared the French, for they had equal numbers on each side, and the French made a brave show of waiting to fight it out at close quarters. In no British ship did hearts beat higher as they ran their guns out, than on board the "Revenge."

Captain Frederick Cornwall, her captain, got himself up in his best specially for the occasion, and came on deck "dressed in full uniform, with an aspect of exceeding pleasure, as if his object had been a marriage feast, not a battle." So we are told by an officer of marines on board the "Revenge." "I think," said Captain Cornwall to his officers on the quarterdeck, "I never saw a finer line than ours to-day. The French seem to offer fairly too, and to-day, I hope, will be a glorious day for England!" This was as the British Fleet was advancing in line-ahead slantwise towards the enemy, who, in close line, lay awaiting the attack. It was the usual fighting formation of the day, and, as was customary, Byng intended, when opposite the enemy, to bear down on them with his whole line abreast before the wind, and engage ship to ship in a series of duels all along the line. So they neared to within half-a-mile, both fleets firing heavily—when suddenly, just as Byng's leading ships were heading round to bear down, the historic catastrophe happened.



The "Revenge" of 1666.

The English van squadron—the first six ships—were in the act of heading round to bear down before the wind on the French van, when at the critical moment—just as she was going round, right in the course of the centre squadron following astern, led by the "Revenge" at half a cable distance—a shot partially dismasted the last ship of the six—the "Intrepid." At once the chapter of accidents began. Owing to the smoke of the firing, the mishap to the "Intrepid" was not seen on board the "Revenge," until they of a sudden found the "Intrepid" looming close to them, right across their bows, blocking their advance. To avoid a collision the "Revenge" had to back her maintopsail and lay to. The two ships following the "Revenge," to save themselves from a collision with the "Revenge," did the same; and after them Byng's flagship, the "Ramillies," followed suit, luffing and backing topsails and ceasing fire, so as, in the smoke and confusion, not to damage the "Intrepid," dimly made out drifting on the Admiral's lee bow.

It was an awkward mishap just then, but one to be quickly remedied. All eyes turned to the "Ramillies," to see the signal for "line ahead" at Byng's mast-head hauled down and signal made to pass the "Intrepid," to make all sail, and press on after the five British van ships now hotly engaged with the whole French fleet. But no such order came. Admiral Byng, despite the urgings of his flag-captain, refused flatly, at any cost, to break his line. The drill-sergeant's "As you were" seemed to be his one idea. "We must re-form in order of battle before anything else," said Byng. To the universal surprise he hoisted a general signal for the whole fleet to heave to with sails aback.

In the "Revenge" they received the signal with blank dismay. Speechless for a moment, Captain Cornwall fairly gasped. Then he turned to the officers near him with burning

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THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

From an Engraving by W. MILLER. *After* CLARKSON STANFIELD.

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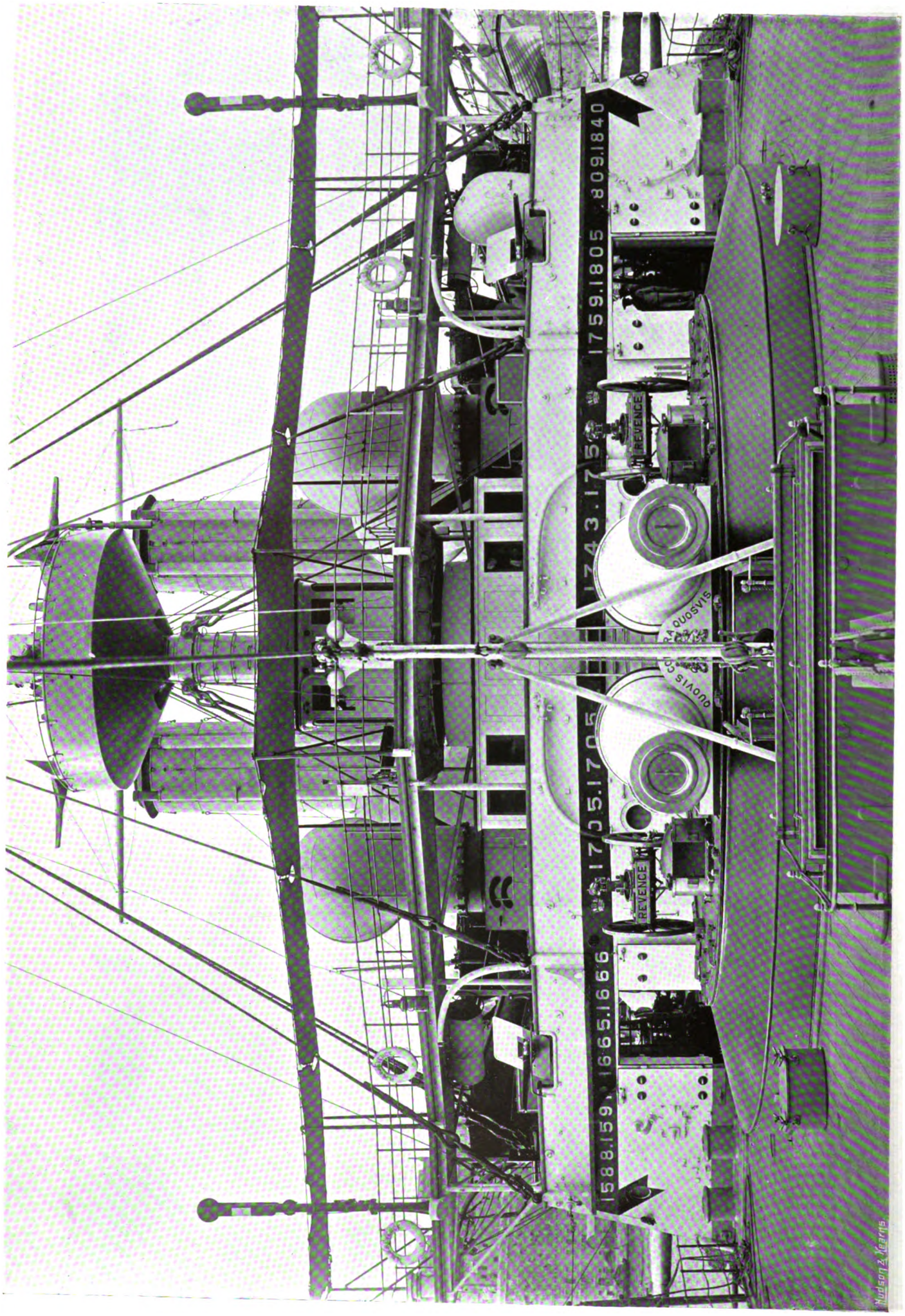

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THE QUARTER-DECK OF THE PRESENT "REVENGE."

Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta.

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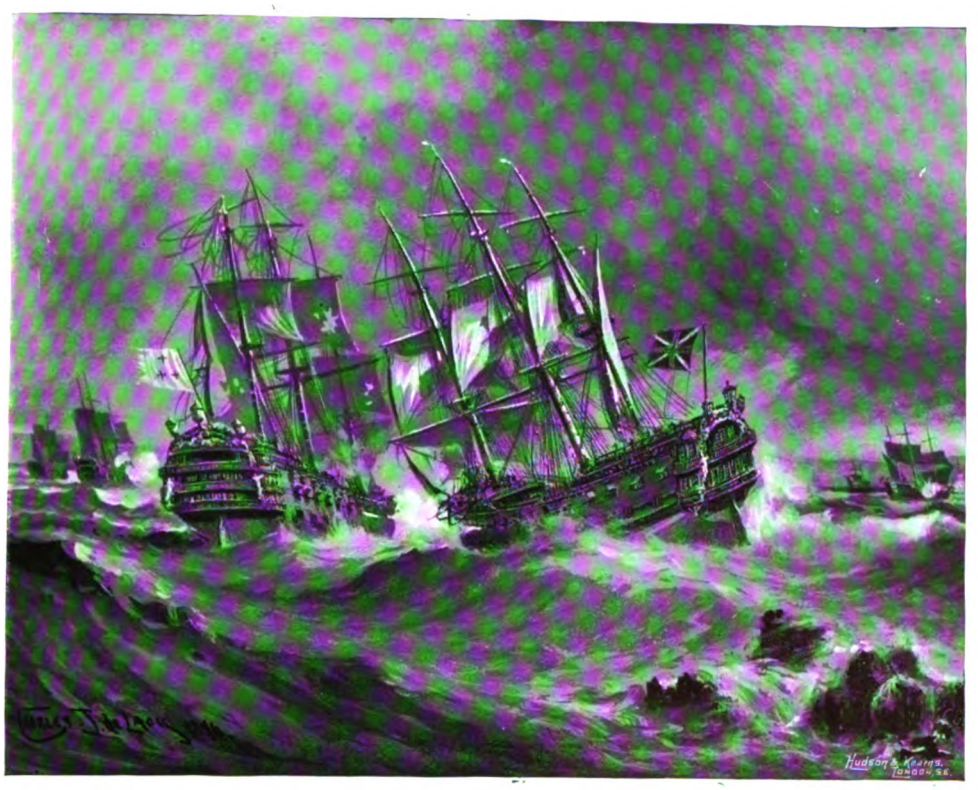
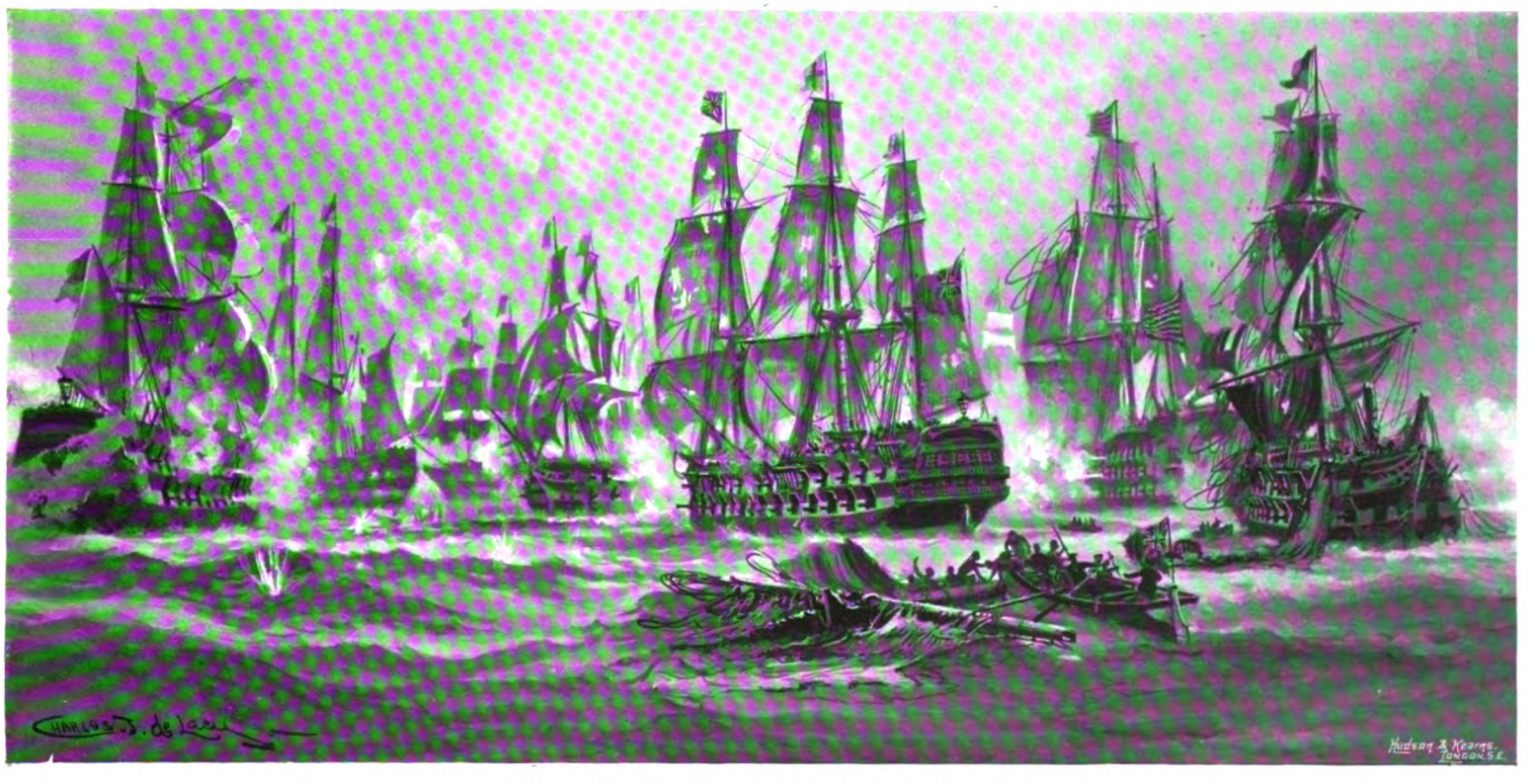


The Battle of Quiberon Bay.—Nov. 20th, 1759.

face :—"Good God, gentlemen, what can the Admiral mean?" He gazed at the "Ramillies" again, half to himself exclaiming, "Come, come, it cannot be, there is some error, the Admiral must mean to make all sail." But no. The signal to "back topsails" flew and was repeated. Then angrily bidding his officers take note of what they saw, Captain Cornwall ordered the "Revenge" to head out of the line by herself and go to aid the "Intrepid" now drifting towards the enemy. She did so, exchanged shots with the French "Foudroyant," and then returned to her station, finally sending a boat on board the "Intrepid" to desire that ship to cease firing until the rest of the squadron, by now re-formed in line to suit Byng, had passed between her and the enemy. Now only, more than three-quarters of an hour from his line being first blocked, did Byng order his squadron to hoist sail and stand on. It was too late. The French had done their work. They had had time to render the British van squadron *hors-de-combat* for the day, and were moving off to re-form some distance away and dare Byng, with the half of his fleet that was left him intact, to come on. Byng declined, considering it, at five in the afternoon, too late to try again. Anxious at the rough way his van ships had been handled he held off—to leave Minorca to its fate next day. At the court-martial on Byng it was the evidence of Captain Cornwall that in no small measure decided the ill-starred Admiral's fate. "If I cannot disprove your evidence, Captain Cornwall," said the unfortunate man, as he closed his cross-examination of the Captain of the "Revenge," "may the Lord have mercy on me!" That Byng did not disprove it the subsequent death scene in Portsmouth Harbour, on the quarter-deck of the "Monarque," is enough.

The *Journée de M. Conflans*, the battle of Quiberon Bay, is the next historic event in the story of our fifth "Revenge." She was one of Hawke's leading ships on that memorable 20th of November, 1759, when Hawke with the Channel Fleet sighted the French Brest Fleet off Belleisle, and regardless of the reefs and shoals and quicksands of an unknown coast, amid the full fury of an Atlantic winter's storm, chased, ran down and brought the French to action, and dealt the French navy a blow that proved the Trafalgar of the Seven Years' War. There was no troubling about lines of battle with Hawke. "I am for the old way of fighting," he said, "to make downright work with them." Running up the signal for a "general chase," with the red flag for "close action" (the old "Bloody Flag") at the fore, he dashed at the enemy at sight under every sail that his ships could carry. One of the first ships sent forward was the "Revenge," pushed ahead with orders to delay the French as best she might as the enemy ran before Hawke to shelter in Quiberon Bay. Sheering alongside the French rear ships the "Revenge" gave each a broadside as she caught an enemy up, and then pushed forward to stop or turn the French van. An adventure it was, perilous to rashness. There were no charts on board and few pilots, the coast was the worst in the world, with a tremendous sea running and a fierce gale blowing dead on shore. But the same spirit animated each captain, given voice to by the Admiral himself. "I dare take you, Sir, no further in," said the "Royal George's" pilot, pointing to the breakers bursting over the reefs close in to leeward. "Very good," replied Hawke, "by remonstrating you have done your duty: go on and lay me alongside the French Admiral." This was the spirit of the captain of every ship in the British fleet that day, and Captain John Storr, of the "Revenge," was no exception. Ship after ship of the enemy was caught up by the "Revenge," fired into and left for the ships following to finish off, until in the gathering gloom of the grey winter's evening the enemy's headmost ships could be seen at hand, nearly under the "Revenge's" bows. She had done what she had to do, and there was no time to do more. The short November day was fast closing in black darkness, and with nightfall all was over—except to save the ship. Freshening hour by hour all day, the gale had increased until it was now blowing a furious Atlantic storm with heavy gusts and squalls of drenching rain and mountainous seas surging in on a dead lee shore that gleamed white, hardly a mile off, as the surf and breakers burst and thundered among the reefs. With great difficulty the "Revenge" managed to beat out to sea, just clearing the outermost of the shoals, and then, unable to anchor, not knowing where they were, they stood



"The 'Revenge' was not to be denied."—1805.

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out for the Bay of Biscay to buffet with the storm until they could rejoin Hawke on the following afternoon. As they passed out they could see from the "Revenge's" deck the flashes of distress guns and signals for aid from where the two fleets lay, but whether fired by friend or foe they could not know. Nor, indeed, did it matter:—nothing could be done but to strain every nerve to save themselves. Such was the "Revenge's" share in the battle of Quiberon Bay.

Minorca and Quiberon are the chief events in a story of thirty active years, but only the chief events. In the very year before Quiberon, for example, when with the Mediterranean fleet off the coast of Spain, the "Revenge" had distinguished herself by chasing single-handed and forcing to surrender a French man-of-war, like herself of sixty-four guns,—l'Orphée: and other incidents of the ships' long fighting career might be added. Her end was peace—as Church ship at Chatham.

The "Empress," late "Revenge," in the Clyde,—1896.

And now for the "Revenge" of Trafalgar, the sixth man-of-war to bear the name. She was one of Collingwood's division in the battle and stationed near the rear; until a signal to haul out of line and with the ships astern of her lead towards the enemy as a third column of attack, gave her an unexpected chance. Captain Moorsom of the "Revenge" was the right man for the work. Acting in the spirit of Nelson's order for each captain to close with his opponent quickly he hauled out and telling off a big Spanish three decker with an Admiral's flag which seemed to be in charge of the enemy's rear group of ships he steered for her direct. The Spaniard was a 112-gun first rate, the "Principe de Asturias," with Gravina, the Spanish Commander-in-Chief himself on board; the "Revenge," a third rate and a seventy-four: but that to Moorsom mattered nothing. Forward he went, with every stitch of canvas set that the "Revenge" could hoist, aiming to break the enemy's line just astern of the "Principe." It was, as it happened, just the point in their whole line where the enemy were the strongest. A heavy burst of fire greeted the "Revenge" from the "Principe" and five or six Spaniards and Frenchmen near by, as she led in a long way ahead of the ships that followed her. But it was unheeded. The "Revenge" was not to be denied. Holding her course unchecked she broke the enemy's line just astern of the Spanish three decker, forcing her way through, despite the efforts of a French ship that seconded Gravina, the "Aigle" of 80 guns, to close up and bar the way. The "Revenge" ran into the "Aigle," hung entangled with her for a space, and then with two tremendous broadsides shook the enemy clear. A good beginning:—but only a beginning. All round the "Revenge" was a ring of hostile ships—no fewer than five—the "Principe de Asturias" and the "Aigle" as before, and three seventy-fours, the French "Neptune" and "Indomptable," and the Spanish "San Justo"—all of them within close range. Single-handed the "Revenge" fought these and others, rendering England that day no small service by holding them fast and preventing them from helping their friends in battle elsewhere; until, upwards of an hour later, the "Dreadnought" and the "Thunderer" came up, and relieved their gallant consort. Seventy-nine brave fellows killed and wounded, several shot-holes under water and the ship's hull above badly shattered, three guns disabled and all her masts and yards and bowsprit badly damaged, was what it cost the "Revenge" to do her duty at Trafalgar.

It was this same "Revenge"—she was only six months off the stocks at Trafalgar—that won special credit in the fireship affair in Aix Roads in 1809, and that, thirty odd years later, was still at sea and fighting her last battle before the walls of St. Jean D'Acre. One of the last of our Trafalgar ships left afloat, our "Revenge" of the Great War went to her appointed end in 1848.

So the tale of the battle record of the "Revenge" ends, for our seventh "Revenge," the last wooden man-of-war "Revenge," built in 1858 (and still existing as the "Empress" training ship on the Clyde), has only served in time of peace; and for our present battleship, our eighth "Revenge," the flagship of the Special Squadron, in the course of things her day is yet to come.

The "Revenge" in the Channel.—1896.

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THE GLORIES AND TRADITIONS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

THE LIFE GUARDS

BY G. F. BACON.

THE custom of employing men skilled in the art of war and in the use of deadly weapons to guard the sacred body of the Sovereign is of considerable antiquity, and is said to have been introduced by Saul, B.C. 1093. The first English monarch to form a personal guard for himself was Richard I., although there are grounds for supposing that the Saxon and Danish kings retained about their persons a company of picked men, landsmen and sailors, who acted as guards of royalty. The mighty and chivalrous Cœur de Lion selected twenty-four archers, renowned even amongst the sturdy soldiers of his army for individual bravery and loyalty, to keep watch around his tent, accompany him wherever he went, and arrest traitors and other evildoers about the Court. Sir Walter Scott, in his fascinating romance "The Talisman," alludes to this bodyguard, although it is to be hoped for the sake of their honour, that no real foundation existed for the story of their want of vigilance which nearly cost their Royal master his life, when the fanatic's dagger was arrested by the disguised knight. These archers, clothed in complete suits of armour, and equipped with bows, arrows, and straight-bladed cross-hilted swords, were the ancestors of those guards whose functions are now wholly of a civil nature, known as Sergeants-at-Arms.

Henry VII. also had a special guard of picked men, whom he clothed right royally, called Yeomen of the Guard; while his successor, bluff King Hal, created a bodyguard consisting of fifty Gentlemen called "Spears," each with an archer, a Demilance* and a Custrell† to attend him. They wore a most sumptuous dress, and evidently cost the king an inordinate amount of money, for, shortly afterwards, they were disbanded on account of their expensive maintenance. They were, however, restored in 1539 on a less magnificent scale, under the title of Gentlemen Pensioners, and are known at the present day as Her Majesty's Honourable Corps of Gentlemen-at-Arms. All these bodies were rather calculated for the splendour of a court than the operations of the field, and it was not until the reign of Charles II. that a body of Life Guards,‡ as we understand the term, was properly organised and equipped; although Charles I., after the opposition encountered at Hull, enlisted into his service as a bodyguard a regiment of trainbands, 600 strong, mounted them on horses, and appointed the Prince of Wales as their Captain. The year 1660 will remain ever memorable in the annals of the British Army, for it was then that the nucleus was formed of the first standing Army England had possessed, and it consisted of the troops of cavalry which are now known to all the world as the First and Second Regiments of Life Guards. It is true that four years earlier Charles II. formed a corps of Life Guards, to which he added a regiment of Horse Guards and three regiments of Foot Guards; but it was not until 1660 that the Life Guards were placed upon a proper footing. Previous to the Restoration, Charles had with him some 3,000 Cavaliers, who, after adventuring their lives in many a hard-fought battle for the sake of his ill-fated father, rallied round the Stuart Standard in Holland, and it was from this body of staunch and true hearts that he selected eighty Cavaliers, and appointed Lord Gerard, afterwards Earl of Macclesfield, to be their Captain and Commander. When the King enjoyed his own again, and had been welcomed by the clamouring citizens of London, he took his Life Guards in hand and increased their establishment to three squadrons of 200 men each, and apportioned to them their duties, which were to mount guard at whichever of his Palaces His Majesty was residing, and to attend him whenever he went out of doors. Their Commander was a member of the Royal Household, and his special duty was "to wait upon the King's Person at all times of war or peace with a considerable number of horsemen, well armed and prepared against all dangers whatsoever."

At this time the uniform consisted of a round hat with a very broad brim and a profusion of white feathers drooping over the back; scarlet coats trimmed with gold lace, the sleeves being wide and slashed, with lace upon them; very broad white collars covered the neck and parts of the shoulders; a scarlet silk sash went round the waist and was

* One who carried a light lance, or half-pike. † An armour-bearer, a squire. "Custrell or page whyche beareth hys master's buckler, shyelde, or target."
‡ From Dutch Lijf-garde.

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tied at the back; large ruffles of lace at the wrist; and the men wore their hair in long ringlets as became gallant Cavaliers. Boots of jacked leather (hence the term "jack-boots") came up to the middle of the thighs; cuirasses of iron covered the chest and back; and an iron head-piece called a "pott" was worn on the head, presumably underneath the hat. The weapons comprised a short carbine, two pistols, and a long straight sword. The horses were as gaily adorned as their riders, and had their tails and manes tied up with ribbons. The officers' dresses were the same as the men's, but much more gorgeous. The terms "officers and men" had no social significance, for most of the troopers had held commissions in Charles I.'s disbanded Army, in some cases as Colonels, and all were gentlemen, indeed, as a matter of fact, they were styled "Private Gentlemen," hence our word "Private" as applied to a soldier. The troopers' pay was four shillings a day, a sum far larger than would be represented by the like amount to-day. Corporals of the Life Guards—there never have been any Sergeants—were commissioned officers, and their army, as opposed to their regimental rank, was that of "Eldest Lieutenant of Horse"; they were in 1679, styled Brigadiers, although designated in their commissions as Corporals. Their daily pay was seven shillings.

1679

They had the honour in 1670 of escorting His Majesty when for the first time in history the monarch went by road to open Parliament; the silent highway of the Thames having been before the only route. At this time and for long after the Guards did not live in barracks, but were quartered in inns and other houses of entertainment. Recruits had to furnish themselves with a charger and accoutrements, a sword and pistols, the King providing the rest. Persons of low degree were excluded, the corps being a school where young gentlemen qualified for commissions in other branches of the service.

In 1678, when war was imminent with France, a division of Mounted Grenadiers was formed and attached to the Life Guards. The arms of this hybrid contingent were varied as to description. They carried each a "fuzil,"* a bayonet that screwed into the muzzle of the firing piece, hatchet, cartridge and grenade pouches. It may not be generally known that grenades are carried on active service by, and instruction in their use is given to officers of the Royal Engineers at the present day. Disappointed at the chance of foreign service the Life Guards hailed the excitement caused by the Titus Oates Conspiracy in 1679, when the King's life was in some considerable danger, so much so that a captain, a subaltern, and two corporals were detailed to accompany Charles whenever he walked out. It was quite an imposing procession. First marched the captain, holding the emblem of his special authority, a short ebony staff with a gold head, then came His Majesty, followed by the lieutenant with an ebony silver-topped staff, the two corporals bringing up the rear. The captain and his subaltern relieved each other in attendance on the King indoors as well, and from their wands of office were known as "Gold Stick and Silver Stick in Waiting," both offices to this day being held by the colonels and lieutenant-colonels of the Household Cavalry regiments in rotation.

In 1685, the Duke of Monmouth made his abortive attempt to overthrow King James II. and place himself upon the throne. As soon as it was known that the Duke had landed in Devonshire, the King exhibited unusual promptitude. The Life Guards and Blues and several infantry regiments were despatched to the scene of action, and some new corps were raised. Monmouth wandered about from place to place collecting troops, but from several causes he was delayed from doing anything decisive, and before he had time to invest Bristol the King's army was upon him. Major Oglethorpe pushed on ahead with a hundred of his Life Guards and made a gallant dash into Keynsham, and by a daring charge against an enemy of whose strength he had no information, scattered some troops of rebel horse, and regularly raided the rebel position. This effectually checked Monmouth's design on Bristol city, so he laboriously and in a futile manner went on, apparently in a most casual manner, until he met the advance guard of the Royal Army. James then retired on to the plain of Sedgemoor and encamped, his front being covered by a large pool or "rhine." The plain hardly then deserved the name; it was in reality a dreary morass, frequently flooded by the overflowing of the river Parret. At a village called Weston Zoyland the royal cavalry lay.

About one in the morning of July 6th, 1685, the rebels began their night attack on the royal position, but in the confusion caused by a fog, and the difficulty of getting the troops and ammunition waggons across the swampy ground, a musket went off. The Horse Guards were on the watch, and immediately gave the alarm. The drums beat, and the Foot Guards fired a volley across the big ditch in front of them, and sent the rebel cavalry flying. Then the infantry came into action. Meanwhile the Life Guards and the Blues came hurrying from their quarters, formed up, and charged the rebel horse that were endeavouring to rally. The latter fled helter-skelter, and the Life Guards and Blues, separating themselves, again formed up and charged Monmouth's infantry on the right and left flanks simultaneously. But the Somersetshire yokels stood firm. Again and again the Life Guards, under Oglethorpe, charged them, but were manfully withstood. Then the rebels' ammunition gave out, and the royal artillery coming up, Monmouth's rebellion received its deathblow, and the last battle ever fought on English soil was at an end. Oglethorpe fought with such distinguished gallantry that James knighted him and made him colonel of an infantry regiment.

As the Dutch did not find the task of fighting the French quite so easy as they thought it would be, William took his Life Guards over the water. At an action near Catoir in

* A flint and steel firearm, of the same length and calibre as, but lighter than the musket, which was known as matchlock, in its turn the successor of the arquebus.

The Life Guards escorting Charles II. on his way to open Parliament.

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1685.

1691, a Life Guardsman charged the Marshal of France, the Duke of Luxembourg's escort, alone and unsupported after penetrating the enemy's front rank, and very nearly succeeded in attacking the Marshal himself. This heroic but useless effort cost the gallant Guardsman his life, for after slaying several of the enemy, a lucky shot from one of the Duke's escort brought the bold horseman to the ground. But gallantry in action was not altogether confined to individuals. The whole force performed numberless deeds of daring during the campaign; but at Steenkirk even their bravery and dash, and it was great, could not do more than cover the retreat of the Dutch and English troops. In one of the actions in Flanders, the King was almost surrounded by the enemy, and was implored by his Staff to retreat before it was too late.

"That I will not," he exclaimed stoutly, in his strong Dutch accent, ever uppermost when he was excited. "*They* will protect the King!" pointing to the Life Guards close at hand. And they did protect him at a very critical moment. Part of the third regiment made a furious charge under their lieutenant, the Hon. Hatton Compton, and drove back the French and kept them at bay until the King, who was forced to retire, had made good his retreat. Compton was promoted to Colonel on the battlefield at the first convenient opportunity.

The Peace of Ryswick was soon afterwards concluded, and the Life Guards returned to London and a life of idle routine about the Court. The Dutch troop was so disliked by the people that William was obliged to send them back to Holland, and as a sort of peace offering, caused sundry alterations to be made in the uniform.

The Life Guards at this time must have presented a splendid appearance, as they escorted the King to and from Parliament for the first time after his return. The royal carriage was preceded by half the squadron on duty, the Major riding at the right-hand window, and the standard being carried immediately behind the state coach; the remainder of the squadron bringing up the rear. The waving plumes of feathers on the broad-brimmed hats; the gleaming cuirasses; the rich red colour of the coats and shabraques; and the profusion of gold lace, but latterly of silver, now entirely of gold; all went to make a gallant show. The officers' uniforms were, of course, more sumptuous than those of the men, and great extravagance was shown in the broad collars, now made of fine lace instead of linen; in the trappings of the horses; and especially in the gold embroidery and lace on coats, pistol holsters, shabraques and waist sashes. Small wonder then that mothers held up their children to see the brilliant spectacle, and that young ladies lost their heads and their hearts over the gallant Gentlemen of the Life Guards.

The establishment was again augmented by a fourth regiment, for, in consequence of the Act of Union, the Scotch troop was withdrawn from Edinburgh, and brought to London, where it was dubbed "The Union" troop. In 1715, the Life Guards were encamped in Hyde Park, and on the Prince of Wales's birthday, great rejoicings took place. An ox was roasted whole, and 500 lbs. of pudding were distributed amongst the troops, all of which was washed down by two hogsheads each of wine and ale.

George I. fixed the prices to be paid for commissions at sums varying from £4,000 for a Lieut.-Colonel, to £500 which had to be given for the post of Adjutant and Sub-Brigadier. The Private Gentlemen also had to purchase their appointments, hitherto held by indenture, and the price worked out to a little over a hundred guineas.

The peace of Utrecht in 1713, which put an end to the wars of Queen Anne, found England in the proud position of being in the very front of the European powers. As a natural consequence of events, which are without the scope of these articles, she was bound to be involved in most continental wars, and it was almost equally natural that she would be pitted against France, for that country was terribly jealous of and exceedingly bitter against the power which had destroyed her dream of naval supremacy.

When George I. was King, and Walpole became his minister, the English Army fell upon evil times. The efficiency which Marlborough had given to it was lost. Political corruption was rampant in every department of the public service. The establishment of the Army was cut down and the equipment neglected. The officers did not even train themselves, much less their men. The only thing that saved England from sheer and actual disgrace, in battle after battle was the splendid national bulldog, stolid, unflinching courage which never knows, and never will know, when it is beaten.

The battle of Dettingen in 1743, was not very creditable to the tactical skill of either side. Mismanagement on the part of the French neutralised the disadvantages under which the Anglo-Austrian Army laboured, in getting itself shut in by an opposing force far superior in numbers. It was only owing to the great steadiness and the splendid qualities of the English soldiers that the French were badly defeated, though the advantage could not be pushed right home.

Lord Stair, who was in command of the Allied Army, was not a military genius by any means. Although he had with him some 40,000 soldiers, English, Austrian, and Hanoverian, and could be opposed, at the largest computation, by not more than 60,000 French, he allowed himself to be completely out-manœuvred and out-generalled by Noailles, the French general. Indeed so stupendous were the Earl of Stair's blunders that his Army was neatly cut off both from their own magazines and from all sources of supply. The situation of the Army was in truth very critical at the time when King George arrived from Hanover. The soldiers were on half-rations; the horses destitute of forage; Lord Stair and the Hanoverian General at daggers drawn; sickness and death had decreased the strength of the troops by 3,000 men. But in spite of their dangerous position and the disadvantages under which they were labouring, the troops were full of spirit and most eager to fight. It was determined to fall back on the reinforcements, which in their turn had become cooped up in Hanau, and on 27th June, George II. took command of the Army. They had not gone far when it became apparent, even to Lord Stair, that it was a question of cutting a way through the French lines, or being themselves cut up.

At that moment, when everything looked so black, the standing luck of the British Army did not desert it. During the temporary absence of the French General, his nephew,

"Drove back the French and kept them at bay."

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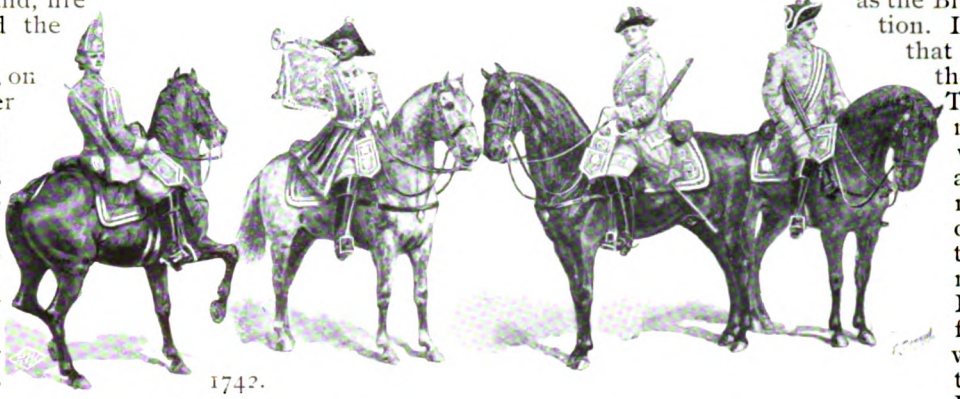
de Grammont, full of zeal and impetuosity, ordered his troops to advance, believing that the force before him was only an easily exterminated part of the allied Army. This movement was carried out in such a manner as to compel the French batteries which were doing such cruel damage to suspend their fire, lest it should injure their own side. As the French advanced, King George's horse ran away, and very nearly carried him into the middle of the enemy's line, but was stopped just in time. When the King dismounted he said:

"Now I'm on my legs I am sure I shall not run away."

He led the right of the infantry line into action in the most gallant manner possible, waving his sword and shouting loudly.

"Now, boys," he said, "Now for the honour of England, fire and behave bravely, and the French will soon run!"



1742.

Marshal de Noailles, on his return from the other side of the river Mayn, found no efforts he could make would retrieve his his fortunes, so he gave the order to retreat. The retreat speedily became a rout. The Allies, spurred on by victory and the knowledge that the King was at their head, and inspired by his presence and exertions, fell upon the French and slew them to the extent of about 5,000.

The 3rd and 4th Troops of Life Guards, together with one Troop of the Horse Grenadiers, formed a Brigade under the Earl of Crawford, Colonel of the 4th Troop, and held the post of honour in the centre of the British line. Crawford, being Gold-Stick-in-Waiting, of course had charge of the King's person. George gave his Gold-Stick a vast amount of trouble, for he exposed himself as freely as any of his men. A trooper of the Life Guards wrote home a most vivid account of the battle as he saw it. For five hours the Guards were exposed to the fire of the enemy's cannon; that was before de Grammont's rashness caused the latter to cease. The Colonel was wounded, the Brigade-Major's leg was shot off, and the Captain "wounded terribly by a fireball." He goes on to say: "My Lord Crawford led us on and behaved like a true Son of Mars, for when we charged he shouted, 'Never fear, my boys, this is fine diversion.'" Crawford took such care of the King, and behaved so gallantly, that on seeing him approach the next day, George said to those around him: "Here comes my champion!"

The English cavalry greatly distinguished themselves at Dettingen, and the name of the battle is borne on the colours of the Life Guards. They were men of bone and muscle in those days. For some time they and their horses had been half-starved; they had been moved about in an aimless sort of way over a strange country, always in the presence of a wily and overpowering enemy; but when it came to hand to hand fighting, they made up for all their privations and enforced inaction. When the flower of the French Cavalry came down upon them at the first onset, which temporarily checked the English infantry, Crawford's men went at them and not only withstood the shock, but actually drove the enemy back, sullen and discomfited. And after all this fighting they remained on the field, exposed to drenching rain, unable to continue the pursuit because they had no food or drink, and no tents to shelter them. The commissariat arrangements were conspicuous by their absence. Six standards were taken from the French. One, a splendidly gold embroidered flag, made of white silk, was captured by an English Dragoon, who, after killing the bearer, had to break the staff in order to carry off his trophy; because the pole was buckled to the Cornet, who, in turn, was buckled to his horse. This was the last battle in which an English King took part.

At the battle of Fontenoy, "the bloody battle," on May 11th, 1745, the Life Guards, as well as the Blues, earned great distinction. It was solely due to them that the English army was not thoroughly well cut up. The idea of the battle, mediæval in its simplicity, was direct attack all along the line. Had it not been for the splendid service rendered by the cavalry under that right gallant officer, the Earl of Crawford, very few of the Allied Army would have been left to tell the terrible tale. The Dutch found the battle little to their liking, and lost no time in running away, leaving the British and Hanoverians to fight it out. In the beginning it was an infantry fight on the British side. The cavalry, owing to the ruggedness of the road, had been left in the rear, while the foot soldiers, with some field pieces, made up one dense irresistible column some 16,000 strong. They advanced through a narrow passage between the fortified village of Fontenoy, and some woods, and went straight at the French centre. Regiment after regiment charged them; still they advanced. The "massiveness" of this splendid onset carried all before it, and it seemed as though the day was won. But the French Marshal, Saxe, made one last despairing effort. The whole of his reserves, consisting of the Household Troops of the French King, and the Irish Brigade (consisting of several regiments of Irish catholics driven from their country by the Revolution), were ordered to advance. This terrific charge of absolutely fresh troops succeeded—the British column was arrested, shattered, and all but dissolved. It was then that the Cavalry Brigade came to the rescue of their defeated comrades.

Crawford appears to have been a born soldier. He had knocked about all over Europe, fighting first for one cause and then for another. He served as a volunteer under Prince Eugene in 1735, and fought for the Russians in their campaign against the Turks three years later. He was, by all accounts, quite an admirable Crichton, and was looked upon as one of the most accomplished men of the age. Not only did he excel in the art of war and of leading men, but he was a "fine shooter, masterly fencer, elegant dancer, and expert rider." He occupied his spare time in compiling a most elaborate volume of Memoirs, containing his reflections upon the different campaigns in which he had been engaged. He was terribly indignant about the retreat at Fontenoy,

"Never fear, my boys, this is fine diversion."

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1743.

which, he says in his book, was caused by "A Damned Drum Beating a Retreat!" He could never find out who gave the order. The Household Cavalry held the enemy in check at the end of the day until the retreat was fully assured. When Crawford saw the troops retiring he addressed his Life Guards:—

"Gentlemen," he said, "mind the word of command and you shall gain immortal honour."

There was not much doubt what word of command he most frequently used, for this mere handful of stalwart troopers charged again and again, and with such effect that they absolutely "held" the entire French army, and so ensured the safety of their own. When the retreat was covered, Crawford saluted his troops by pulling off his hat, and thanked them.

"You have acquired as much honour in covering so great a retreat as if you had gained the battle!"

One troop faced the music and took the French fire at *thirty yards* without flinching, seeing which one of the troopers remarked, to Crawford's intense delight:—

"For what we are about to receive the Lord make us thankful!"

Said the Earl: "I consider the French will be thankful to get out of what *they* are about to receive! Gentlemen, prepare to charge!" And they charged.

In 1746, after the Jacobite Rebellion, stirred up by the Young Pretender, the King, in order to diminish his public expenditure, reduced the corps from four to two troops. Several regimental alterations were presently made. Hitherto there had been no non-commissioned officers. In 1756 the four senior and the four junior "right-hand men" of each troop were made, respectively, Quartermasters and Corporals of Horse.

A complete rearrangement was made in 1788. The two troops of Life Guards and the two of Horse Grenadiers were formed into two regiments, the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, and the troopers were recruited instead of entering the Service by purchase. In 1812, radical alterations were made in the uniform. The cocked hats and feathers were discontinued, and brass helmets with black horse hair crests substituted; "coatees" superseded the long coat; jack boots and leather breeches were worn only on Royal Escort duty and for guards of honour, on all other occasions pantaloons of a blue-grey colour, with a scarlet seam on the outside, were used. The men were armed with carbines without bayonets, and small pistols, instead of with muskets and long horse-pistols.

They soon had an opportunity of showing their new uniforms to an enemy. After a continued period of home service for more than sixty years, the Life Guards were again called upon to take the field and join in that stupendous series of struggles, called in history the Peninsular War. Two squadrons from each regiment which were brigaded with the Royal Horse Guards, and called the Household Cavalry Brigade, were sent out to Lisbon. They bore no very prominent part in any of the numerous battles, except Vittoria, simply because the ground seldom, if ever, favoured cavalry evolutions. But, still, they shared all the hardships, and they were many, of the campaign. They executed a charge at Vittoria towards the end of the day, and were very useful in pursuit. During the charge they came across a small ravine, not unlike, but on a much smaller scale than the sunken road of Ohain, which caused such terrible slaughter to Napoleon's cuirassiers at Waterloo. The Guards negociated the obstacle without much difficulty and no loss, and proceeded to rout the enemy.

Vittoria practically concluded the war in the favour of the allies, although other and serious battles had to be fought. "Never," says Napier, "was an Army so hardly used by its Commander, and never was a victory more complete." Wellington's genius, without the splendid dash, endurance, and dogged courage of his troops, would have availed but little. For six days the men toiled unceasingly. They hauled and dragged the guns over places where horses could not go. When wheels would not roll, they lifted the artillery bodily with ropes, the Life Guards scouting and foraging the while. The French were caught and cut off from the sea, and had not their gallant General, Reille, made a perfectly heroic stand, nothing could have saved them from utter annihilation. As it was, they lost everything—treasure, accounts, ammunition, and clothing. Generals and privates alike were reduced to the clothes they wore, and most were barefooted.

After the Peninsular War the dress was again altered. The horse hair gave way to blue and red woollen crests, with scarlet and white plumes on the left side of the helmets, sabretaches were now worn, and sheepskin shabraques* for the first time employed.

Wellington's caution and foresight, and his daring, skilful, and bold offensive strategy enabled him to make a clean sweep of the Peninsula; and, as Napoleon's power was to be thoroughly crushed, the Duke followed him into France, and was the means whereby the "Corsican Ogre" was caught and caged in the little island of Elba.

On April 27th, 1815, the Life Guards again left London for the Continent, on their way to one of the most tremendous battles of modern times. On the 17th June, information reached Wellington that the Prussian Army, under Blucher, had been defeated on the previous day at Ligny. This defeat, by the way, was prophesied by the Duke, who said, when he saw the disposition of his troops the Prussian General was making, "The Prussians will get most damnably licked!" Wellington, therefore resolved to fall back through Quatre Bras, so as to enable him to keep up communications with Blucher. The cavalry took up a position to cover the retreat, and to check the French advance guard a Hussar regiment charged some French Lancers which were supported by a body of Cuirassiers, in the town of Genappe, but they were repulsed; they were too light for the purpose. The 1st Life's were thereupon launched at the enemy. They charged in column, the rear rank of the rear troop charging first. The big, heavy stalwart troopers made very short work of the Frenchmen, and so effectually stopped their approach that the Army was enabled to take up its position on the plain of Waterloo unmolested. In fact they not only held the French cavalry in check, but absolutely scattered the body in every direction; and even pursued them, and inflicted great slaughter among them all through a neighbouring village. The Life Guards then marched on and rejoined the main body of the Army in front of the village of Waterloo.

The night of the 17th June was full of misery. The rain poured down incessantly, drenching man and beast alike. Thunderstorms raged heavily from time to time, and the army was thoroughly well soaked to the skin. The troopers wearied with the fighting of the day, had no shelter for themselves or their horses, and rested as best they might. There was not much attempt at an encampment, for it was pretty generally understood that the next day would be fraught with momentous issues. So the men grumbled the night away and took what cat-naps they could, and when the *reveille* was sounded at the break of day there was no inducement for the sluggard to resist its summons. There

* Shabraque, from Turkish Tshápṙik, saddlecloth placed over the saddle

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1808.

was much to do ere the troops were set in battle array; swords to rub up, horses to be groomed, uniforms coaxed into some sort of order, and it was not until ten minutes to twelve on that ever-memorable Sunday morning that the first gun was fired from the French centre.

What a striking difference there was on that summer Sunday morning in England and in Belgium! At home, the people of every town and village were in church putting up heartfelt prayers for the safety of their loved ones, fathers, sons, and sweethearts, who were fighting far away in a foreign land, peace and calm pervading the warm June air, and the sun shining over all. While there on the rain-soaked plain of Waterloo, there stood two armies facing each other, with the sting and reek of gunpowder in their nostrils, and the lust of war in their hearts.

The French at once commenced the battle with a furious attack upon the farmhouse of Hougomont, held by the Guards under Byng, and simultaneously Ney attacked the British centre with 20,000 men. The French pushed fiercely on. Wellington's first line was shaken, and in parts, broken, while a whirlwind of cuirassiers charged up to the very crest of the British position. The moment was critical. The pressure on the infantry was simply tremendous, and for a moment it seemed as though disaster had befallen. Then the Scotch and Irish regiments dashed at the enemy, led by the gallant General Picton, who was shot at the head of his troops with the roar of battle resounding in his dying ears. At the same moment the Scots Greys and Inniskillings were hurled at the French by Sir William Ponsonby, and as they passed through Picton's Brigade, some of the Scotch regiments broke ranks, and clinging to the stirrup leathers, charged along with them. The enemy were thrown into the utmost confusion.

All this time the First Cavalry Brigade, consisting of the 1st and 2nd Life Guards, the Blues, and the 1st Dragoon Guards, were standing still, chafing at their inaction and longing for the time when they, too, might come to close quarters with the enemy. While they were acting the part of spectators of the stirring events that were going on before them in the plain below, let us look at the Life Guards. Great big stalwart fellows they were, not a man under six feet in his boots, mounted on magnificent black horses standing sixteen hands. Their burly frames were clothed in double-breasted scarlet "coatees," with a scarlet and yellow sash round the waist, and trousers of a bluish mixture with a red stripe running down the outside seam; brass helmets were on their heads, with a huge red and white woollen crest and tall straight scarlet and white plumes on the left side of the head-dress. The officers were dressed like the men, but with gold lace on cuffs and collar, and with black shabraques, the men having white saddle-cloths. Each man was armed with a long straight sword, pistols and a carbine.

The French renewed the attack, this time supported by their heavy cavalry. The British infantry was formed into squares. On came the French surging up the hillside, the French cavalry actually surmounting the ridge and charging nearly up to where Wellington had taken up his station. The infantry reserved their fire until the cuirassiers were almost upon them, and then each square belched forth sheets of flame. The French cavalry reeled. Wellington seized the psychological moment and ordered the First Cavalry Brigade to charge. The Heavies deployed and advanced in line, the Life Guards on either flank, the 1st Dragoon Guards in the centre, with the Blues in reserve. They halted a few minutes, about a hundred yards from the enemy to "dress," the troopers settled themselves in their saddles, and then, as the trumpets crashed out with brazen voice, the whole Brigade charged in line. The French cavalry, unlike our men, wore cuirasses, and used a longer sword, but such was the terrific onrush of the Heavies that they could not stand the tremendous shock. Horses and men went down like poppies before a hurricane. Nothing could withstand them; the Frenchmen were fairly ridden over, and before long were going helter-skelter down the hill, utterly discomfited.

This portion of the charge was shared by the 1st Life Guards and the Dragoon Guards on the left. The 2nd Life Guards were opposed to the flower of the French cavalry, the famous *Carabiniers à Cheval*, every man of whom was selected from the ranks of the Army at large for individual bravery. As they charged the British, they were thrown into confusion. In their path was a hollow way—the sunken road of Ohain—and before speed could be slackened the foremost ranks went crashing down on to the road fifteen feet below, a writhing, mutilated mass of men and horses. As soon as what was left of them had scrambled up the opposite bank and had reformed in some sort of order, the 2nd Life Guards raced down upon them. Without waiting for the impact, the French turned and fled across the Charleroi Road. But the Guards went after them, and continued the pursuit so hotly and impetuously that they pretty nearly made an end of the entire cuirassier regiment, and absolutely penetrated the very centre of the French first line. Captain Kenyon's troop actually captured a battery, and endeavoured to carry it off. But they had gone too far. A body of Lancers outnumbering the Life Guards three times over, attacked them, and they were besides exposed to the fire of several columns of infantry. They had, therefore, to retreat hastily, after accomplishing—what had never before been attempted, much less achieved—the total defeat of the French Cuirassiers.

Among the many gallant soldiers that took part in this memorable charge of the 2nd Life Guards, one man was elevated by the people into a popular hero. Who has not heard of Shaw, the Life Guardsman? John Shaw was a corporal in the 2nd Lifes, and began his career as a prize-fighter. He was a Nottingham man, and fought his first fight in his own village, Woolaston. So pluckily did he stand up under the mauling he was getting from a much more powerful man, that he excited the admiration of Jem Belcher, then a noted "pug." Shaw won his first battle, and then came up to London and enlisted in the regiment. He defeated the celebrated Molyneaux, and just before he went on active service he gave a pugilist named Painter a most terrible drubbing, knocking him down ten times in succession. It will be seen that a man in habitual hard training, with muscles like steel ropes, and a thorough knowledge of how to use his sword, was quite fitted to perform astonishing feats of valour.

When his regiment came into contact with the French horsemen, Shaw selected his man, and rising in his stirrups, cut his opponent through the helmet right down to the chin. During the day he is said to have killed at least nine Frenchmen. But the stalwart trooper met his death towards the close of the battle. In the last charge but one made by his regiment Shaw was surrounded by a dozen of the enemy. He made a gallant stand, and when his sword snapped close to the hilt, it said that he took off his helmet and used it as a *cestus*, hitting out from the shoulder with the brass weapon, until he was cut down.

Charge after charge was made by the French cavalry, and attack upon attack was delivered by all arms. A tremendous cannonade would be opened, followed by a whirlwind of horsemen, which masked the advance of divisions of infantry. But all to no purpose. The 1st Cavalry Brigade charged again and again, until men and horses alike drooped and were wearied, almost exhausted. Then came the end. Napoleon caused his entire Army to advance. The long-suffering British squares dissolved into line. They fired one volley and then charged. The Foot Guards, furious with long-restrained passion, rushed on the leading divisions. These wavered, fell back; the British charged home with the bayonet. The cavalry came up, and overwhelmed, utterly and entirely defeated, the French fell back.

At that moment the Duke shut his glass with a snap and said:

"The field is won. Order the whole line to advance. Let the Life Guards charge."

And the Life Guards did charge! Scattered and flying the French retreated Napoleon and his brother Jerome tried to stop them, but without success. Cambronne's brigade of the Old Guard alone stood firm. They formed into square and defied the victorious British. Vivian's Hussars charged them, surrounded them on every face of the square. But they refused to surrender. A pause ensued, dramatic in its intensity, while both sides glared at each other. Then at the sight of Napoleon's veteran soldiers, the ever victorious Old Guard, standing defiant to the last, and awaiting total annihilation with dignified composure, the British gave a great big cheer of admiration for their heroic bravery.

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After LUKE CLENNELL.

The DECISIVE CHARGE of the LIFE GUARDS at the BATTLE of WATERLOO.

From an Engraving by WM. BROMLEY, A.R.A.

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LIFE GUARDSMEN OF THE PRESENT DAY.

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"Let the Life Guards charge."

At that precise moment, the Life Guards swept down upon the stubborn square and dispersed and cut it to pieces, very few of its component parts being left to swell the tide of retreat. All semblance of order was lost in what remained of the French Army. A panic set in, "*Sauve qui peut!*" was the the universal cry, and what was, only a few hours previously, one of the finest armies the world had seen, was simply one vast undistinguishable mass. The allied squadrons, the Heavies always in front, gave them no respite, and shattered their flanks and rear, and completed the awful rout. The Duke of Wellington rode up to the Life Guards after the battle and thanked them for their distinguished bravery.

They had 108 men and 217 horses killed during the da . The Duke himself was in considerable danger at one time. An eye-witness records that the French cavalry charged to within fifty yards of the Commander-in-Chief, as he stood with only one Aide-de-camp left out of all his staff, the rest being either killed or wounded, in a square of the Foot Guards.

Napoleon's tactics at Waterloo were described by Wellington in a letter to Marshal Beresford:

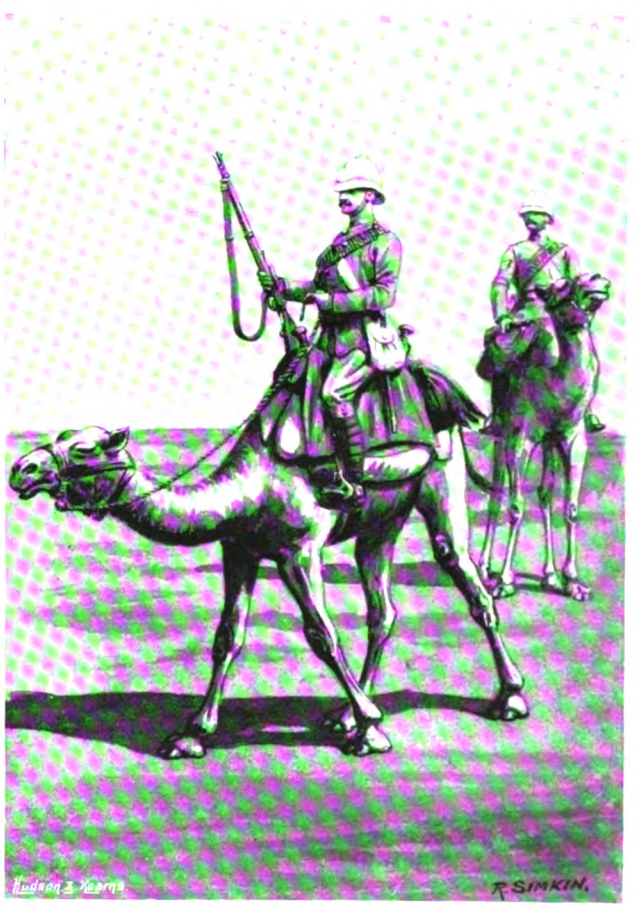
"Napoleon did not manœuvre at all, he just moved forward in the old style, in column, and was driven off in the old style. I had the infantry for some time in squares, and we had the French cavalry walking about us as if they had been our own."

During the progress of the battle several of the Head-quarter Staff endeavoured to extract from Wellington what his plans were in case he, himself, was killed. But the Duke took no manner of notice until at last he said: "I have no plan. They must be defeated."

When Picton's dead body was carried off the field there was found in his pocket a commission appointing him Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in the event of Wellington's death.

The Life Guards marched with the Army to Paris, which was occupied by the Allies, and at the beginning of 1816 embarked for England.

As a mark of approbation of their distinguished bravery at Waterloo, the Prince Regent declared himself Colonel-in-Chief of both regiments, and the word "Waterloo" was ordered to be emblazoned on the colours. A year later more changes in the dress were ordered. The brass helmets were replaced by steel head-pieces, with bearskin crests and without plumes. The colour of the trousers was altered to what was then known as "claret-mixture." Cuirasses, which had been discontinued for more than a hundred years, were worn in 1821 at the Coronation of George IV. On this occasion the Life Guards appeared in huge bearskin Grenadier busbies, with a tremendous plume of white feathers on the left side passing right over the top of the head. In the next year an order was promulgated that the upper lip was not to be shaved.



Camel Corps, Egypt, 1882.

After the hard fighting and excitement of the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns, there ensued a long period of uneventful calm. The regiments went through the usual routine of barrack life and attended the various State ceremonials, mounted guard, did escort duty, and took their turns with the Blues to occupy the Windsor barracks. It was not until 1882 that the chance of again going on foreign service presented itself.

When the Arabi rebellion broke out in Egypt in June, 1882, almost absolute anarchy reigned at Cairo and Alexandria. At that time there were computed to be living in Egypt 37,000 Europeans, and the fortifying of Alexandria continuing to be proceeded with in spite of the protests of the English and French governments, the late Admiral Sir Beauchamp Seymour, afterwards Lord Alcester, threatened to bombard the forts, after the English people had been warned to leave the country. All the world knows how this threat was carried out, and the subsequent proceedings in which the Life Guards bore a distinguished part.

At Tel-El-Mahuta, on 25th August, Arabi had succeeded in constructing his first dam across the Suez Canal in pursuance of his design for cutting off the principal supply of water to the greater part of the country. The troops under Wolseley consisted of three squadrons of Household Cavalry, two guns, and about a thousand infantry; the force opposed to them was about 10,000. The water in the canal was getting dangerously low. Sir Garnet, as he then was, determined to capture the dam and sent two squadrons against it. They dashed at the task with such fiery *élan* and with such success that Wolseley was moved to admiration, and recorded the fact in his despatch describing the affair. "Under the bursting shells the colossal troopers sat like statues amid a conflagration" (this was at the beginning of the battle, and some of the men and horses had only been landed the day before) "as quietly as they had been wont to sit a short time before in the arched gateways at Whitehall." It was said that Wolseley had no great opinion of the Life and Horse Guards' powers of endurance, or, indeed, of their use at all, and it was with the idea of proving them that he directed them to charge and take the Arabi's dam.

At Kassassin on the 28th August, General Graham's force was vigorously attacked by the Egyptians. He signalled for assistance, which was afforded him by the Life Guards and the Blues with the Horse Artillery, and the 7th Dragoon Guards. Then came the so-called "Midnight Charge." Considering that the attack was not seriously begun till 4-30 p.m., and that General Graham ordered a general return to camp at 8.45 p.m., the title is certainly a misnomer. When they arrived near enough to the scene of the conflict for bullets to drop among the troopers, they halted just to breathe the tired

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horses, and then came the order to charge. Like a thunderbolt, furious and irresistible, the heavy troopers rode for the enemy. A terrible scene of slaughter and confusion ensued; the enemy fled in great disorder, and the battle was won.

The decisive battle of the campaign was fought on 13th September, at Tel-el-Kebir. The Life Guards bore their share in the fight, which, however, was chiefly confined to the pursuing and the cutting off of the enemy. The battle, however, was not of lengthy duration. From the time the enemy opened fire until he was in full retreat, only about half-an-hour elapsed; but into that short space a deal of hard and splendid fighting took place. The Egyptians were certainly taken by surprise, despite the fact that they slept fully armed and behind earthworks, for Arabi told the officer who took him to Ceylon as a prisoner, that when our men delivered the at- tack he him- self was in bed; and com- plained that they did not leave him time enough even to get his boots on. Arabi's army was, in con- sequence of this crushing de- feat, com- pletely bro- ken up, and the British enter- ed Cairo the next day. In October the Life Guards returned to England.

The Colours and Drums of the Life Guards.

In 1884 they went again to Egypt and took part in the Nile Expedition, mounted on camels. Their uniform when actually on service in Egypt consisted of grey "jumpers," yellow cord breeches, dark-blue "putties," and white helmets, brown ankle boots and belts. It did not take long for the gallant troopers to get accustomed to the "gawd-forsaken oont" although the beast was not looked upon altogether with favour. Of course the camels were used simply as a means of locomotion and not as chargers.

The Life Guards shared with their comrades the sickening jam produced by the fanatics' rush on the square at Abu Klea, when it was desperate hand to hand fighting. The Heavy Camel Corps, composed of detachments from the Life Guards and other heavy regiments occupied the rear face of the left rear angle of the square, when the troops moved to within 500 yards from the enemy's position, as marked by their flags, a horde of Arabs rose suddenly out of cover and went straight at the square. The Mounted Infantry, on the left face, poured such a scathing fire upon them that they swerved round the left flank and dashed furiously upon the Life Guards. The onslaught was so tremendous that the Guards and their comrades were borne back and their line assumed the form almost of a semicircle. Only sheer bayonet work was possible. The crush was terrific; numbers of camels were killed, and were used as rallying points and as shelter by the soldiers; and the reek of powder and clouds of dust added to the confusion. For about fifteen minutes this lasted, and during that time Colonel Burnaby, who went into action with a double-barrelled sporting gun, was killed, his jugular vein being cut through by a spear. Support was forth coming, however, and shoulder to shoulder the gallant British soldiers simply swept back the black stream, and killed every single man that had penetrated their lines. After the Arabs had been driven off 800 of their dead were found inside the square. The British loss was very heavy, for out of 1,800 men there were 9 officers and 65 men killed, and 85 wounded, among the latter being only two officers of the Life Guards. But the heaviest loss fell upon the Heavy Camel Corps, six of whose officers were killed. A portion of the Heavy Camel Corps took part in the march of Stewart's Column across the desert from Korti to Metammeh and back which no less an au thority than Von Moltke declared to be the work not only of soldiers, but of heroes. The modern dress of the Life Guards is too well known to need any description here. There are, however, slight differences whereby the two regiments can be dis- tinguished one from the other. The First and Se- cond wear black bearskin shabra- ques re- spectively, while the First have a red and the Second a blue cord along the centre of the pouch-belt. It is not generally known that on occasions of State ceremonials, the Speaker of the House of Commons is entitled to an escort of one Life Guards- man, who rides on the right hand side of his carriage. Though the troopers are no longer of the same social rank as when the regiments were first em- bodied, they are still, as a rule, recruited from a class consi- derably above the generality of the Army; and they are as remarkable for sobriety and re- spectability as for lofty stature and stalwart frames. The commanding officers have the power of summarily dismissing a trooper without appeal. But that is a power which is fortunately very rarely exercised.

The Nile Expedition of twelve years ago was the last occasion on which the Life Guards went on active service, and since then nothing more exciting than taking part in various state pageants and occasional field days and sham fights has fallen to their share.

But there is one thing very certain; whenever the two premier cavalry regiments of the English Army are called out on active service, it will be found, as it always has been found, that the calm and peace of barrack-life in London and Windsor have no ill-effects upon the soldierly qualities for which the 1st and 2nd Life Guards have ever been distinguished since their foundation, two hundred and thirty-six years ago.

The next Special Number of this Series will contain the Histories of the Grenadier Guards and the Temeraire, the [illegible] on the Cover representing an incident at Waterloo.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. II.—No. 23.] FRIDAY, OCTOBER 30th, 1896.

Photo. MARSH BROS., Henley.

VICE-ADMIRAL SIR JOHN OMMANNEY HOPKINS, K.C.B.

THE reputation of the distinguished officer who is shortly to succeed Sir MICHAEL CULME-SEYMOUR in the command of the Mediterranean Fleet, stands very high indeed in the estimation of the Royal Navy. Sir JOHN HOPKINS has made his mark in every post that he has been called upon to fill, and these have been many: everyone of them a position of great responsibility and importance. He has been Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty, Captain Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard and Admiral Superintendent of Portsmouth Dockyard, Director of Naval Ordnance, Member of the Committee on Naval Armaments, Controller of the Navy and Commander-in-Chief on the North America and West Indies Station. Sir JOHN HOPKINS entered the Navy in 1848, and as a Sub-Lieutenant took part in the operations against Russia in the Black Sea. The Admiral is shown in "Ball" Dress, as worn at official or public balls, dinners, and evening receptions.

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H.M.S. "REPULSE":—A MESSAGE TO THE CAPTAIN.

OUR photograph shows Captain E. N. ROLFE, of the battleship "Repulse" on his quarterdeck, receiving a message which has been signalled from the flagship. The signal which has just been received is being shown to the Captain by a sub-lieutenant holding the slate. Facing Captain ROLFE is a lieutenant, the officer on duty.

THREE OFFICERS OF H.M.S. "BLAKE."

THE officers we see here are Captain ARTHUR C. B. BROMLEY who commands the first-class cruiser "Blake," together with the late Commander of the ship and the first Lieutenant, who is also borne in the "Blake" for Torpedo duties, Lieutenant CECIL E. E. CAREY. Their ranks are denoted by the rings of distinction lace on their sleeves.

Photos. GREGORY. *Copyright.— H. & K.*

H.M.S. "RESOLUTION":—RELIEVING THE WATCH.

HERE we have two lieutenants of the battleship "Resolution," photographed in the act of transferring the charge of the ship from one to the other. The officer coming on duty (wearing the twisted lace on his sleeve) is a Lieutenant of the Royal Naval Reserve. He is receiving information of the course that the ship is steering, her speed, and other special matters in regard to the ship.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE "RESOLUTION" AND HIS A.D.C.

THE two officers shown in our photograph are Captain ANDREW K. BICKFORD, C.M.G., in command of the battleship "Resolution," of the Channel Squadron, and a naval cadet of the "Resolution," who is specially acting as Aide-de-Camp to the Captain. By the way in which the latter is saluting it may be assumed that he is making a report. The photograph is taken just outside the battery door on the quarter-deck.

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Photo. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

SERVING OUT A DAY'S FRESH MEAT RATION:—H.M.S. "TALBOT."

IN our photograph, which was taken on board the cruiser "Talbot," the butcher of the ship is seen cutting up a day's provision of meat, while the ship's steward is weighing a piece, an operation which, we may observe further, is being carefully criticised by that "cook of the mess," who is standing by with his tin dish ready to receive it. Close at hand is the officer of the day (in our photograph, Lieut. PATON), who is on the spot to inspect the quality of the provisions. In harbour—the "Talbot" was at Devonport when our photograph was taken—one pound of fresh meat is issued to each man every day. At sea the meat rations are: every other day, one pound of salt pork; on one alternate day, one pound of salt beef; on the other alternate day, three-quarters of a pound of preserved meat.

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FUN ON BOARD SHIP.

"TRILBY." AFLOAT BY A MIDSHIPMAN.

SKIRT DANCING BY A SUB-LIEUTENANT.

RECREATION for a ship's company is a consideration of the highest importance, and every care is taken in the Service to ensure Jack as much fun as possible. Music particularly, every sailor loves, and it ordinarily constitutes his chief attraction every night at sea from five until nine o'clock. First of all—particularly in small ships—there is the "squeegee" band, including fifes, drums, or any other instrument on which a performer can be found, voluntarily got up on the lower deck. In addition to, and apart from, the "squeegee" band, there is a good deal of individual playing every night in the men's messes, whether it be on the flute or the fife or the fiddle, or on the mandoline or banjo. Best of all, however, the bluejacket likes for his night's diversion a nigger minstrel variety entertainment, or, as Jack prefers to call it, a "blackface" show.

Not only do the rehearsals interest the performers for weeks beforehand, but there is, in addition, the composition of topical songs and jokes, which makes many an hour pass pleasantly. Our photographs give an interesting idea of how the native talent displays itself, and the kind of thing that the audience sees at one of these variety entertainments on board ship. First of all we have one of the midshipmen in the rôle of "Trilby" in a wonderfully simulated "get up," made out of a naval lieutenant's ordinary uniform. Then comes a skirt dancing display by another young officer, which similarly needs but few words by way of description. Our third photograph particularly deals with a "Blackface" show which was given on board the first-class battleship "Rodney." We see grouped together after a rehearsal the members of an entire troupe:—"Massa Johnson," the Corner men, jester, clown, harlequin, and certain improvised "elephants" who took their part in the entertainment. Another very favourite pastime at night on board ship is dancing on deck, a dance being got up on board whenever opportunity offers, a cornet and couple of fiddles or some similar combination doing duty for the music, to which as many barefooted couples as can find room foot it merrily. In every ship, too, there is at least one officer or man who can dance the hornpipe.

Photos. SYMONDS & CO., Portsmouth.

THE MINSTREL TROUPE OF H.M.S. "RODNEY."

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Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

CAPTAIN W. H. PIGOTT AND OFFICERS OF THE "ALEXANDRA."

HERE we have Captain WILLIAM HARVEY PIGOTT, Flag Captain in the coastguard ship "Alexandra" (stationed at Portland) to the Admiral Superintendent of Naval Reserves, together with the other officers of that ship. The "Alexandra," being in the First Reserve Fleet, carries at present only fifteen officers: the captain, two commanders, four lieutenants, a major and lieutenant of Marines, a chaplain, a staff-surgeon and a surgeon, a fleet paymaster and an assistant paymaster, a fleet engineer and an engineer, with one gunner, four boatswains, and one clerk. Certain other officers are borne as additional for various services on shore and as supernumeraries for coastguard duties. The "Alexandra" was commissioned for her present service in 1891, on being re-fitted on her return from the Mediterranean, where, during upwards of eleven years, she served as flagship to, among other officers, the late Sir GEOFFREY HORNBY, the late LORD ALCESTER, and the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, the title by which the Service best knows the present DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG AND GOTHA.

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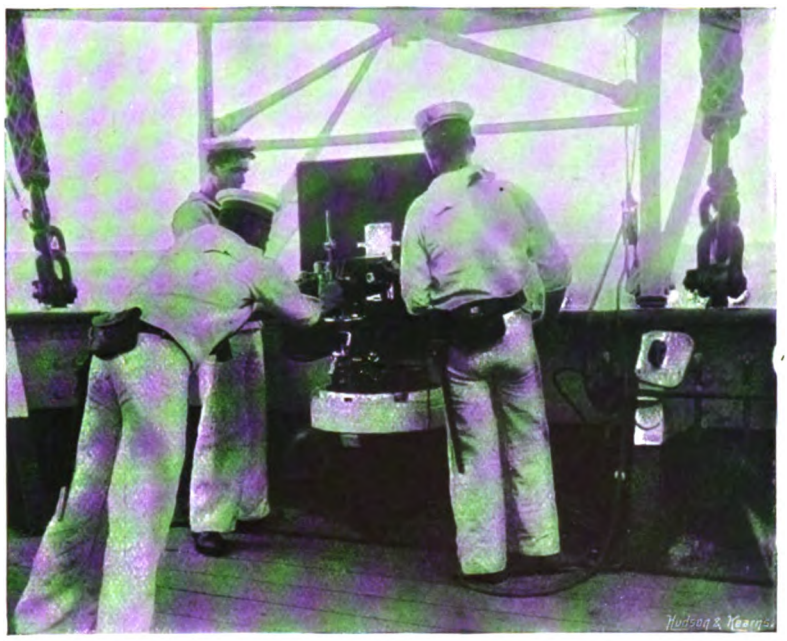
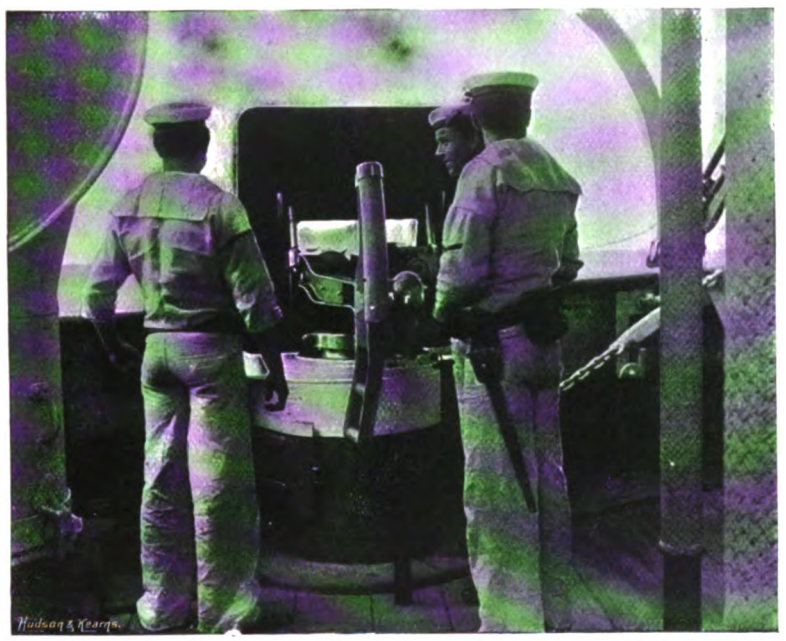
RAPID FIRING GUNS ON BOARD SHIP.



A MAXIM MACHINE GUN IN ACTION.



A 3-POUNDER QUICK-FIRING GUN IN ACTION.

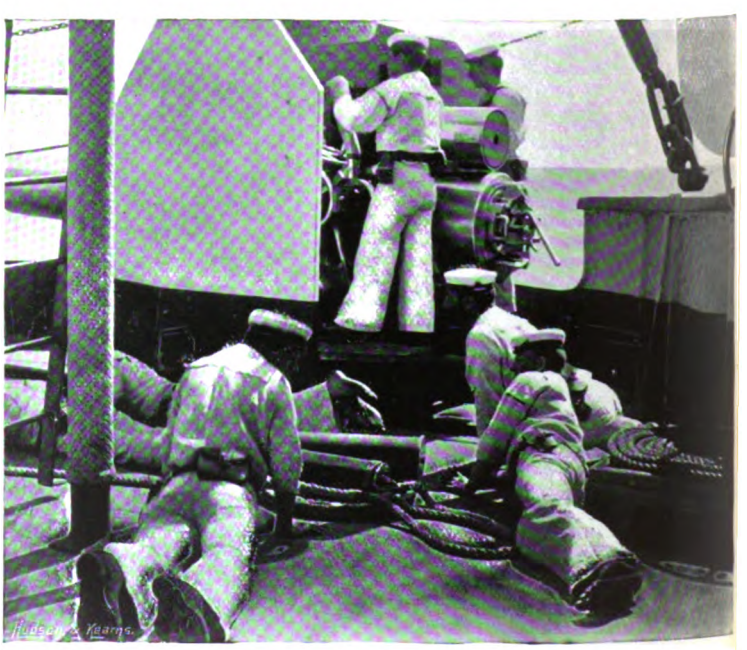
THE Maxim machine gun is a comparatively recent invention, being first brought out rather less than ten years ago by the gentleman whose name it bears, Mr. HIRAM S. MAXIM. Its chief point is its automatic principle. Nothing has to be done but to press a handle and keep it supplied with cartridges, when the gun will go on firing for any length of time. Six hundred shots a minute can be fired from the Maxim, the bullets succeeding one another so quickly that with smokeless powder they may actually be seen issuing from the gun in one continuous stream.

A characteristic of the quick-firing system is the utilisation of the recoil, enabling the man in charge to concentrate his whole attention on getting an accurate aim at the target. One feature of Mr. Maxim's method is, that when anything is wrong with the gun it stops firing of itself, so that there is no risk of explosion. The gun is mounted in a special gun-metal water jacket, which keeps the barrel from getting hot and enables the piece to go on firing *ad infinitum* without detriment to the barrel. In the Navy the Maxim has for some time past been ousting other forms of machine gun. The guns are mounted in various parts of the upper deck, wherever suitable positions can be found for them. Our newest battleships, such as the "Majestic," carry 8 Maxims, each of ·45 in. calibre.

We show also two types of quick-firing guns used in the Service, the 3-pounder and the 6-inch 100-pounder, originally designed and built at Elswick. The former of these is carried principally in the tops and about the upper decks of our battleships, and as the secondary armament of our smaller cruisers. The 6-inch quick-firer forms the secondary armaments of our battleships (a ship like the "Majestic" for instance carrying twelve of them), and as the principal armament of our larger cruisers, for use on board which they were originally adopted into the Service.

The quick-firing gun was first designed particularly against torpedo boat attack, but its use in warfare would be unlimited. The quick-firer itself is of steel, and of considerable length to allow for the complete combustion of the charge. With the lighter pieces the gunner stands on the left so as to avoid the recoil, and rests his shoulder against a wooden shoulder-piece, which enables him to look along the sights while training the gun with one hand and elevating it with the other. Both movements are made with absolute ease, and the trigger which fires the gun is placed to the right. The charge is in a single piece, the powder being contained in a brass case, into the end of which, as in a rifle cartridge, the projectile fits, the whole being handled together, thus effecting a great saving of time. The moment the gun is fired the men in charge swing open the breech, the empty cartridge case being ejected automatically, push in the new charge and close the block, to fire again instantly. So great a rapidity has been attained that over fifteen shots a minute have been actually fired with accuracy. The crews of all machine and quick-firing guns are afforded more or less protection by means of steel shields or casemates.

A 6-INCH QUICK-FIRING GUN.



A 6-INCH QUICK-FIRING GUN IN ACTION.

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THE COMPANY OF THE "TALBOT."

Photos. W. M. CROCKETT, Plymouth. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

CAPTAIN E. H. GAMBLE AND OFFICERS, OF THE "TALBOT."

THE second-class cruiser "Talbot" was commissioned for the North America and West Indies Station on September 15th by Captain EDWARD H. GAMBLE who has previously commanded the "Raleigh," "St. George," and "Endymion." On the Captain's proper right in our lower photograph of the Officers of the "Talbot" is seen Lieutenant J. B. FINLAISON, R.M.L.I., who is in command of the Marine detachment on board, and on the Captain's proper left is Commander LEWIS BAYLY, the executive officer of the ship. In the upper photograph are seen the ship's company of the "Talbot" grouped on the forecastle and in the rigging. They number 412 all told and, as is usual in ships going abroad for a three years' commission, are mostly young men and therefore the better suited to learn their work quickly and well. The "Talbot" it should be added is a new ship of a new type. Though called a second-class cruiser and of 5,600 tons displacement, she is only ten feet shorter than the "Edgar" type of 7,350 ton first-class cruisers, than which the "Talbot" is a knot faster.

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Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., 51, Strand.

STUDYING THE SEAMAN'S ART.

Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

ALTHOUGH sails have been done away with in our modern sea-going fleet, it is still necessary for our bluejackets to learn a good deal of what in the old time used to belong to everyday seamanship. This is one of the first things taught the youngsters who join our training ships. Beginning by learning how to make knots, bends, and hitches, they pass through a complete course of instruction in what may be called "rope lore":—how to make gummets and selvage strops, and how to use them; how to point a rope, to graft it, and splice it and lengthen it; and so forth. When the trained boy is drafted as a seaman on board a ship of the fleet in commission he is given innumerable opportunities at odd times for carrying on in practice what he learnt in his harbour training ship, as we see here in the case of these three bluejackets of the cruiser "Theseus." It is a circumstance not to be forgotten that the smartest seamen in the Training Squadron make the best marksmen and captains of guns in the Navy, for under sails they gain that readiness of resource, sharpness of eye, and neatness of hand, which now, as of yore, is the essential equipment of a seaman.

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THE SEA REGIMENT.

BY ONE OF ITS UNITS.

"Through the streets of these ancient towns."

"WHO the devil *are* the Marines?"

He was what the heathen Chinee picturesquely terms a "makee-learn ping tung"—in plain English, a newly-gazetted second lieutenant of the Line. He has since grown into a nice enough boy of twenty, and has acquired much useful knowledge in the process. As, for example—that he is a military detail of little or no importance, and that the superciliousness of callow eighteen is unacceptable to the bronzed fighting man of eight-and-thirty. This, also, he has learned—who the devil Marines *are*.

We were dining together in mufti—a small cosmopolitan Service crowd, whom chance had gathered for an hour from the four corners of the British Empire round a table in the Union Club at Malta. Bronzeface it was who courteously answered the Makee-learn's question.

"A Marine," he explained, "is the nondescript, vagabond offspring of the United Service—a sailor masquerading in a red coat—a merry-andrew of the sea! The tallest tales of the silly season are his birthright, for his credulity is a byword among the nations. He is, in short, the big gooseberry fool of commerce! At least," added Bronzeface, critically holding his Chianti to the light, "that, I believe, is the impression of the average man in the street."

"In his impressions of things naval," burst in a breezy, clean-shaven person opposite, "the average man in the street is a dam ——."

"He is," acquiesced the other hastily, "but from no fault of his own. The work of the Navy is performed, for the most part, entirely out of his sight and hearing. A newspaper paragraph tells him occasionally that it *is* done—magnificently done: though it is never Jack who supplies the copy."

"As a naval officer," said the breezy one, "let me thank you for the compliment. You are an admirer of the Sea Service?"

Bronzeface smiled grimly. "I am one of its merry-andrews, you see," he said.

* * * * * * * * * *

Later in the evening the Makee-learn sought out Bronzeface—who was reading in a quiet corner—and apologised for his *faux pas*. "I really wanted to know, you know," he concluded, "and I didn't mean to speak slightingly of the finest infantry in the Service." From which it would appear that the enlightenment of the Makee-learn had been already begun by certain of the elders.

"Have a cigarette," said Bronzeface, putting aside the book and proffering his case. "Now, look here. If you still want to know, er—'who the devil Marines are'? I will tell you as simply and briefly as I can. But if in the telling I seem to 'cock a chest' over it, you must bear in mind that it is difficult to speak with becoming humility of one's corps, when it is the only regiment of British infantry on which the sun never sets: when its veterans are second only to the Guards in physique, but have seven times their length of service: when it was first recruited in the merry days of King Charles the Second; and when it has fought in so many actions by land and sea, that no colours smaller than a corvette's mainsail could possibly contain their inscribed names."

He paused to light his cigarette. "And that is why a laurel wreathed globe," he went on, "is the simple device on its regimental colour to-day. It was George the Fourth's happy solution of the difficulty."

"But, I say," said the Makee-learn, "I thought Marines were half sailors?"

"Then don't think it any more, like a good fellow," said Bronzeface, "for I can assure you we are not 'half' anything. *Aut Cæsar, aut nihil* is our unofficial motto: and if we are neither flesh nor fowl, we are at least damned good red herring! In other words, although—not being trained to the sea—we cannot be sailors: and although—without a contradiction in terms—a Marine cannot be wholly a land soldier, it has ever been the aim of the regiment, from commandant to drummer, to prove themselves the finest sea soldiers in the world."

"The proof of the pudding is in the eating," observed the Makee-learn sententiously: "and, from what a naval commander and a cavalry major told me after dinner, a large number of foreign troops and sailors seem at different periods of history to have found the British Marines highly indigestible. And—and that," he added hastily, "is a desirable quality in this particular kind of pudding, don't you know?"

Bronzeface smiled. "Very well, then," said he, "you have grasped the main principle, I hope, that a Marine is neither half a sailor nor half anything else under the sun: but that he is before all things 'Ye Compleat Soldiere'—a Soldier by training—a Soldier of the Regular Forces by Act of Parliament."

"A Soldier of the Regular Forces," repeated the Makee-learn, as though it were a lesson.

"Of his large share in the work, the privations, the dangers, and the glorious victories of the great British Navy," continued the other, warming to his subject, "I will speak later on. It is a share of which he is very jealous: and he is naturally proud of his two hundred and thirty years' comradeship with the Sea Dogs of Britain. But it is as a soldier that he fought side by side with his brethren of the British Army at Bunker's Hill and Inkerman, at Carthagena and the Taku Forts; and, indeed, at most of the actions commemorated on tattered regimental colours the din of battle has been supplemented with the quaint sea oaths of the Marines."

"Yes, but look here," said the puzzled Makee-learn, "what I want to get at is this. Are you under the War Office or under the Admiralty?"

"Then you shall get at it," returned Bronzeface, "before you're a minute older. The Marines, in a word, are a military force maintained by the Admiralty for service in the fleet. 'What's the good of 'aving leather-necked grabbies aboord ship?' said an ordinary seaman once to a private of the Royal Marines. 'To keep you flat-footed, ginger-whiskered swamp rats from eating one another!' was the prompt and unexpected reply. Ridiculous as the taunt was in these latter days, it nevertheless rudely set forth the sea soldier's origin: for,

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such a rabble were the men-o'-war's men of the seventeenth and greater part of the eighteenth centuries, that the permanent presence on board of disciplined soldiers was necessary for the protection of naval officers. The necessity has, of course, long since entirely ceased: but the Marines themselves remain, together with a trace of their original *raison d'être*. For the custom of placing them and their arm racks in the *after* lower deck messes, *i.e.*, between the officers and the rest of the ship's company, is adhered to in most men-o'-war at the present day."

"This," said the Makee-learn, sitting up in his chair, "is interesting—doosid interesting. But what licks me is—why, on the eve of the twentieth century, should soldiers—a costly article, mind you, to fritter away at sea" (the Makee-learn swelled with a sense of his own costliness), "be considered as necessary on board ship as they were in the seventeenth? What on earth do Marines *do* on board a man-of-war?"

With great deliberation Bronzeface selected another cigarette from his case and slowly lit it. Then, having thoughtfully watched the match burn itself out, he shook his head.

"I give it up," he said. "If you had asked me what they don't do, I might have managed it: but as it is——." He glanced significantly at the clock.

The Makee-learn laughed. "If there isn't time enough to recount all they do," he said, "you might at least tell me why they are there."

"I believe," said his mentor, "that the primary idea is to have a force of seasoned, highly-disciplined, perfectly-equipped troops ready to land from the fleet at a moment's notice on an enemy's coast. The appallingly sudden appearance in his midst of these grim, silent warriors in red has been frequently found to have a most demoralising effect upon a semi-civilised foe. Then, again, in spite of your truism anent the costliness of soldiers, the infantry specimen is far cheaper than the bluejacket; and, since a soldier accustomed to the sea can fight upon it just as well as a sailor, it is clearly to Britannia's advantage to lay down as large a stock of the cheaper article as possible. This she has done to the tune of sixteen thousand men."

The cigarette fell from the Makee-learn's open lips, and burnt a hole in his trousers, but he heeded it not. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed, "I hadn't the foggiest notion the Marines were so strong!"

Bronzeface smiled at the boy's astonishment. "I rather suspect," said he, "that our friend the man from the street is in the same boat with you there. To maintain this strength we have recruiting stations all over Great Britain; and so popular have the Marines ever been with the country, that the supply has always been equal to the demand. In the Chatham, Portsmouth and Plymouth Garrisons are the three headquarters or divisions of Marines; and through the streets of these ancient towns the stalwart, weather-beaten soldiers of the Sea Regiment, headed by their drums and fifes, have swaggered to and from their adopted element for upwards of two centuries."

Clearly from his tone the Makee-learn resented the Naval Board's possession of so splendid a military force. "Just think of it!" he mused: "sixteen thousand long service, weather hardened, picked infantry soldiers tossing about——"

"Not forgetting the artillerymen," added Bronzeface.

"I beg your pardon?"

"We are all of us trained naval gunners as well, you know. Gunnery is our principal duty afloat, and we are consequently put through very searching courses at our batteries in barracks."

The Makee-learn stared incredulously. "I thought," he remarked presently, "that your pay was the same as ours?"

"That," returned the other gloomily, "is neither here nor there."

Then they both laughed, and Bronzeface rose from his chair. "Another time," said he, "I shall be happy to describe how the raw material is collected, teased, straightened, toughened, pipe-clayed, sun-baked, and salt-cured into that holy terror of yelping small republics—a British Red Marine. For he blooms in little scarlet clusters all over the globe, like berries on a holly-bush; and, pretty as he is to look at, he is very, very painful to meddle with. After all, though," concluded Bronzeface with a yawn, "they are common, vulgar things—these berries."

"I hate cynicism," asserted the Makee-learn with some warmth. "They are clinking good berries, anyhow: they are British Marines!"

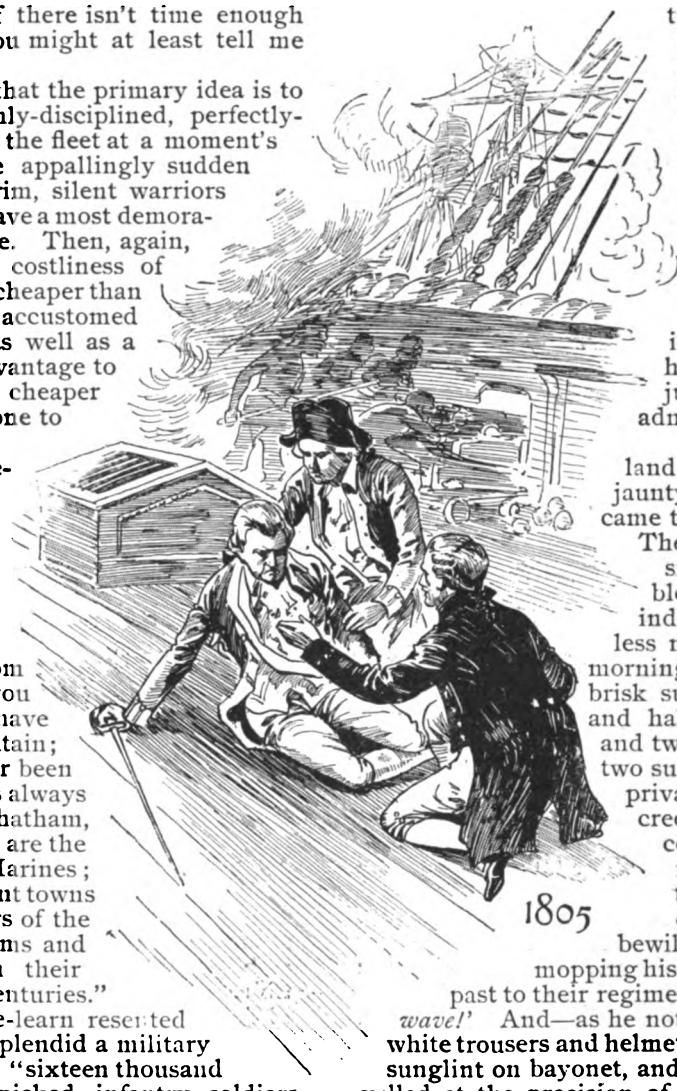
"They are *only* Marines," corrected the cynic, as he stalked off to bed.

* * * * * * * * *

The Makee-learn was astir very betimes next morning; and, hiring one of the smart little island ponies for a gallop round the Grand Harbour before breakfast, he came presently to the Corradino. From this barren tableland of sandstone—where, from early May till late October, the worst of the Maltese devils, The Glare, continually sits—the Ma'-ee-learn looked down upon the limpid harbour and the fleet, and thought how good a thing it was to soldier on the sea. It was yet summer, and the perspiration streamed down his ruddy English cheeks: but the great, squat ships—with their spreading awnings and their white enamelled turrets, superstructures and barbettes—looked cool as clustering lilies set in a water meadow.

Suddenly, a bugle call, mellowed by the distance to something akin to music, rang from the stately flagship; and, as the nearer cruisers echoed their big sister's summons, the Makee-learn recognised the "fall in," and bethought him that this was the day on which the Marines were wont to land for their weekly drill.

Gathering dots of crimson appeared in quick response to the call, till each white deck below him was stained with its double streak of blood red colour. Presently the colour trickled over the ship's side into the boats set to catch it; and the Grand Harbour and French Creek reflected it, as the boats came Corradinowards from the fleet. When they drew nearer, the Makee-learn noted with surprise that ponderous pinnace and graceful gig alike were pulled by the sea soldiers themselves. In spite of their red coats, the oar seemed to be as familiar to them as the rifle; and their smartness in "tossing" and "boating" the former as they landed filled him—though, to be sure, he was no judge of such matters—with genuine admiration.



Soon, over the brow of the tableland on every side—with the swinging, jaunty step peculiar to the regiment—came this matchless infantry from the sea. The Makee-learn's heart warmed at the sight till, hot as he already was, his blood was near to boiling point: for, indeed, there are many greater pomps less moving to the exiled Briton than a morning muster of the homely redcoats. In brisk succession the detachments formed and halted—from the flagship's hundred and twenty men or so with their major and two subalterns, to the corporal and five tall privates from the tiny gunboat up the creek. Field states were handed in, companies equalised, and the battalion told off for drill—the buglers of the detachments providing the drums and fifes: and before the bewildered Makee-learn had finished mopping his face, the sea soldiers were marching past to their regimental quick step—'*A life on the ocean wave!*' And—as he noted the sharp contrast between the white trousers and helmets and the scarlet kersey frocks: the sunglint on bayonet, and highly-burnished device—he marvelled at the precision of movement attained by men who drilled—so it was said—at the most an hour a week.

"And even then as often as not with the deck all askew," laughed Bronzeface, to whom he presently confided this thought. The drill was over, and the detachments were returning as they came; but the Marine lingered a moment to pass the time of day with his dinner acquaintance of yestere'en.

"Many of those fellows," he continued, indicating by a nod of his head the retreating files, "have probably never met before in their lives. Ere our next drill this day week, a large number of them will be scattered all over the Mediterranean, and others will, doubtless, be here in their stead. But the drill will be no worse."

"They must get a devil of a lot of it when they're recruities, poor beggars," mused the sympathetic Makee-learn, who was only just clear of the drill-sergeant himself.

"They do," assented Bronzeface, "and it's the making of them—that and the 'devil of a lot' they get on their return to barracks. But, look here—our ship is going to sea to-morrow morning to do her annual prize firing. You've discovered that Marines on parade are pretty much like other regular soldiers: will you come out with us and discover what Marines can do with the big guns at sea?"

"With the greatest pleasure," cried the Makee-learn—"if I can get the blind side of my old man for a day's leave, that is." Which, it would seem, he did.

(A second Article on "The Sea Regiment," by Captain Drury, will appear shortly.)

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THROUGH THE MILITIA

By A MILITARY TUTOR.

"Sometimes it is with the greatest difficulty she is prevented from issuing her orders on parade."

WOOLWICH and Sandhurst are not the only channels by which young men can work their way up to commissions in the Army. The hardy and determined aspirant may enlist as a private soldier, and if he has tact, temper, a good digestion, and a slice of luck, he may rise to a commission through the non-commissioned grades. The Militia is another, and a much more pleasant avenue by which the same end may be attained, and it is on and about that well-frequented road that I offer the following remarks:—

The Militia, as a channel into the regular service, has been described as a "back door" and a "side wind." Confusion of metaphor aptly illustrates the mental state of persons uttering these libels, which I make bold to say, are as groundless as they are ridiculous. How then came it to pass that these expressions have been frequently heard in conversation and read in print? I will tell you. They originated with the old civilian tutors and schoolmasters who, utterly dense and ignorant on military matters, and fearing that their craft was in danger, decried any ordeal for army candidates other than their own book work. These interesting fossils were encouraged by a few petrified officers who, having passed by what they called "the right way," had no toleration for anything not branded R.M.A. or R.M.C. But the days of that Egyptian darkness are happily ended, the Militiamen who enter the first line having proved themselves no whit behind their brother officers of the same standing.

The *quondam* cadet is, in all probability, better posted up in literary subjects, but the militiaman has the advantage in age, practical knowledge of men and matters military, and generally in sportsmanlike qualifications. Comparatively few of either class rise to be generals; it should therefore be our object to obtain a flow of strong, sound, sensible and fairly educated young gentlemen, capable of earning the respect of the men, and of performing creditably the duties of regimental officers. Neither is it desirable that they should be all of one pattern, a consummation which is wisely obviated by alternative methods of admission.

When a fond parent has been irresistibly led to the conclusion that the boy whom he destines for a soldier's career has more aptitude for practical work than for abstract study, he will probably determine to send him through the Militia. This involves two annual trainings as a subaltern in the latter force, and a period spent at a military tutor's, sufficiently long to ensure his passing an examination in military law, tactics, fortification, and topography. The militia regiment and the crammer are important items which often decide the bent and bias of young Hopeful's future life, and parents cannot be too careful, or take too great pains, to secure an unimpeachable regiment and a conscientious crammer. When a youth sees himself for the first time in war paint, and is introduced to a mess and other novelties of regimental life, it is of the utmost moment that he should not be deceived by erroneous precept, or misled by unsafe example; that he should not mistake coarseness for wit, or regard rowdyism as the legitimate outcome of a cheerful temperament.

Eschew a regiment in which the practical joker flourishes; he is a sure sign that the colonel and adjutant are not up to their business. A good commanding officer soon weeds out those objectionable men who bring discredit on their cloth; he has an eye to the moral and social as well as to the military fitness of his officers, his battalion is in a good state of discipline, and his will, which is at once kindly and firm, makes itself felt by all ranks, from the senior major to the junior drummer. It is a privilege and a valuable preparatory lesson for an Army candidate to serve, even for a short time, under that kind of commanding officer, and there are many such in the old constitutional force. But there are other sorts as well; for instance, the easy-going variety who places himself unreservedly in the hands of his adjutant, a course of conduct which infallibly spoils the adjutant and keeps the senior officers in a state of chronic disgust. That colonel's battalion is uncomfortable, and should be avoided. Then there is the convivially genial C.O. who makes things rather too comfortable for the time being, but whose regiment is a bad school for a young man having his own way to make in the Army.

The much-married C.O. must not be forgotten. He is himself under the command of a wife whose firm conviction is that the band, the officers, especially the juniors, and, in fact, the whole show, exist for no other purpose than the supply of amusement to herself and her friends. Her husband and his officers must obey her behests as to dances, picnics, water parties, land parties, and different kinds of displays, all of which, including the annual inspection, she patronises as if a supreme position belonged to her without the remotest possibility of question. Sometimes it is with the greatest difficulty she is prevented from issuing her orders on parade. When this is tried on, the lady has to be effectively thwarted, with all available tact of course, but she likes it not, and avenges herself afterwards by giving the colonel a bad quarter of an hour. The incidental expenses in a battalion so commanded are, for the majority of candidates, prohibitory.

In a good and smart regiment of Militia the tone prevailing among the officers is a mellow blend, suggestive at once of the soldier and the country gentleman. County families of the first rank are represented in it, and county houses are open to the last-joined subaltern, whether he hails from London or a Colony, whether he is a son of a rich neighbour or of an unknown Vicar in a remote corner of the land. It is always understood that the Colonel's acceptance of an officer for his regiment, is a guarantee that he is presentable, and it is quite certain that the early training and experiences of Militia subalterns, while out with their regiments, have been of the greatest service to them from a social point of view, and have often had an effect on the formation of character and manner, not elsewhere obtainable. I am speaking of good battalions and good counties. In such a battalion the duty is carried on with precision and in strict accordance with the regulations, and as an immense amount of work is got through in the four weeks of training, not to speak of the period of preliminary drill, the newly-joined subaltern gets a more thorough insight into the details of soldiering, and learns more about his profession than he will ever again do in any four weeks of his service.

The trainings furnish him with practical illustrations of, and throw new light upon, the four subjects studied at his tutor's, especially on law and tactics. He becomes intelligent on the matters of pay, clothing, boots, necessaries, marching money, and the thousand details of interior economy that cannot be understood except by personal contact with them. Probably he may be brigaded with a line battalion or with another of Militia, and have an opportunity of learning the unwritten as well as the written laws which govern the intercourse of officers and troops. As a matter of course he will lose the stoop of the student, if he had it, and become a well set-up soldier, but his Militia experiences may be expected to have another and permanently healthy influence on his future life, in that they will strengthen his interest in field sports and manly exercise. There are but few regiments in the constitutional force that do not number among the gentlemen who sit round the mess table, well-known performers on the moor, in the hunting field, or on the river either as oars or anglers. Altogether the education received

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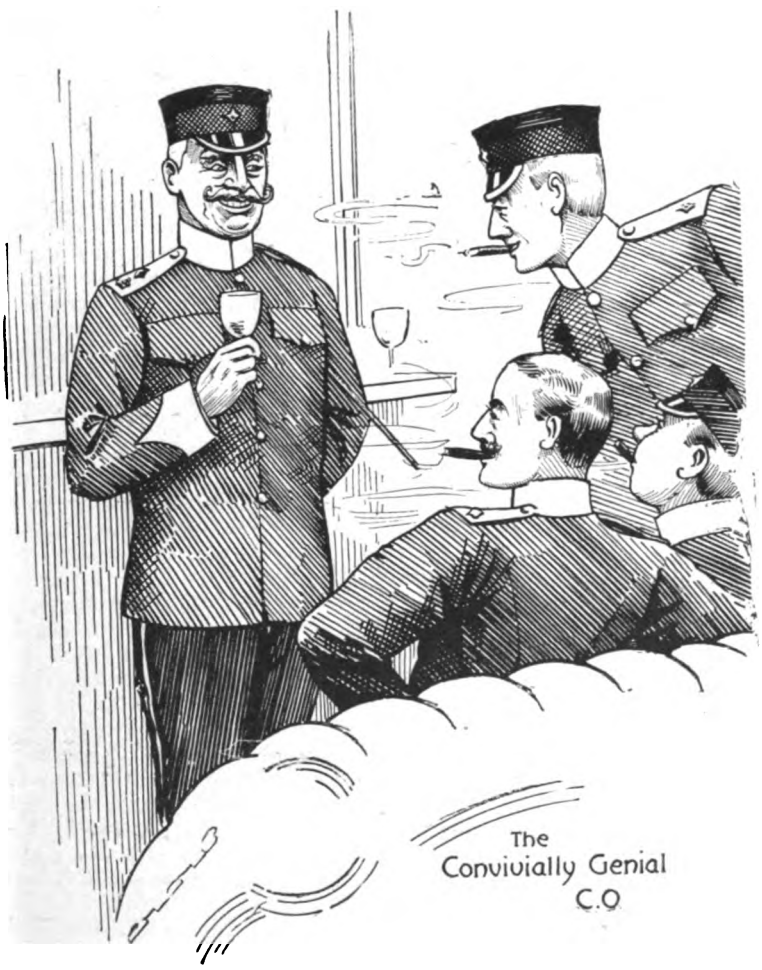
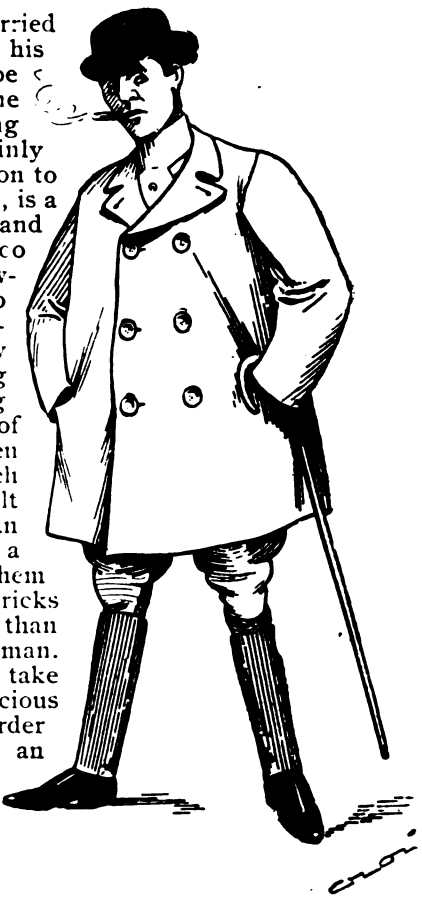
by a candidate when passing through this channel, is generally fitted to produce a very desirable officer, and such is the view taken by the majority of Army Colonels.

I now propose that inquiring parents should resign themselves to my care, to be personally conducted through some of the highways and byways of cramming. The ordinary crammer who prepares boys for their literary examinations does not come within my scope. I treat solely of the great instructional corps of retired officers, ranging in rank from general to lieutenant, who impart the results of their own study and experience to Militia candidates for the Army. The needful knowledge of the four military subjects already mentioned is, speaking generally, possessed by all officers, but it exists sometimes in an ill-arranged form, and the power of conveying it to others is wanting. It requires not merely a well-instructed officer, but a man of ability and a good organiser to make an Army tutor, and even then some accidental circumstance may cause his failure. Successful men in this line must therefore be credited with considerable grit; they are entitled to our respect, and, considering the material on which they have to work, to our sympathy also. The mammoth crammers whose advertisements fill whole pages, week after week, in the service journals, have the ball at their foot. They are so widely known that nothing but the grossest mis-management or the most cruel bad luck can drag them down from their pre-eminence; but the officer who is comparatively unknown, and whose connection is small, has an uphill fight. Unless possessed of capital, his better plan, and one which he frequently adopts, is to engage himself as an instructor in one of the larger establishments. In that way he has no financial responsibility, he gains experience, and probably sees his way, after a year or two, to start on his own account. Private places of instruction for the Army are somewhat analogous to private ship-building yards doing naval work. Both of them turn out good workmanship, and greatly increase the warlike power of the country.

The great tutorial establishments have this advantage, that they admit of their students being classified according to their proficiency. An expert can also be entrusted with the tuition in each subject. On the other hand the proprietor of a very small establishment, who does all the work without assistance, may be trusted to give the utmost individual attention to his pupils, and to leave no stone unturned to ensure their passing. But after all, it is on the perseverance and mental stamina of the candidate himself that his success or failure chiefly depends. The regulated text books may be read and lucidly expounded; the questions set in past examinations may be inquisitively scanned; test examinations may be undergone and wrong answers corrected, but unless the student has learned to master his intellectual powers and to concentrate them on the subject in hand, it is little better than a toss-up whether he will get through or not.



If the Army tutor is married and allows pupils to live in his house, it will generally be found advantageous for the pupil to be his "paying guest." It will most certainly be so if the tutor, in addition to being a good disciplinarian, is a man of high character and principle. It is almost too much for any one man, however, both to instruct and to take the out-of-study supervision. The latter is usually considered the more trying duty of the two, as the young gentlemen occupy a kind of debatable ground between boyhood and manhood, which which makes it most difficult to maintain the golden mean between a tight hand and a loose rein, and some of them combine all the coltish tricks of a youngster with more than the assurance of an old man. Sometimes their vagaries take a foolish but seldom a vicious form. One of the foolish order may, for example, affect an ultra sporting kit which he wears with a knowing, horsy air, but the practised eye can detect a tinge of green in the turnout, and the wearer looks as if he were unmistakably safer on his feet than on a horse. Another foolish specimen whose family has within recent years made money in trade, and small blame to them, informs his auditors, in season and out of season, that he is a gentleman. He does not usually look like one, and he is perhaps afraid that if he does not advertise the fact it will be forgotten. There are times, too, when less amusing and more offensive traits are exhibited, as, for instance, when an incorrigibly self-assertive youth makes a point of picking up and combating every remark made by his tutor or instructors, not in the spirit of Mr. Midshipman Easy, but apparently in one of animosity and contradiction. That individual may be bracketed with the smasher of furniture and promoter of rows; the one is as great a nuisance as the other, and after due warning, should be promptly drafted.



One of the Foolish Order.

I remember the case of a Militia subaltern who closed his term of residence at his tutor's, in what was at the time, considered a very cool and calm sort of way. On the day before his departure he took French leave and stayed out all night. Returning in the morning before his tutor was awake, he left on the drawing-room table two cards inscribed (say) "Mr. John Jones, 3rd Battalion Blankshire Regiment, P.P.C.," and went off in a cab with his portmanteau. The facilities existing in the metropolis for undetected evil-doing increase the cares of the London crammer who looks after the conduct of his pupils. If the candidate does not live in the tutor's house, he ought certainly to have some "guide, philosopher and friend" who will keep him from forgetting the duties of a Christian gentleman, for no safeguard should be neglected at the opening of life, when impressions are so readily formed, and every aid should be offered towards the formation of a true and strong character.

Although "the child is father to the man," it would be unfair to judge the man from the actions of the boy. A good regiment and a few added years of life make most young officers into men in all senses of the word. They have outgrown the peculiar ailments of their hobbledehoyhood, just as they did those of their infancy; they look back with a laugh at the sporting rig with which they astonished the denizens of their neighbourhood, with a sigh of regret at their unmannerly and contradictory antics, and with a blush of shame at their more serious escapades. I have seldom been more gratified than I was when in the company of an Army tutor a short time ago. A gentleman came up and in my presence named the tutor and announced his own name. After a few cordial words on both sides, the younger man said: "I have just come home from India on leave. I have often felt sorry for the trouble I gave you in the old days, and I determined to tell you so the first time I saw you." That had been a contradictory and argumentative boy, but I think my readers will agree that he had now become a man. And I am sure that many officers now serving in all parts of the world have a kind and grateful remembrance of their Army tutor, and are proud of the fact that they have passed into the Army "through the Militia."

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Photo WESTON & SON, Folkestone.

MAJOR-GENERAL E A. WOOD, C.B.

THE gallant officer who at present holds the command of Shorncliffe Camp, Major-General EDWARD ALEXANDER WOOD, C.B., is an old officer of the 10th Prince of Wales's Own Royal Hussars, of which distinguished regiment he held the command in the Afghan War of 1878-9, and also in the Soudan Expedition of 1884 under Sir GERALD GRAHAM. For his services in the Afghan War, General WOOD was mentioned in despatches and given the Brevet of Lieut.-Colonel with the medal and clasp. For his services in the Soudan he was again mentioned in despatches, granted the C.B., the Egyptian medal with clasp, and the Khedive's Star. In the South-Eastern district manœuvres of this year General WOOD commanded the "Blue" column. His command at Shorncliffe Camp comprises one Cavalry Regiment, three Field Batteries, two Battalions of Infantry, with one Field Company of Engineers, and two Army Service Corps Companies, besides the "Provisional Battalion" of drafts of young recruits waiting to join the colours of various regiments, which is permanently stationed at Shorncliffe.

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IN A SURGICAL WARD (NO. 8).

IN A MEDICAL WARD (NO. 7).

"FIRST AID TO WOUNDED" DRILL.

THE CORRIDOR, UPPER DIVISION.

THE CURRAGH MILITARY HOSPITAL:—No. 8 Field Bearer Company on Parade.

THE four small pictures are scenes of every-day life at the Station Hospital at the Curragh Camp in Ireland. In the first one, that of the "Surgical Ward," we see an orderly bandaging a man's sprained arm, and at the same time we gain an idea of the general appearance of a well-arranged military hospital ward. The "Medical Ward" is seen as it appears at the time of the Medical Officer's visit, with the Medical Officer seated at the table, the nursing sister standing by him, the wardmaster (a corporal) near by, an orderly with feeding cup in hand, and the patients all seated. Our third photograph shows a "First Aid" Class at drill, as if on the field of battle, attending to men injured in action; and the fourth, takes us back into the hospital again and shows us a part of the Corridor (about an eighth of the total length), where the patients rest. The larger photograph shows No. 8 Field Stretcher Bearer Company on Parade and turned out as they would be for service before an enemy. The company is a Surgeon-Major's command, and numbers 101 of all ranks. Their special duties on service would be to attend to the wounded on the field and transport them from within the fighting zone to a safe position in rear, to the "Collecting" and "Dressing" stations, after having first rendered such assistance on the spot as circumstances require.

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Photo. CHARLETON, Newbridge

A MILITARY "TENSION" BRIDGE.

THE photograph shows an 80-ft. span Tension Bridge without struts, constructed by a detachment of the 11th (Field) Company, Royal Engineers, over the river Liffey, near the Curragh Camp, during the Company's last annual course of Field Works. A party of forty N.C.O.'s and Sappers constructed it in eighteen working hours, all the materials having been previously collected at the site. The bridge is shown finished, with a number of men crowded on it. The ties were of rope as no wire cable was available, but, as the photograph shows, the difficulties caused by the stretching of the ropes have been satisfactorily overcome. A "Tension" Bridge is a sort of bridge that would be employed on active service for crossing a stream of moderate breadth, or for the restoration of part of an existing bridge which has been damaged or destroyed by an enemy, in places where timber of sufficient length for a Frame Bridge is not at hand. The essential conditions required of all military bridges are two-fold:—rapidity of construction and capability of bearing a heavy and continuous traffic.

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The 2nd Duke of Wellington's Regiment:—Right Half "G" Company Mounted Infantry.

The 2nd Duke of Wellington's Regiment:—Left Half "G" Company Mounted Infantry.

The 2nd Duke of Wellington's Regiment:—Major Rivett-Carnac and Officers "G" Compy. Mounted Infantry.

THESE photographs were taken by Armourer-Sergeant F. W. PRICE, of the 2nd DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S Regiment, a few days before "G" Company of the battalion left Pietermaritzburg in Natal, the head-quarters of the regiment, for Mafeking and Buluwayo on active service in connection with the suppression of the native revolt in Matabele Land. There, as telegraphic despatches to England have informed us, the Mounted Infantry Detachment of the 2nd DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S have done good service before the enemy in several fights in the Matoppo districts. In one of these affairs, news has been received, that the gallant officer whom we show in command of the detachment, Major RIVETT-CARNAC, was wounded. The 2nd DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S Regiment, which was formerly known as the 76th, left England in 1886, when it proceeded to Bermuda and subsequently to Natal. The officer commanding the battalion is Lieutenant-Colonel C. W. GORE.

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Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE ALDERSHOT MANŒUVRES:—MAJOR-GENERAL KELLY-KENNY AND HIS STAFF.

THE group of officers here shown comprises the General Commanding the Third Brigade at Aldershot, Major-General T. KELLY-KENNY, C.B., who commanded the First Infantry Division in this year's autumn manœuvres at Aldershot, together with the officers of his personal staff at the manœuvres: Colonel A. E. W. GOLDSMITH, Assistant-Adjutant-General, Captains F. S. ROBB and H. H. WILSON, Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-Generals, and Captain H. I. W. HAMILTON, Aide-de-Camp. The Division under General KELLY-KENNY comprised two brigades, the first, under Lord FALMOUTH, being made up of three battalions of Guards (the 3rd Grenadiers, 2nd Coldstreams, 1st Scots Guards) and a battalion of Marines, and the second, under Colonel FEATHERSTONHAUGH, made up of the 1st South Staffordshire, the 1st Royal Sussex, the 2nd Royal West Surrey, and 1st Essex, together with a squadron of the 15th Hussars, the 83rd, 86th, and 87th Field Batteries Royal Artillery, with a section of the Royal Engineer Telegraph Battalion and the 37th Field Company, the 11th Bearer Company Medical Staff Corps and Army Service Corps detachments.

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A WRESTLING DISPLAY.

ARM AND LEG HOLT.

WRESTLING as a branch of athletics is as ancient as the human race, and is an essentially manly exercise. It tends to give strength and firmness, together with quickness and pliability to the limbs, muscular vigour to the body, and coolness and quick discrimination to the head. The North and the West of England are more particularly the great training grounds of our English wrestlers,—wrestling forming a part of every youth's athletic education. Cumberland, Westmoreland, Northumberland, and Durham, with Lancashire, are the great homes of the Northern school of English wrestling, while Cornwall and Devon possess a method and teaching of their own. Each has its characteristics and peculiarities:—what may be called the "back-hold" style being the favourite in the North; the "catch-hold" style in the West. A third style which obtains in Lancashire allows wrestling on the ground, and is by far the most rough-and-tumble method of the three.

That the art of wrestling should form part of the gymnastic training of the soldier is natural, and the photographs here reproduced form a portion of a series specially taken for this magazine, to illustrate military wrestling. The two antagonists who are here shown were at the time attached to the Army Gymnastic Staff at Aldershot:—Sergeant-Major W. PALMER and the Australian athlete TOM BURROUGHS.

The "Arm and Leg Holt" is one of the best, for when properly carried out, by an expert wrestler, the man so seized has scarcely any chance left, and is usually flung flat on his back. In the "Outside Flying Mare" one arm of a contestant is seized at the wrist and near the shoulder, and the man so taken hold of is drawn smartly forward, lifted off the ground and then flung over his antagonist's head, being finally made to turn a somersault and fall flat on his back. The "Body Holt" is taken with a view of executing what is termed a "swinging hipe," one of the best "throws" in wrestling, and one that makes an easy and graceful fall when well performed. The "Neck Stop" is an effective check for this throw and usually compels the first wrestler to relinquish his hold. Our larger illustration shows a neat fall from what is termed the "Hammer-lock" and "half Nelson." It is one of the most certain falls in the "Catch as Catch can" method, but is very difficult and can seldom be adopted.

Photos. GREGORY. *Copyright.—H. & K.*

A BODY HOLT AND NECK DOUBLE.

A FLYING MARE OUTSIDE.

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Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.

A GOOD FALL.

Photo F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., *Military Opticians, 51, Strand.*

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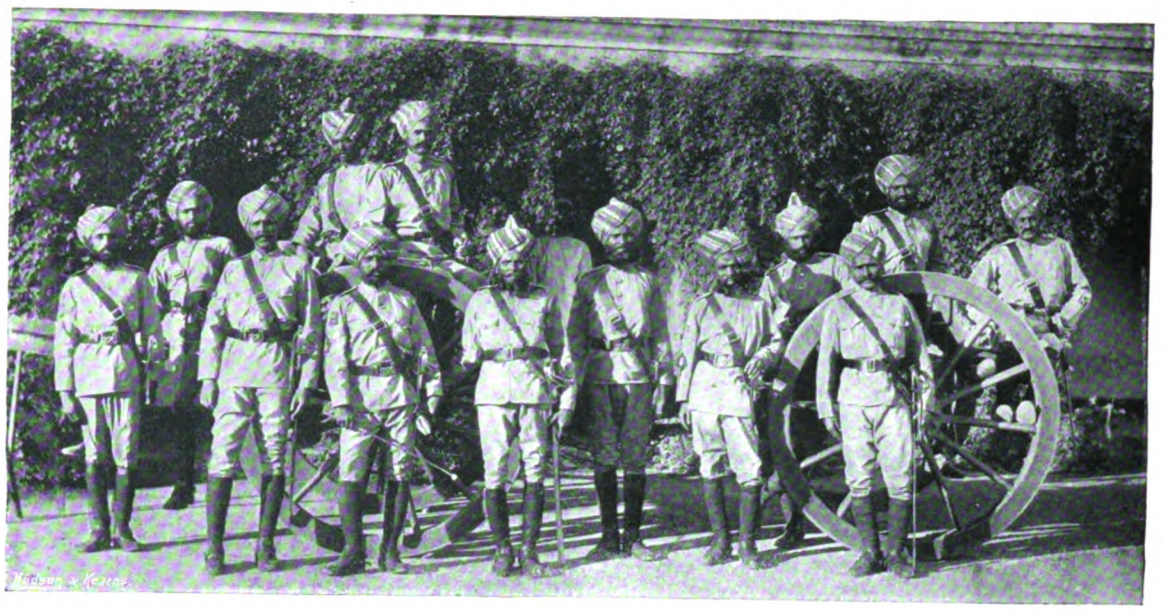
BRITISH TROOPS IN SOUTHERN INDIA.



No. 3 Field Battery Hyderabad Contingent:—Native Officers and N.C.O.'s

OFFICERS' MESS, HINGOLI, HYDERABAD.

Photo. BARTON, SON & CO., Bangalore.

THE OFFICERS OF THE 29th MADRAS INFANTRY AT BELLARY.

ON this page we give three Indian Army subjects dealing more particularly with troops in Southern India and the Madras command. In the upper photograph we see a group of native officers and non-commissioned officers belonging to No. 3 Field Battery of the Hyderabad Contingent, a regular force commanded by British Officers and maintained under the orders of the Government of India. The men are shown in "drill order" uniform, wearing khaki patrol jackets, "Sam Browne" belts, dark blue and red and gold puggarees, and blue putties. The men of the Hyderabad artillery are chiefly recruited from near Delhi, are of high caste and make excellent gunners. They are armed with the old nine-pounder smooth bore gun, with, for small arms, Martini-Henry carbines, and the Cavalry pattern sword.

Our second photograph shows the officers' mess at Hingoli, and is characteristic of the thatched bungalows that people in India live in. Hingoli is a Hyderabad contingent station garrisoned by a regiment of Lancers, a battery of Artillery, and a battalion of Infantry. Hingoli lies close to the Poona river and is upwards of eighty miles from the railway. The whole force of the contingent, which was originally raised in 1792, for the special purpose of keeping order in the Nizam of Hyderabad's dominions, consists of four regiments of Lancers, four batteries of Field Artillery, and six regiments of Infantry, is under the command of a Brigadier General of Her Majesty's Army whose headquarters are at Bolarum, near Secunderabad. The two foregoing photographs were kindly lent by Captain T. J. WINTER, R.A., until recently in command of No. 3 Battery Field Artillery, Hyderabad Contingent.

Our third photograph shows the officers, British and Native, of the 29th Regiment (7th Burma battalion) of Madras Infantry. The 29th is one of the old "John Company" Regiments of the Madras Army and were originally raised in 1798 as the 3rd Extra Battalion of Drafts from other Madras Regiments. They became the 1st Battalion 15th Regiment in 1800, were renumbered the 29th Regiment of Native Infantry in 1824, and finally received their present full designation in 1893. The 29th are what is called a "Class Company" Regiment, being made up of three companies of Sikhs, three companies of Punjabi Mahomedans, one company of Brahmins and one company of Rajputs. The British Officers of the battalion comprise a Commandant, two Wing Commanders (Captains), five Wing Officers (Lieutenants) and a Medical Officer.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. II.—No. 24.] *FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13th, 1896.*

Photo. **HEATH**, *Plymouth.*

ADMIRAL SIR ALGERNON McLENNAN LYONS, K.C.B.

THIS able and popular officer entered the Royal Navy just forty-nine years ago, and as a lieutenant was actively employed throughout the Russian War, in the Danube (mentioned in despatches), and at the bombardment of Sebastopol, and (as Flag-Lieutenant to the Commander-in-Chief, Sir EDMUND LYONS) at the taking of Kertch and Kinburn. From 1875 to 1878 he was Commodore in the West Indies; from 1881 to 1884 he was Commander-in-Chief in the Pacific; and from 1886 to 1888 he was Commander-in-Chief on the North America and West Indies station. In June, 1893, he became Commander-in-Chief at Devonport, in succession to the DUKE OF EDINBURGH (now DUKE OF SAXE-COBURG-GOTHA), which important post Sir ALGERNON filled until last April, adding greatly to his naval reputation and the high consideration with which he is regarded both ashore and afloat. Sir ALGERNON was in February last year specially appointed First and Principal Naval Aide-de-Camp to the Queen, in the place of the late Admiral of the Fleet, Sir GEOFFREY HORNBY. He is at present the Senior Admiral on the Active List.

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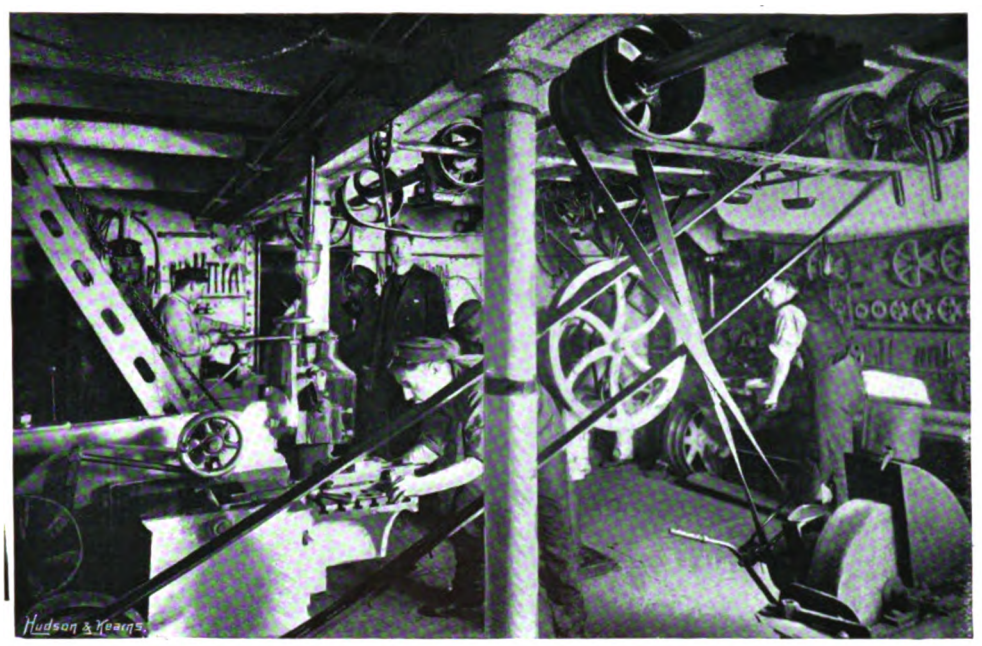
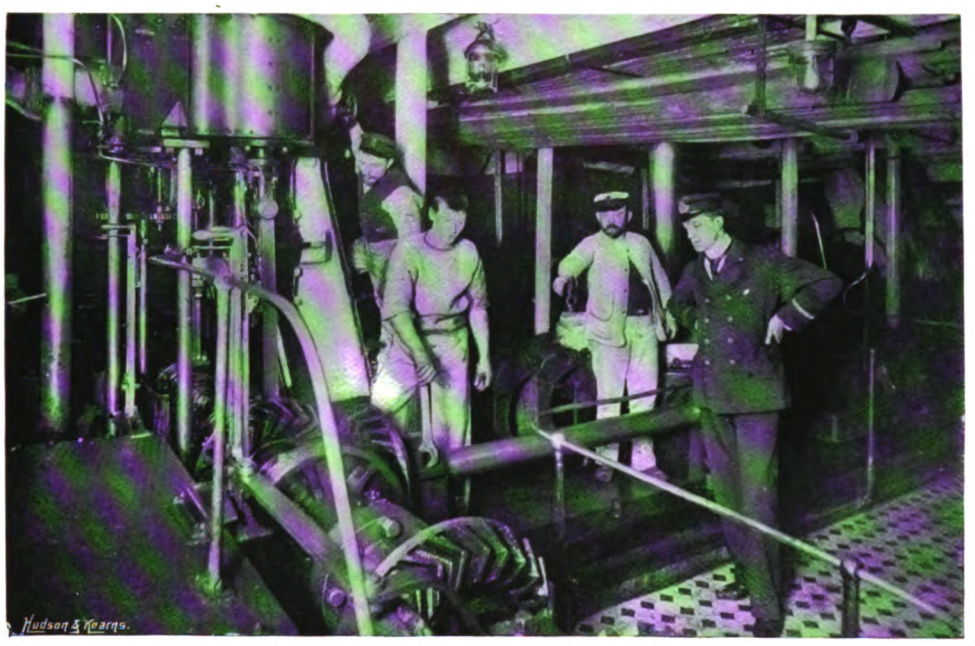
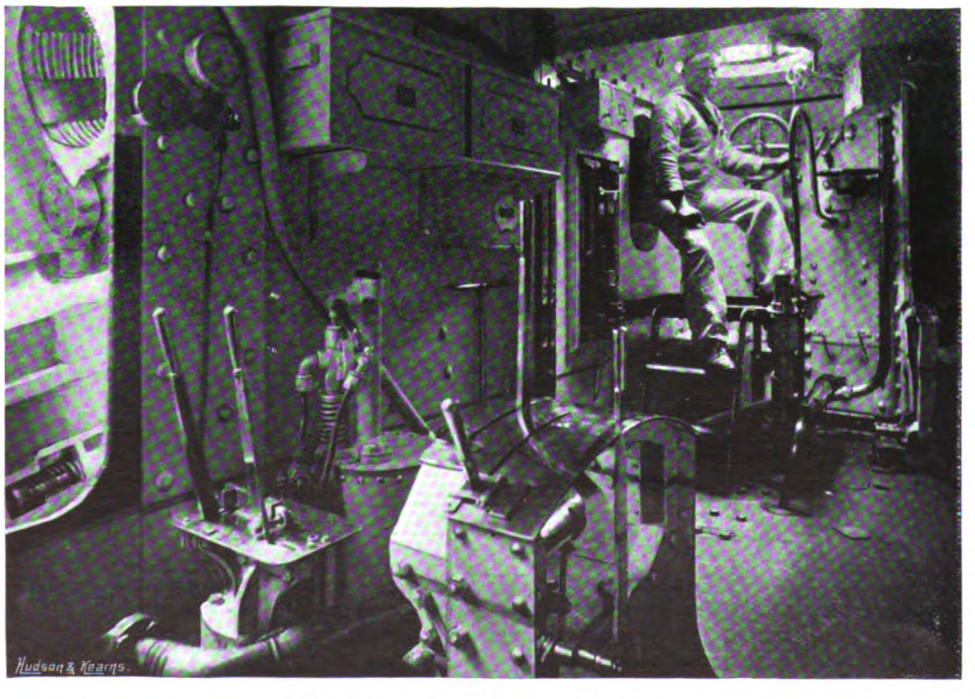
THE MACHINERY OF A MAN-OF-WAR.



IN THE FITTERS' SHOP.



CAPSTAN, ENGINE ROOM.



Photos. GREGORY. *INSIDE THE BARBETTE.* *Copyright.—H. & K.*

THERE is one essential department of the Naval Service of which shore-going folk as a rule think but seldom. It is that concerned with the keeping of our ships in commission in complete efficiency and repair. At all times—alike in the old days when Hawke and Boscawen were "banging" their country's enemies off Belleisle and on the coast of Spain, and in the days of Nelson and St. Vincent—has it been held of paramount importance, that men of war under the pennant should be self-supporting and able to keep the seas without needing to have recourse to a dockyard except in emergency. Important as this was in the old days when our wooden men of war could provide for most accidents likely to befall them by means of spare spars and an extra suit of sails or so, it is ten times more important now that fleets and squadrons are composed of vessels that are practically boxes of complicated and delicately adjusted mechanical appliances and machinery.

As a fact, every ship of Her Majesty's Navy goes to sea equipped with a small floating arsenal and dockyard on board, carefully provided and stored, with the idea of making the ship practically self-supporting throughout her commission; prepared for service where no assistance from the shore, except of a minor kind, is to be looked for.

Our illustration of the Fitter's Shop on board a first-class battleship such as the "Resolution" is particularly in point here. It gives an excellent idea of the provision made for the rapid and satisfactory execution of repairs, every kind of requisite being supplied, in the way of tools, chisels, files, lathes, forges, anvils, vices, drilling, punching, slotting, and shearing machines (driven by steam power when required), with suitable stores of every kind, sheet iron, copper, brass, and steel bolts, rivets and angle-irons, spare wheels and machinery gear, asbestos sheeting, wire gauze, red and white lead, engine packing, and so forth. The apartment where the men (who are all skilled artizans specially trained), do their work is below water, deep down in the ship, but as light as day at all times by means of electricity.

Our second photograph shifts the scene and takes us among the actual machinery of a battleship, the guiding machinery in the Caps an Engine Room for handling the ponderous anchors and mooring chains used in a modern battleship or cruiser. Steam power, it goes without saying, has to be called into requisition on almost all occasions, and in this connection it is that the capstan engine comes into play. It is situated on board in the forward part of the ship, when possible well under protection and close to its work so as to be readily controlled from the forecastle. There it performs its work to the grinding and rattling accompaniment of the chain cable as it comes on board through the hawse holes, and the clank of the pawls on the rack of the capstan, doing three times the work that manual labour at the capstan bars could do in the old days, and in a third less time.

Our third photograph shows the interior of one of the barbettes in which the heavy ordnance of our first-class battleships is mounted. It forms a heavily-armoured structure on the upper deck, and within it the gun's crews take their station in action to see to the loading and laying of the twin big guns that are placed in each barbette in our modern battleships. In the photograph is seen to the reader's left, the breech of one of the guns, depressed for loading and open in readiness to receive the shot and cartridge. The gun in question is a 67-ton weapon, of 13·5 ins. calibre, firing a projectile of 1,250 lbs. weight, with a charge of 630 lbs. of cordite.

Among the vessels now on active service which carry such guns are the "Anson," "Camperdown," "Collingwood," "Howe" "Ramillies," "Rodney," "Empress of India," "Magnificent," "Majestic," "Repulse," "Resolution," and "Royal Sovereign."

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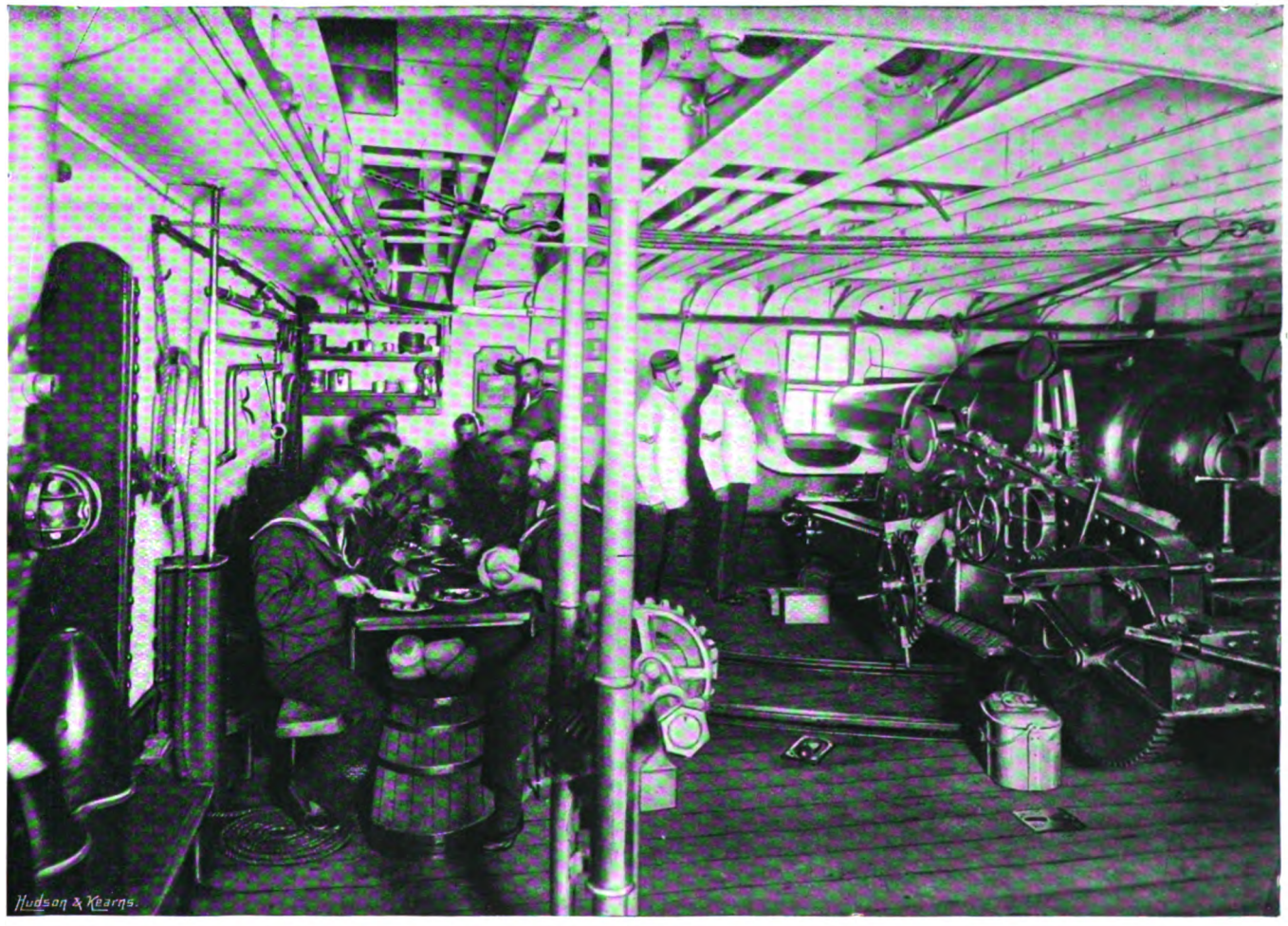
THE ISSUING ROOM OF THE SHIP'S STEWARD.



Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

JACK AT DINNER IN THE LOWER BATTERY.

THE upper photograph shows the issuing room of the ship's steward of H.M.S. "Repulse" during the issue of cocoa to the ship's company. The steward's assistant and boy ("Jack in the dust") are seen serving and weighing out the ration, the steward himself being engaged making entries in his book. The apartment that we see here is also the ship's steward's day quarters, and cosy enough it appears with piano, pictures and nicknacks about. The lower photograph shows men at mess in the lower battery of H.M.S. "Alexandra." Under the table is seen the bread barge, and near the guns is the tin in which the dinner has been brought in by the cook of the mess. At night and when the ship is cleared for action, the table at which the men are shown seated would be stowed overhead, hooked up out of the way between the beams of the deck above.

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A MEMORABLE SCENE AT SPITHEAD.

A FLAGSHIP SIGNALLING.

ALTHOUGH in recent years there have been numerous methods devised and proposed for improving on the old time plan of signalling at sea by means of flags, the old order still holds for general purposes in time of peace. In time of war and in action under the guns of an enemy, the use of flags will have to be supplemented, or even replaced, either by doing without signals on the "T.A."—"follow your leader"—system, or by means of the newly-adopted masthead semaphore which is now being fitted up on board all our battleships and cruisers. But in ordinary circumstances flags will still continue to hold their own for ordinary tactical purposes. This is how the present system works. Say that the flagship makes signal to her fleet to alter the formation or order of sailing. Two or three flags are sufficient, and these on being hoisted are kept flying at the masthead until all the ships in the fleet have taken the signal in, and answered it.

Should the ships be in "line ahead" as in the lower photograph, the same flags that have been hoisted on the flagship will be hoisted in reply on board the other ships of the fleet to whom the order applies. When the signal officer of the flagship has reported "All answered, Sir," to the Admiral, and everything is ready for the intended evolution, down comes the signal on the flagship swiftly, and the evolution whatever it may be is at once carried out.

In our second photograph we see part of a flotilla of Torpedo boats being practised at tactical evolution, the boats being shown in two columns of division in line ahead disposed abeam of one another.

The upper photograph shows the "Majestic" signalling to the fleet at Spithead, Her Most Gracious Majesty's message of commendation on the occasion of her visit of inspection, at the close of this year's manœuvres.

TORPEDO BOAT EXERCISE IN A CALM.

Photo. WEST & SON, Southsea.

TACTICAL EVOLUTIONS:—THE SQUADRON IN LINE AHEAD.

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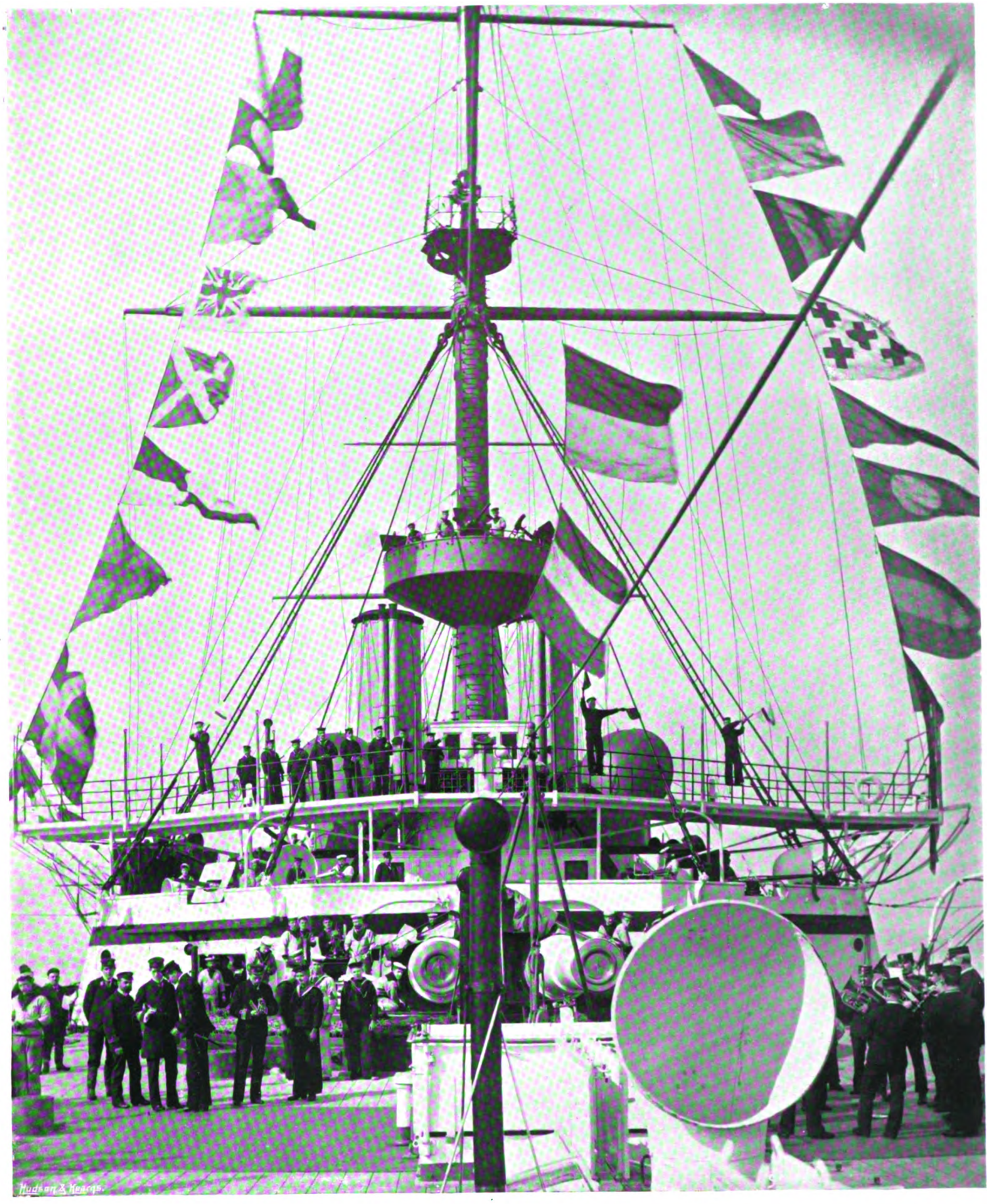

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

METHODS OF SIGNALLING BY DAY IN THE NAVY.

HERE the scene is on the deck of a first-class battleship, from the yards of which we see hanging a number of flags used for signalling purposes. Some of them, of square or triangular shape, belong to the alphabetical or numeral codes, while others, longer and narrower, are called pennants, and have special signification relative to the signals with which they are displayed. A signal is being made by semaphore with flags by a man on the right-hand side of the bridge, while another is "flagwagging" in military style at the opposite end. A message, received a few moments before, is being read off from the signal slate by the Commander of the ship.

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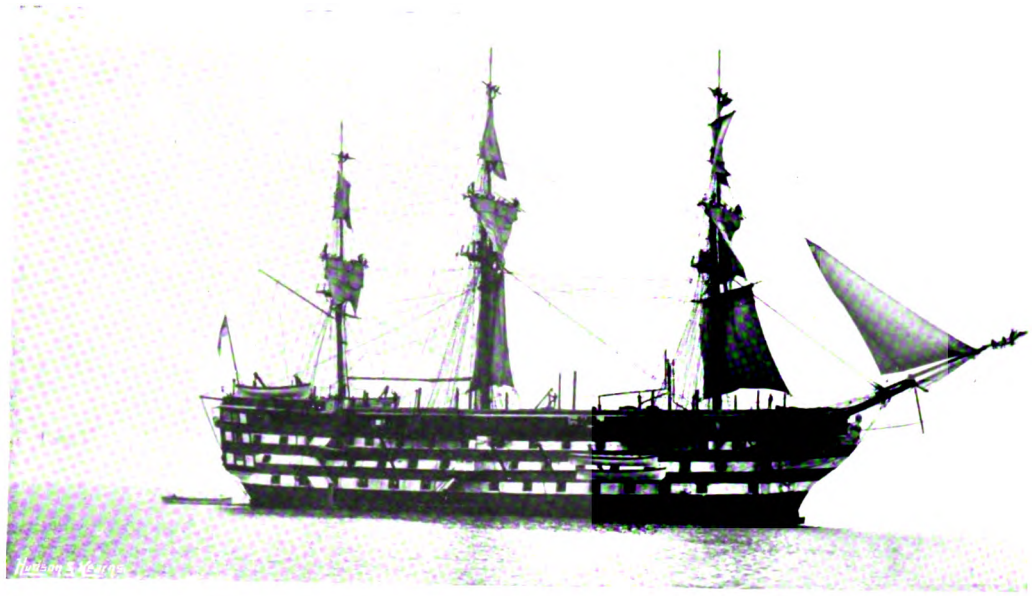
THE BOYS OF SCOTLAND: Their Naval Training.



THE "CALEDONIA" (EX "IMPREGNABLE.")

"NEMO ME IMPUNE LACESSIT."

Photos. M. WANE. Edinburgh.

"SCRUB HAMMOCKS AND WASH CLOTHES."

THE establishment of a training ship in the Forth dates from September, 1891, when the present "Caledonia" was first placed there. She is a man-of-war that has helped to make history in her day. She belongs to quite the old order, dating her launch from 1810, when she first took the water under the name of the "Impregnable" a three decker of 104 guns. In her time she has seen more than one famous day, notably when she brought the Czar and King of Prussia over to England in 1814, and a little later flew the flag of the Duke of Clarence (afterwards King William IV.) on the occasion of the great Naval Review at Spithead before the Allied Sovereigns and Wellington and Blucher. In the year of Waterloo the present "Caledonia," as the "Impregnable," was Lord Exmouth's flagship in the operations off Naples which led to Murat's expulsion and execution on the seashore, near Pizzo in Calabria, and in 1816, this same ship, (now moored as a training ship off Queen's Ferry) as flagship of Sir DAVID MILNE, Lord EXMOUTH'S second in command, took part in the hottest of the fight at the bombardment of Algiers, being nearly hammered to pieces under the Dey's batteries, coming out after it with all her masts and spars disabled and having been struck in the hull by over three hundred cannon shots from the biggest cannon of the day, and with over half a hundred men killed and wounded.

Except the "Victory" at Trafalgar, indeed no man-of-war afloat has had such an experience of battle as the present "Caledonia." She did a good deal of knocking about in the Mediterranean in the early forties, and then lay up at Devonport until 1889, when they re-named her first "Kent" and then "Caledonia," and fitted her for her present duty as a training ship. Such is the story of the veteran three-decker that we show as she is at present. "Caledonia" itself, the name the ex-"Impregnable" now bears, is a good man-of-war name in the British Navy, originally borne by a 120-gun ship, that served as flagship to the Channel Fleet during the closing years of the war with Napoleon.

What the embryo blue-jackets who are now going through their fifteen months of noviciate, between entry on board as raw material and passing out into the Fleet as first-class boys, look like in their everyday rig on board we show in a full-page illustration. The company of the training ship are seen massed, part on deck, part clustering on the lofty bulwarks of the ship and in the rigging. The lads are, as in

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THE "CALEDONIA'S" POOP—Looking Forward.

The "SEALARK"—Lieut.-Com. A. E. TIZARD.

Phot s. M. WANE, Edinburgh. Copyright.—H. & K.

THE COMMANDER AND OFFICERS H.M.S. "CALEDONIA."

all our training ships, the pick of those coming forward to offer themselves. We see them also learning how to scrub and wash their hammocks and clothes—one of the things, together with tuition in the methods of making and marking and stowing their kits, and the ordinary routine of everyday life in the Service that they learn on first joining. They then pass to sea training—instruction in, among many other things, swimming (now happily obligatory on all Naval recruits) in all its branches, boat exercise, gun and small arms, and as another illustration shows, cutlass drill. The work is carried on by classes all over the ship, and a busy scene it offers, whether we look down from the poop on to the upper deck or go below. Another view shows the sailing brig, "Sealark," in which the more advanced boys of the senior classes periodically go to sea to make short cruises and put in actual practice what they have learnt on board ship, with excellent results. In the last photograph we see the Captain of the "Caledonia," Commander ROBERT S. D. CUMMING, R.N. (shown with a dog in his arms and another at his feet) together with the officers who under him supervise the training of the boys.

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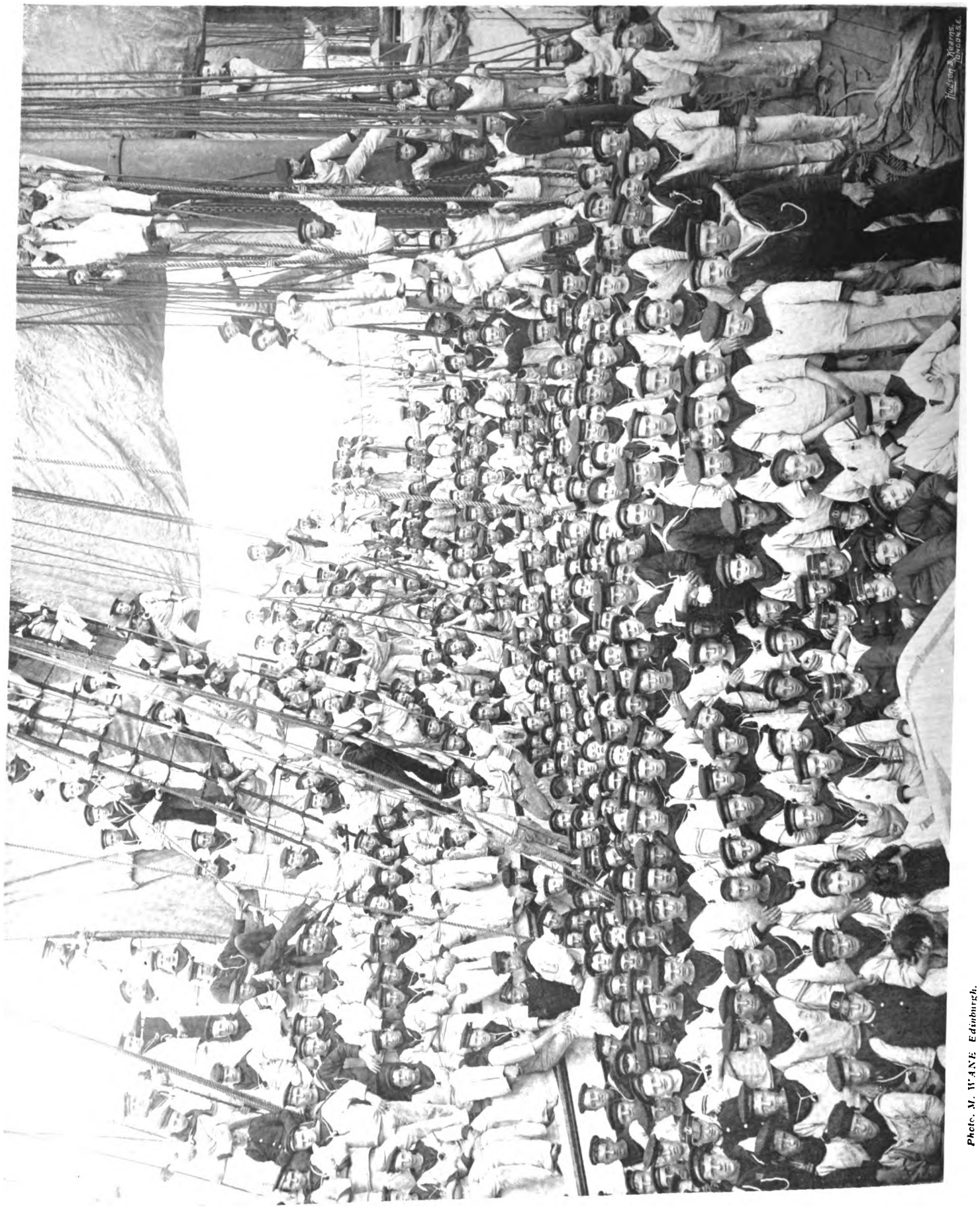

THE HOPE OF SCOTLAND.

Photo. M. WANE, Edinburgh.

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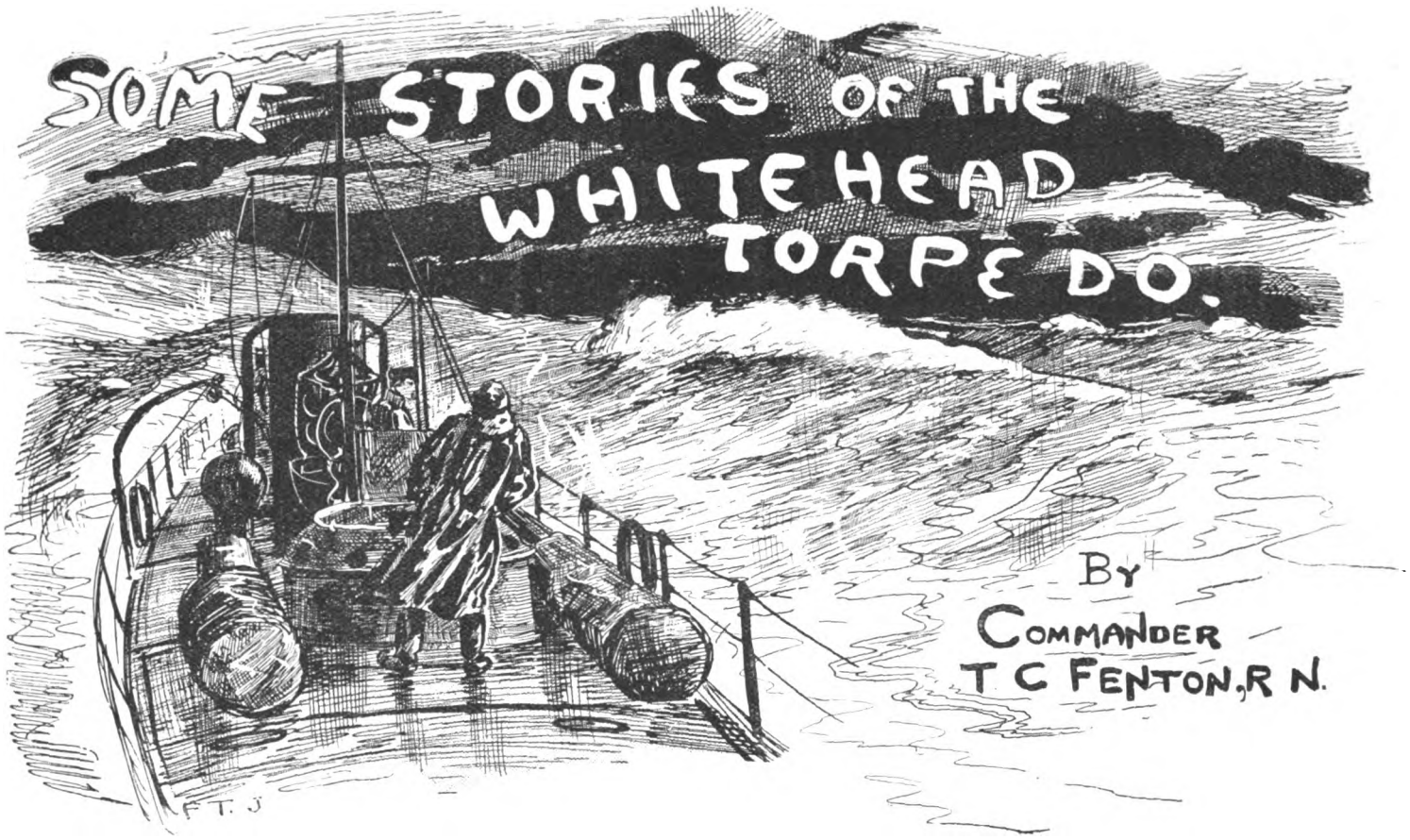

FEW modern weapons have produced such a variety of incidents in their development as the torpedo. During the last twenty years it has been rapidly advancing in efficiency.

In its infancy it created something approaching a scare, and although many Naval officers, especially in the higher ranks, very much pooh poohed it, it certainly caused many of them to consider seriously how we were to preserve our naval supremacy against so small and apparently dangerous an opponent.

In those days it was almost more dangerous to friends than foes, and the development since has been largely to increase its efficiency for attack and safety in handling, especially during the necessary exercise in peace time.

At first the name "Torpedo" was applied indiscriminately to any explosive arrangement for blowing up an enemy afloat, but it has since been decided to apply it to locomotives of that sort only, others being distinguished as "submarine mines."

Amongst "Torpedoes," then, the "Whitehead" stands out prominently; there are several others, but the English Government has gone in extensively for arming with this sort.

This torpedo is cigar-shaped and self-propelling when started, it carries a charge to explode on contact, is fired from a sort of gun, and then proceeds under water at a depth of from 10 to 15 feet; it can be pre-arranged to stop at a certain distance and then float or sink as required—the former is required for recovery when exercising. Its fighting range is 600 yards, but it can be made to run much further if required. For exercising, the explosive charge is not used.

Such an entirely new departure in naval warfare was somewhat of a poser for Jack and his master. Efficiency in reefing topsails, handling the big spars of our ships in drill, and knocking about the big guns, would apparently be detrimental to work which required almost the nicety of a watchmaker in some things, but there was little difficulty found in training specially-picked men for the work. A fair knowledge of electricity had to be instilled into them, and "Jack" thought not a little of himself when handling such elementary chemical signs as H_2O, SO_4, etc.; and on board the torpedo school ship it was amusing to hear "Tars" whom one was accustomed to associate with topsail yards arguing whether it was the H_2O or the SO_4 that did so and so in a chemical decomposition; but very many of these men have turned out most clever and valuable electricians.

Whilst spars and sails remained, exercise with the torpedoes, or "Torpedo work" as it is termed, was a heavy addition to the ordinary routine of drill, etc., on board, and was therefore really a great inconvenience, particularly so to those who had little faith in it. Besides, it was generally very dirty work and did not improve the appearance of the decks; the "Whitehead" especially incurred the violent antagonism of commanders, in consequence of the large amount of oil it required for its use, the torpedo men perhaps looking upon the oiling process as far more important than the usually spotless decks, but it was popular with the men—certainly so in the school ship.

The torpedo was looked upon by "Jack" with some reverence on account of the secret about it. The first pattern used in the Navy had a moveable weight inside which was connected with the rudders; this, after the torpedo had been moved at any time, continued to swing, moving the large rudders, and giving the torpedo a very life-like look—as "Jack" said, "the thing was panting."

Life in a torpedo boat is, undoubtedly, very hard when at sea and running about much. Extra pay is allowed for service in these boats, which is termed "hard lying money," a suggestive name. It is almost impossible for a landsman to appreciate the violence and rapidity, and also the variety, of the motion when steaming against a head sea in one of these boats. Waves look mighty high and weather very threatening from so low a position. But there are, of course, other views of it, and a snug harbour after a tossing outside, pipes and grog with friends from another boat, and perhaps a banjo or some sort of musical instrument make matters very jolly.

In the Mediterranean, when blockading the Greek ports a few years ago, the torpedo boats were kept some time in commission, and the water being smooth, the weather fine and warm, the boats soon began to turn out as spic and span as the larger craft, and settled down tolerably comfortable. Usually several boats were in company and there was always a fair show of musical talent amongst the crews. One boat's crew, I remember, giving a vocal and instrumental entertainment, relieved by "thought-reading."

A very successful shot for accuracy with a torpedo I once witnessed was from the first of those boats built by Messrs. Thorneycroft. It was off Cowes at a display for the Queen, who was watching from the beach below Osborne. The boat passed at full speed, discharging its torpedo at extreme range in the direction of Her Majesty's position. It emerged from the water a few yards from the beach and just carried its way in to below where Her Majesty was sitting.

It has taken some years to perfect the "Whitehead" torpedo, and the present pattern is a trustworthy article which will run straight in the direction required, keeping to its proper depth under water for the whole time it is running. But in its earlier years its humours were innumerable and in very many cases (to those not immediately concerned) most ludicrous. At that time there was no knowing what the beggar would do next; one or two old ones kept for exercise in the schoolship had quite a reputation for the extraordinary tricks they had played; they would bury themselves in the mud of Portsmouth harbour up to their tails and take twenty men on a stout rope to unearth them. Sometimes they would skid along the surface, and woe-betide any boat in their way. I have known them even commence to run backwards, tail foremost, when discharged, and also when near a mud bank to overrun their distance, rush up the bank and continue some distance over the mud. This latter eccentric movement often occurred through the torpedo not

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stopping as pre-arranged. Sometimes they have turned round on the vessel firing them—I remember one overrunning its distance at a place in Tasmania and proceeding over dry land some twenty yards, where it was brought up by a bank or hedge, the propellers continuing to revolve, making a considerable noise. This occurred in an unfrequented place, but it was surprising how quickly a crowd collected gazing at this marine wonder with some apprehension.

Sometimes instead of floating as intended at the end of the run they would sink quietly and this was possibly the worst trick they played upon those who were responsible for their integrity. This freak being caused by a leak, which overcoming their flotation, caused them to sink slowly and quietly, laying flat on the bottom, and most likely some distance from the spot where they disappeared on the surface. A torpedo burying itself with tail sticking up was easily grappled with a sweeping rope, but lying flat it was difficult to find.

One was lost this way in a small bay in the Derwent River, Tasmania. Search was made without success, and the ship was obliged to proceed up to Hobart without it.

A party was sent down to search for it in boats for several days and camped out on shore there. The bay was of uniform depth with smooth bottom, and was searched thoroughly, divers and drag nets being used without avail. Some marvellous marine wonders came up in the nets, also several things that had been thrown overboard from the ship whilst she was anchored there, including a midshipman's jacket, plates, etc., but no torpedo.

The party had an uncommonly jolly time in camp when the work was over in the evening. Tents were rigged with canvas brought from the ship, and in the beautiful Tasmanian evenings round the camp fires, made of huge gum tree logs, there was plenty of fun. There were four in the officer's tent, and one of the bluejackets who acted as cook for them, proved himself quite equal to the occasion.

When their Sunday dinner of a fowl, which had been moored to a tent peg for a couple of days, appeared and was found to be stuffed in a most savoury manner, his face of pride, when we enquired how he had manufactured it in the bush, was a sight to see. We were too sharp set in those days to be particular as to what the ingredients were. Those were very happy evenings round the camp fire, and one of the good fellows who was with us then has but lately lost his life in gallantly jumping overboard to save a shipmate. Long may his memory be green, and gallant lads like him continue to fill our ranks.

Our camp on the Derwent was a very comfortable one, and the only complaint the men had was that they were obliged to sleep in their boots, and even then our cook asserted that the mosquitoes bit him through them—certainly they were rather bad. Barring this, there was nothing to interfere with our comfort, except perhaps a young bull who rampaged through the camp one day when we were all away but the cook.

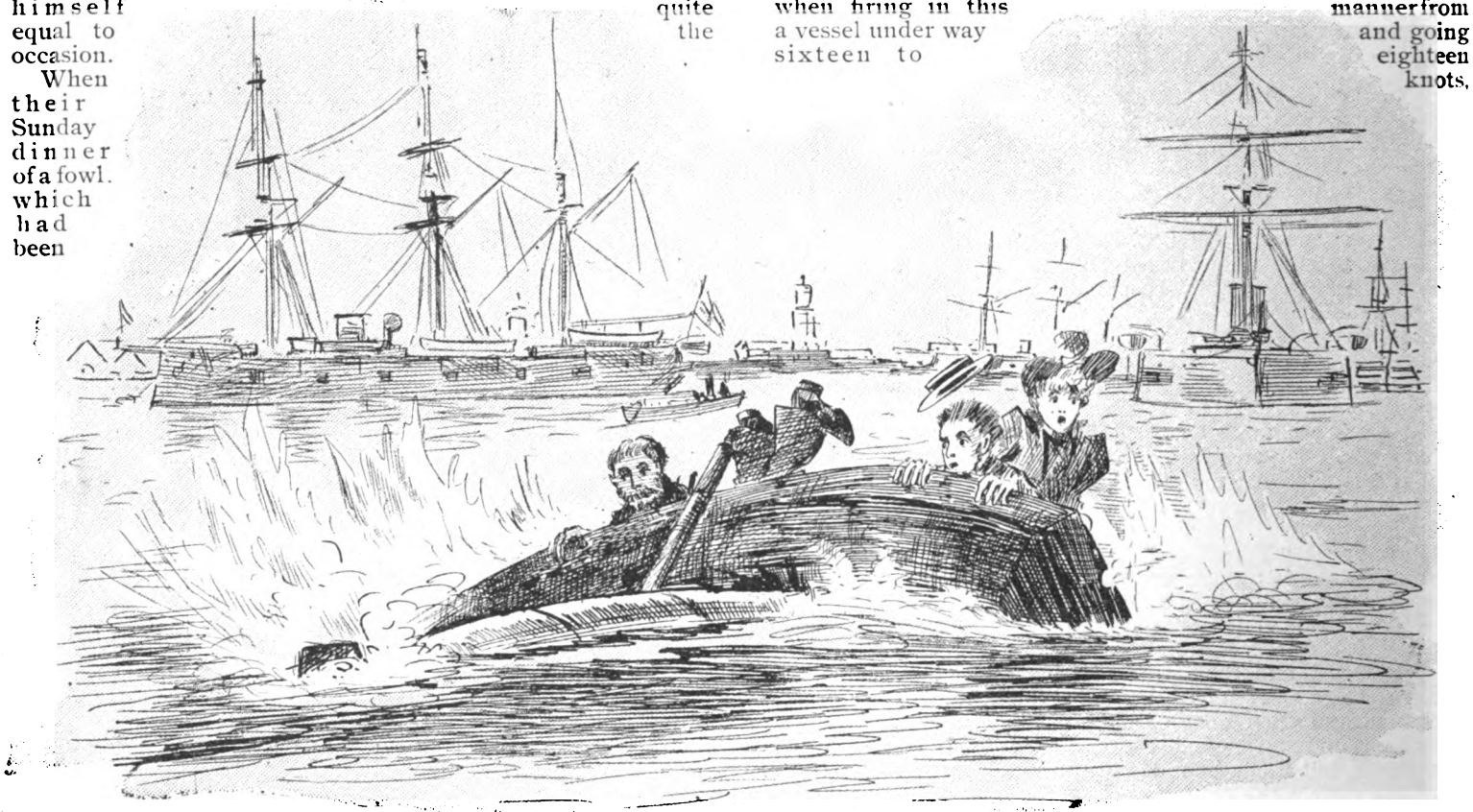
Another incident with a torpedo occurred when firing from the ship under way in New Zealand waters. A passenger of some consequence was brought up to witness the exercise, a boat was lying off at a distance as a target, the torpedo to pass under it; when fired, through some defect, it elected to run along the surface; we were at strained relations with some foreign power or other at the time, and the admiral had just remarked to his guest, "Now supposing that was a —— ship," naming the enemy to be, when the torpedo, running strictly correct for direction, but on the surface, plunged bang through the boat and remained fixed in it, the nose projecting one side and the tail the other; luckily the men in the boat saw their danger in time, and holding their legs up, it passed below the thwarts without hurting anyone, the torpedo plugging its own hole—the boat was brought alongside without filling.

The above incidents may be misleading as to the value and accuracy of this weapon, but they refer to years ago in the infancy of the "Whitehead," when it was being perfected into the weapon it is now; even in those days the percentage of accidents and bad shots were very small; but the torpedo being a considerable monetary loss if not recovered, made any mishaps or accidents with them notorious at the time.

One of the plans for discharging these torpedos which has been originated in recent years, consists of a double-barrelled sort of gun, two torpedoes being fired simultaneously. The barrels are at a slight angle to one another, which causes the torpedoes, when discharged, to diverge their tracks forming a V shape from the ship; the reason for this is to give greater certainty of striking the enemy with one torpedo by allowing a considerable margin for inaccuracy of aim.

The angle of divergence was such that the torpedoes would be one hundred yards apart at six hundred yards' range from the ship firing them, thus should the aim be accurate it was calculated they would strike the bow and stern of the enemy's ship at the same time, one hundred yards being an average length for any Man-of-War worth shooting at.

It was most important of course, when firing in this manner from a vessel under way and going sixteen to eighteen knots, that the discharge of both should be accurately simultaneous, as if the foremost one went a fraction of a second before the other they would probably collide, and the greatest care had to be taken on this point, but out of a considerable number of these double shots I only remember seeing one in which the torpedoes appeared to interfere with one another during their run.



"Woe betide any boat in their way."

The late Sir George Tryon took great interest in the nightly attacks his torpedo boats made on the blockading fleet during the '88 manœuvres, and gave prizes to those officers who were successful in their attacks and could produce a genuine crumpled up "soft head," which is substituted for the fighting head on these occasions.

Since its adoption as a Naval weapon the Whitehead Torpedo has not taken any very active part in Naval warfare until the late Chino-Japanese war; in the Russo-Turkish there was not much opportunity, as the fighting was principally confined to the land forces, but it has been the original cause of a considerable number of additional defences and precautionary drills, also alterations in the construction of the ships of all nations, which implies, at any rate, that it is held in considerable respect as a fighting weapon.

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Polo in the Army.

BY MAJOR DALBIAC. LATE R.H.A.

IT is only some five-and-twenty years ago that Polo and Polo in the Army were synonymous terms, since the game was not only introduced into England by soldiers, but was also for a long time confined to them, and even now, when its popularity has spread among all classes of the community, and civilian clubs have come into existence on every side, the Service still holds its own, and provides by far the greatest number of the best players.

This is undoubtedly a fact about which this country may well congratulate itself. As hunting and steeplechasing are the sports most calculated to improve a man's horsemanship, at the same time that they foster in him many of those qualities most useful to a soldier, so is Polo the best of games for promoting the coolness, command of temper, and dash so necessary to all those who would aspire to be leaders of men. These are not theories, or mere matters of opinion, but constantly proved facts, of which the latest example is that of Major Burn Murdock, who only a few weeks ago, at the head of three squadrons of Egyptian horse, rode down the Dervishes, with an *élan* which, in his case at any rate, was learnt "between the flags," and on the Polo-ground.

The earliest history of Polo is lost in the mists of antiquity, although there are authentic records of its existence as long ago as B.C. 600. At that remote period it was a favourite game in Persia, and the poets who lived about that time give vivid descriptions of the matches which used to take place between the Turkish and Persian horsemen. In fact, there is no doubt that not only is it a game of purely Eastern origin, but that it has flourished in various parts of Asia, among the horse-loving tribes of the East, from the earliest periods up to now.

We know that in the middle of the present century it was a very favourite game among the natives of Thibet, Ladakh, Kashmir, and Manipore, from which last it was copied and introduced into India by the planters of the northern provinces. From India it was brought to England by the 10th Hussars about the year 1869, and a match which was played on Hounslow Heath about that time between the 9th Lancers and 10th Hussars was the first to take place in this country.

The game, as it was known then, had no more resemblance to that of the present day than skittles has to cricket, or an Aldershot field-day to the real thing. It was played with at least eight on each side, of whom each played, so to speak, "on his own." The ponies used were small, and it was a slow, dribbling game, without any system or discipline.

As everybody knows, it is a very different thing now. Of the four players on each side, each has his own place and his own duties, and success depends not so much on the individual merits of any particular player as on the drill, discipline, and combination of the whole team. The ponies too are bigger, and much faster than they used to be, and it has become a fast, galloping, hard-hitting game, instead of the slow, dribbling one of early days.

As I have already stated, the game was first started in England by the 10th Hussars, among whom were "Chicken" Hartopp, St. Quentin, and others whose names I forget now; and when the gallant Prince of Wales's Own went back to India the ball was kept rolling at home by that smart regiment the 9th Lancers.

In 1872 Captain Herbert, who had just left the 9th, established the Monmouthshire Club; the Polo Club was next formed with its home at Lillie Bridge; but in 1874 this ground was deserted, and Hurlingham became the recognized headquarters of Polo. By 1876 it had become a serious and scientific game, and it was about a year afterwards that Mr. John Watson, of the 13th Hussars, came to the front, and introduced the style of play which exists now. The ponies too had grown in size and speed, and were much better trained, whilst by degrees regimental matches were organised, and the inter-regimental tournament established.

It will thus be seen that there have been three distinct periods in the history of the game. Firstly—The slow, dribbling game played on small ponies. Second—A fast galloping game, with reduced numbers, but without organization. Thirdly—The scientific game played at the present day, first introduced by Mr. John Watson, and now adopted by the whole Army.

The modern Polo team consists of four players, of whom each has his place, and whose value depends, not so much on their own individual play, however good, as on their perfection in the system of mutual assistance and combination.

The duties of each number have been laid down as follows:—

No. 1, FIRST FORWARD.—This number's duties are more those of "riding off" than of hitting the ball himself. He must nurse the opposing Back most carefully, and though he has to carry the ball on for No. 2, when it is sent to him, his principal office is to watch the opposite Back, and never let him get the ball.

No. 2, or SECOND FORWARD, is a very busy number. He must always be on the ball himself, and never miss a chance of hustling any of the other side who look like getting it.

On these two devolves the duty of carrying the war into the enemy's country. They must be always galloping, and their value depends on their knowledge of one another's play, their readiness in helping each other, and their quickness in changing places as the exigencies of the game demand.

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No. 3, or HALF-BACK, must back up his Forwards, support his Back, and more than all stop the enemy's No. 2, whom he must never let get on to his own Back under any circumstances.

No. 4, BACK.—This place, as a rule, is taken by the captain, who should be an unerring master of tactics, watchful, cool, and full of resource, and an expert in the art of "placing" the ball. In defence he waits for the ball, but in attack he should be always ready to dash up for goal. The best captain in all the world is Mr. John Watson.

No. 1 is a good place for a fine horseman riding big blood ponies; but he must always be well supported by No. 2, who should be a dashing player and a hard, accurate hitter. No. 3 is the busiest man on his side, in attack or defence, and No. 4 is the most important, though, like all other rules, those of Polo must always be more or less elastic, and the highest form of game is that in which each number changes his place and resumes it again, according to necessity, as the game develops.

This machine-like system of mutual support and interchange of the duties of each, can only be arrived at by constant practice and very perfect drill; and here I may, perhaps, mention that the fundamental tactics of offence are to hit straight forward always for the goals (in doing which direction is of more importance than strength), whilst those of defence, on the other hand, are always to hit round, though, at the same time, as the game proceeds so many unforeseen chances occur that no hard-and-fast rule can be laid down for anything, and therefore it is that a good captain, superior tactics, and perfect discipline are the first secrets of success.

One of the many advantages of Polo is that it can be learnt at an age at which one is too old to acquire most other games. Horsemanship, a good eye, coolness, and "head" are more important than activity, and of these the two last are more the attributes of middle age than of youth, so that mere years are in themselves no bar to being a Polo-player, and many of the best never took stick in hand until they were too old to have begun such games as cricket or football.

Many a grey-haired veteran have I seen leading his team to victory on the Polo-fields of India, and there is no doubt that the coolness and experience which come with age make up for the loss of that "dash" which generally deserts us soon after we have turned thirty.

The principal object of every beginner, whether he be young or old, should be to get a good pony, and the best time for doing this is at the end of a season. In the first place ponies are cheaper then, and the novice will then have more time to learn how to hit the ball, for that is an art which, it must always be remembered, can only be acquired at home, and cannot be properly learnt in the hurly-burly of a game. In fact the beginner is not likely to get a chance of doing the latter, being generally put to play No. 1, where, whatever practice he gets in riding off, he will have very little in using his stick, and some players indeed go so far as to say that he should not be allowed to have one, at any rate at first.

In this, as in all else, practice is the great thing, and anyone who fits himself out with a pony, a stick, and a few balls, at the end of a season, should have no difficulty in making himself fit to take his place in the field by the time that the next begins.

There are eight kinds of stroke to be practised, four forward and four back, the former being straight forward, on the near and off sides, with one to the right front, and another to the near side, under the pony's neck; and the latter straight back, on both sides, to the right rear, and to the left rear, under the pony's tail. Some of these, especially the back-handers, want a lot of learning, and have to be practised for a long time before they can be made quite certain of.

As to the riding part of the game, the great secret is to always use a loose rein. The first qualification of a good polo-pony is to be able to start and stop quick, and the more they have their heads, as a rule, the quicker they become at both of these, whilst they should always be guided, and kept up to the ball, with the leg, and never by hauling at their mouths.

In choosing a pony, the type most aimed at is that of the dwarf steeplechaser or blood-hunter, blood being absolutely a *sine-qua-non*. Without it nothing is of any use, and the chief reason for the Irish ponies being so good, is the fact that they are generally full of "blood." "Waler" ponies too are for the most part very well bred, and are a rare hard sort, but I have not seen many played in this country, and in India their price predicts their being generally used. The best Arabs are very staunch and bold, but such as Barbs, Syrians, and Egyptians, are all too slow, and I prefer Americans, Texans, and Argentines, though these are often difficult to train. In fact, taking everything all round, their is nothing so good as a big English blood-pony.

The year 1878 saw the Regimental Tournament established, which was won in that year, and the next too, by the 5th Lancers, who won it again in 1882 and 1887, whilst as in 1890 they won the Indian Tournament as well, they have been generally to the front in both countries. The 7th Hussars won it four years in succession, from 1883 to 1886, the 10th in 1888, whilst in 1892, 1894, and 1895 the 13th were the champion regiment.

In 1886 the All Ireland Regimental Challenge Cup was inaugurated with the victory of the 10th Hussars, and was last year won by them again; whilst in the meantime the 9th and 16th Lancers, and the 3rd, 4th, 13th, and 15th Hussars have each and all written their names on the roll of winners.

The All Ireland Open Cup has also been won nine times out of eighteen by regimental teams, amongst which have figured the 7th Royal Fusiliers, the 7th Hussars, the Scots Greys, the 5th Lancers (twice), the 9th Lancers, and the 13th Hussars (three times); whilst the first of the Paris International Tournament, in 1893, was won by a team of the 17th Lancers, so that it cannot be denied that the British Army has held its own at Polo, everywhere.

It would be quite impossible to speak or write a dozen words about Polo, without mention of Mr. John Watson, once a gay young Cornet in the 13th Hussars, now the Master of the Meath hounds, and always the best of sportsman, all round. It is as the captain of a team that he specially shines, whilst he has had some truly wonderful ponies, from time to time, and no man has ever done more to bring the game up to its present pitch than the popular ex-Hussar.

It was in 1886 that he took over a team to America, consisting of himself, Mr. Lumley, 7th Hussars, and Captains Hone of the same regiment, and Malcolm Little, of the 9th Lancers, who beat the American Poloists in two consecutive matches; and, as they were all either past or present soldiers, it was practically a match between America and the English Army. The game has by this time been spread by the same agency through all the outlying portions of the British Empire. It is played at Cape Town, and elsewhere in South Africa, by the garrisons of Malta and Gibraltar, and in Australia, where it was introduced, during the seventies, by Captain St. Quentin and his brother; so that I think it may be fairly said that the British Army has done its best to popularize this fascinating game all over the Empire.

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Photo. L. WESTON, Folkstone.

Lieutenant-General Lord WILLIAM FREDERICK ERNEST SEYMOUR.

LORD WILLIAM SEYMOUR is like Sir EVELYN WOOD and several other of our distinguished military officers, an instance of a sailor exchanging the sea service for that of the land. His first war service was in the Baltic in 1854, as a midshipman, for which Lord WILLIAM wears the Russian War medal. He entered the Army a year later. With the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards Lord WILLIAM SEYMOUR, as Colonel, saw service in Egypt during the war of 1882, and was present at the engagement at Tel-el-Mahuta and battle of Tel-el-Kebir, for which he wears the Egyptian medal with clasp, the third class of the Osmanieh and the Khedive's star. Lord WILLIAM SEYMOUR was promoted to the Generals' List in 1889, and became Lieutenant-General in June last. From 1891 to April of the present year, he held the command of the South-Eastern District. Being only 58 years of age, he has yet nine years to serve on the active list before coming under the retirement for age clause. He holds a reward for Meritorious Service.

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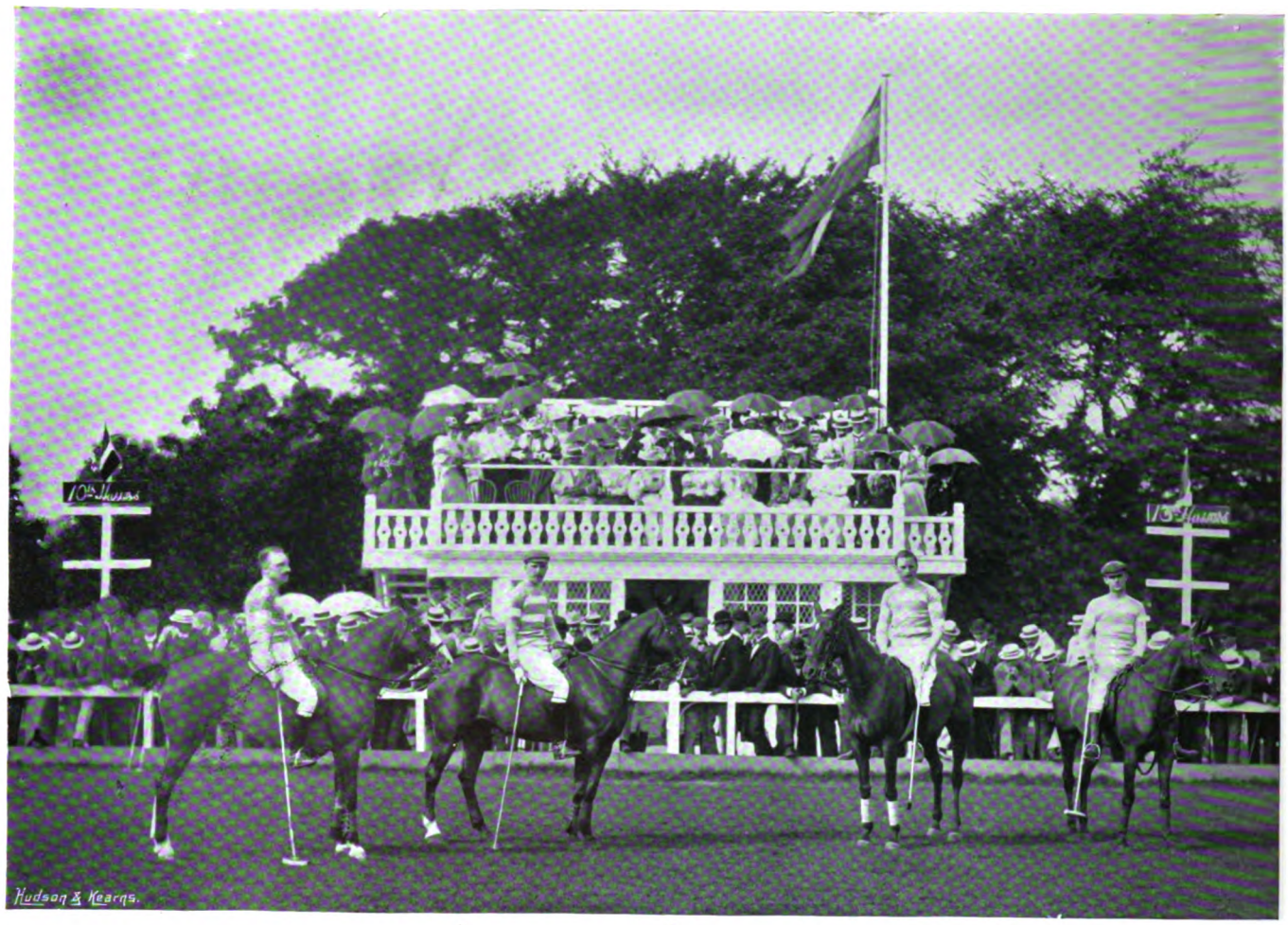

THE 13th HUSSARS' TEAM.

THE 10th HUSSARS' TEAM.

Photos. ROBINSON & SONS, Dublin.

THE IRISH SUBALTERNS' CUP:—10th v. 13th HUSSARS.

THE final tie for the Irish Subalterns' Cup produced some capital sport in an excellently-contested match, that was played from start to finish, with vigour and keenness on both sides. The game was a fast one, with hard galloping throughout, both teams being exceptionally well mounted. At first the game seemed going against the 10th Hussars, and at the end of the first part of the game their score was nil, to one goal on the part of the 13th Hussars. In the second part of the game, however, the 10th had the best of the play and turned the tables on their opponents, leaving off with four goals to one. The third "twenty" left the 10th Hussars the winners of the Cup with five goals to three, the two last goals being made by the 13th Hussars, the losers, within ten minutes of the final bell.

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Photo. ROBINSON & SONS, Dublin.

A POLO MATCH IN PHŒNIX PARK.

THE final tie in the recently-established polo match for the Irish Subalterns' Cup was played at the All Ireland Club enclosure on the Nine Acres, Phœnix Park, on Saturday, the 8th of August last. The regimental teams left in to compete in the final were the 10th Hussars' team, comprising Messrs. N. CURZON, S. L. BARRY, B. C. MEEKING, and Hon. T. W. BRAND (back), and the 13th Hussars, comprising Messrs. A. SYMONS, A. F. ANDERSON, F. H. WISE, and J. F. CHURCH (back). Lord W. A. CAVENDISH-BENTINCK, of the 10th Hussars, and Major W. C. SMITHSON, of the 13th, acted as umpires. In Ireland, as in England and other places where members of the British Army are to be found, polo matches invariably occasion great interest, and the final tie for the Cup was played in the presence of an enthusiastic and appreciative concourse of spectators.

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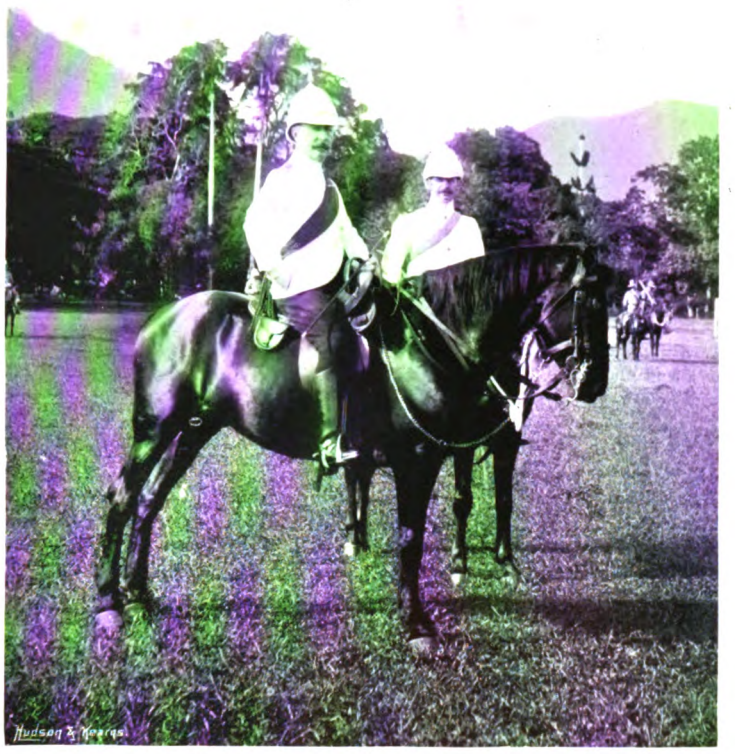
THE "LITTLE ARMY" OF TRINIDAD.



BRIGADIER AND BRIGADE-MAJOR.

A TYPICAL YEOMAN.

CONSEQUENT upon the Venezuela difficulty, attention has been a good deal called of late to our lovely colony of Trinidad; which lies, as every schoolboy knows, or should know, off the estuary of the mighty river Oronoco on the north-eastern coast of South America. For its size and for its population, Trinidad, it may be noted, has never, since ABERCROMBY added it to the British Empire, failed to come well forward when called upon in the matter of self-defence; and, since the withdrawal of the Home troops to the well-chosen strategical position of St. Lucia, the island has been busy perfecting what we have heard accurately enough described as its "Little Army." For an Army, in a sense, the colony certainly possesses. Horse, foot and artillery; ambulance and transport; clerical and medical branches—all these are existent, with a due proportion of cyclists and signallers. The whole is commanded, organized and drilled by a staff of three commissioned and five non-commissioned officers drawn from the Imperial Service.

Starting on a purely volunteer principle, the several units have slowly, but surely, been built up during the last decade. The work met with considerable opposition from certain quarters, and a most discouraging amount of luke-warmness on the part of some who should have been the natural leaders of the people in a cause such as we are here considering. Nevertheless, the result has amply justified the wisdom of those who first promulgated the idea of extending the citizen-soldier movement to this particular West Indian colony; and, in this connection, it is pleasing to record our conviction that the decoration of the V.D. has seldom been better bestowed than upon the honourable member of the Governor's Council, who still commands his colony's parent corps—the Trinidad Light Infantry.

Our illustration at the foot of this page depicts a group belonging to the battalion just named. The very typical representatives of their class here shown are members of one of the rural companies, who are brought in periodically to Port of Spain for battalion drills and field days, and who very keenly relish these occasions for military display. Their captain (seen sitting in the centre) is a young gentleman of ancient French race, who, like the majority of Trinidad Creoles, is in no degree less loyal to his Sovereign Lady than are the more phlegmatic home-born British amongst his brother officers. The figure on the extreme left of the group is an oddity: a poor Black with a bee in his bonnet. He is well known to visitors to the island, and has for many years put in an appearance, dressed in some sort of uniform and covered with tin decorations, on every public occasion. He goes by the name of General DAN.

The local artillerymen of the colony did not come into corporate existence until the Rifles, as they then were called, had gained a sure footing. To-day, however, no branch of Trinidad's "Little Army" is in better condition. They have two mule batteries, who parade with six sixteen-pounder R.M.L. and two brass smooth bore howitzers. Out of their six officers, three have gone to the great trouble and expense of proceeding home to Woolwich to gain the Certificate there granted. That fact speaks for itself, but it is only one indication of the spirit which animates all ranks.

Of the Trinidad Yeomanry much might be said, for this regiment of two squadrons has been an unqualified success. Its officers and troopers are rightly proud of what they have achieved during the two years they have figured in the official Army List. True, they had the inherited prestige of a splendidly equipped body of "Light Dragoons," which existed in the palmy times of sugar planting, and was as great a credit to its native land as its "Light Horse" successor bids fair to prove. The picture opposite was taken in the Savannah of Port of Spain one afternoon when two skeleton troops were manœuvring with the infantry battalion and the gunners. The brigadier and brigade-major, in white, are in front of the line. The charming surroundings of an ideal drill ground are well brought out. The uniform worn by the Yeomen is khaki, with brown equipment, and their hats are those of the Australian Cavalry.

A fine specimen of the material will be seen, in full working kit, under the portraits of Colonel ALEXANDER MAN, Commandant, and Major BENTLEY TODD, staff officer.

Photo. PLACIDE & CO.

OFFICERS AND MEN OF A RURAL COMPANY.

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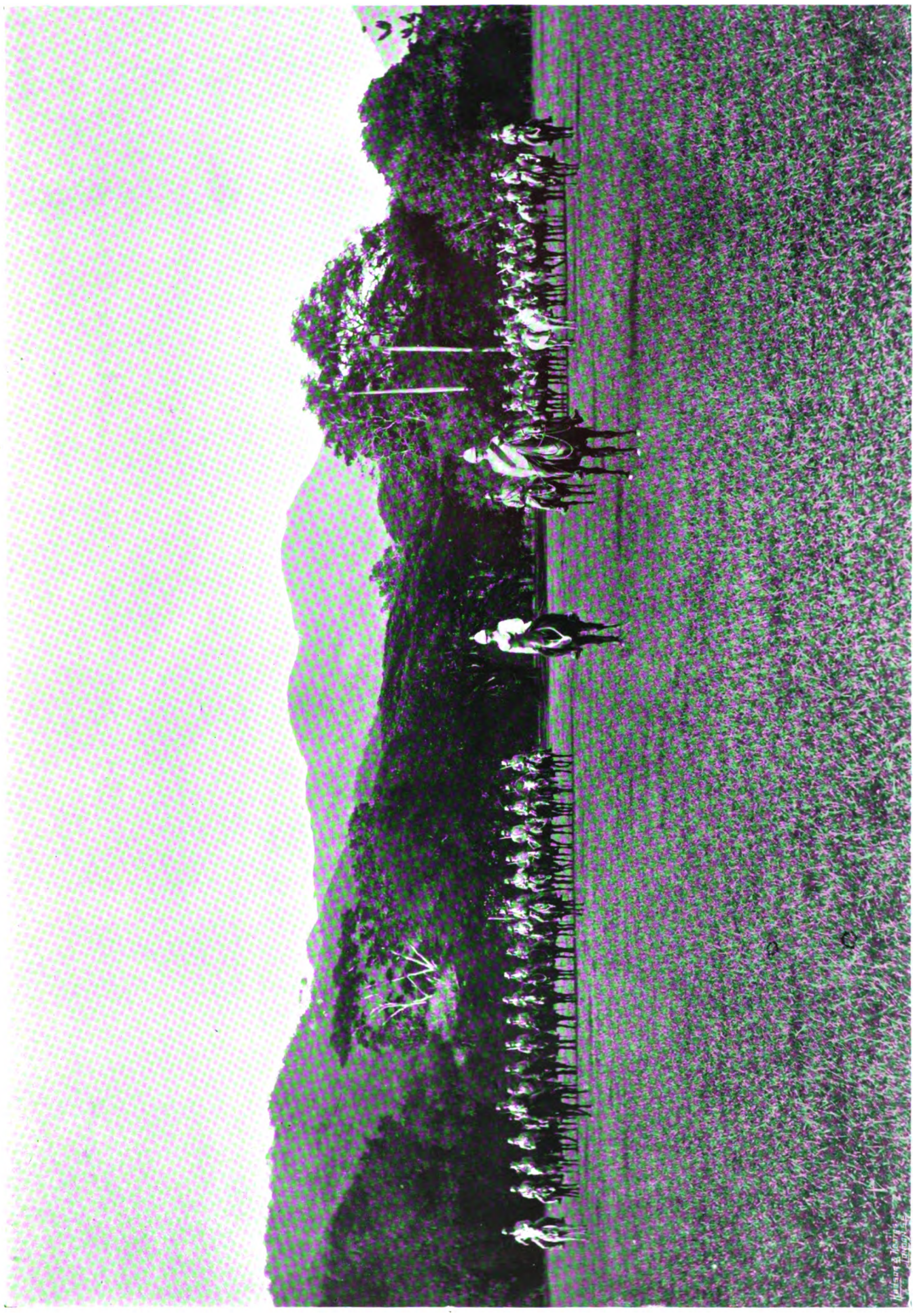

THE SKELETON SQUADRON OF YEOMANRY IN THE SAVANNAH.

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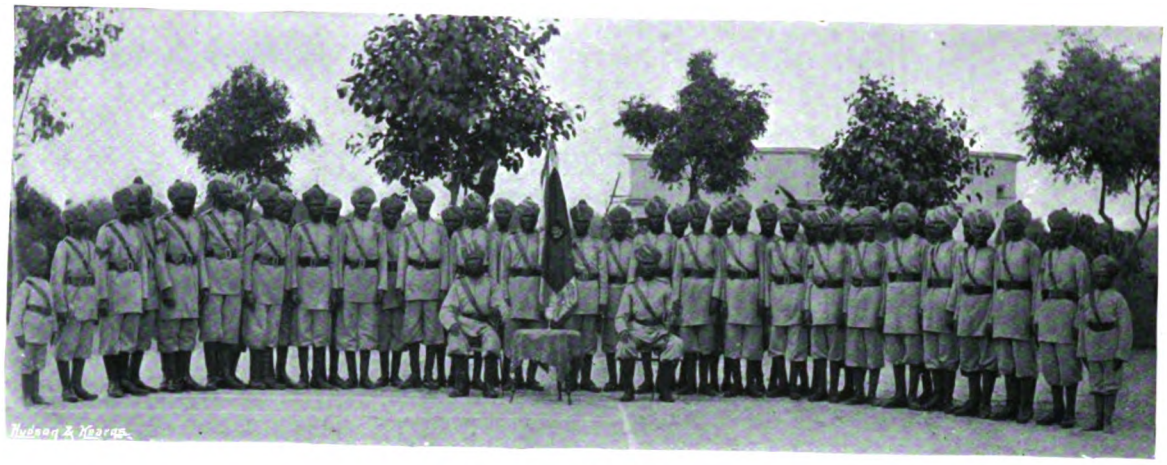
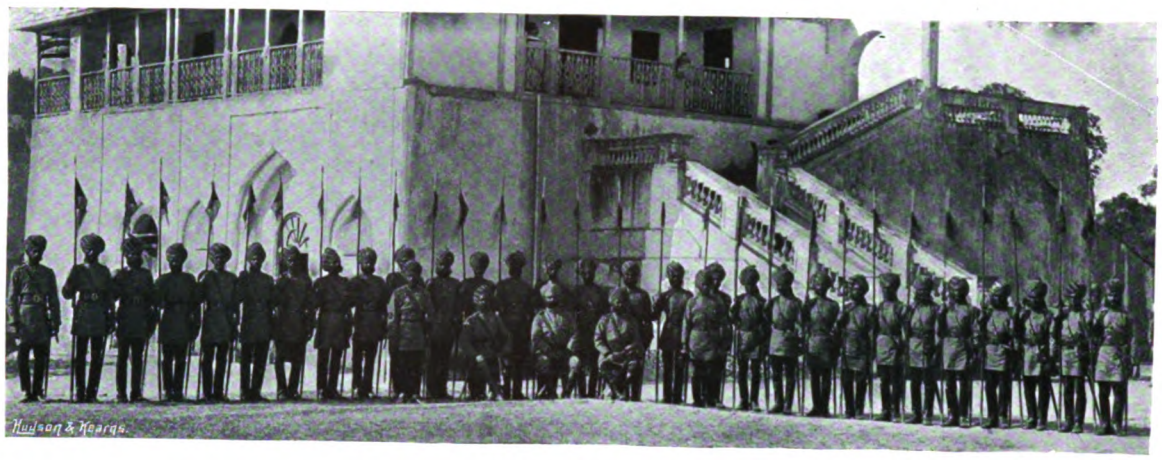
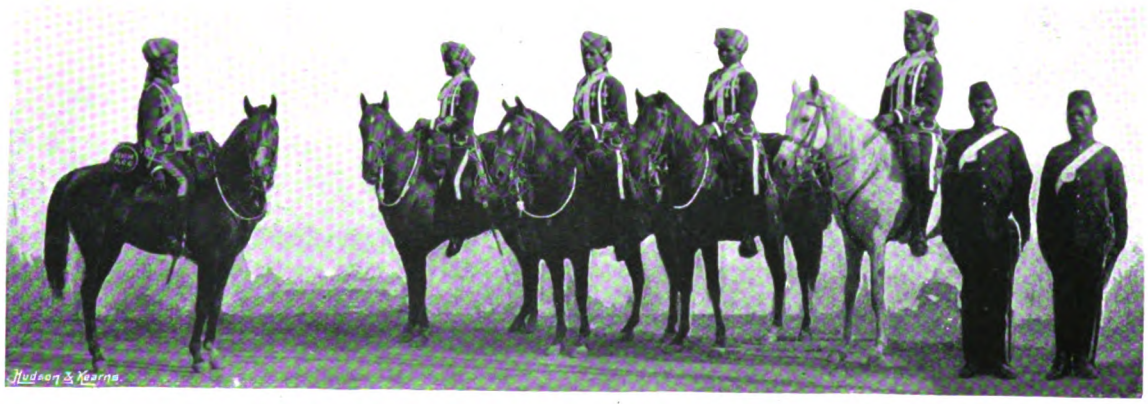
H.H. THE NIZAM'S TROOPS.



BODY GUARD.



LANCERS.



CAVALRY GUARD.

THE Army of the NIZAM OF HYDERABAD in the Deccan, India, with its 8,000 Regulars and 22,000 Irregulars is not only by a long way the largest among the Armies kept up by the native States, but it is also in its composition one of the most heterogeneous of all. Men of all the various nationalities of India, north and south, are to be found taking service as mercenaries in its ranks, with, even as our photograph of the NIZAM'S African Cavalry Guard shows, a number of recruits from as far away as the Dark Continent. The reason for this is mainly owing to the fact that the territories of the NIZAM are situated in a part of India where the inhabitants generally have ceased to be of a military disposition. The point is one that has forced itself on the attention of the Indian military authorities during recent years, owing to the NIZAM'S offers, in common with other Indian Princes, to raise a special contingent of Imperial Service Troops, to be employed in case of emergency side by side with the British forces in India for the defence of the country. Out of the whole Army placed at the disposal of the Supreme Government to pick and choose from, a contingent of only two regiments of lancers, eight hundred men in all, has been accepted, the regiments being recruited from the two *corps d'élite* of the NIZAM'S Army, the old "Reformed Troops"—a brigade of cavalry organized some years ago under a British commander—and a more recently raised force, the "Golconda Brigade," types of which we show. By the terms under which the Indian Imperial Service Troops are raised, mercenaries, who are not natives of a State from which a contingent comes, are never accepted.

PLATIN PORTRAIT STUDIOS, *Secunderabad.*

TYPES OF OFFICERS.

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Photo. J. H. MURRAY, Pietermaritzburg.

No. 10 BATTERY MOUNTAIN ARTILLERY ON THE MARCH IN NATAL.

OUR photograph shows No. 10 Battery of Mountain Artillery at drill near Pietermaritzburg in Natal—the battery being shown advancing over open country down a hillside in marching order with the guns (seven pounders) carried on mules. There are ten mountain batteries in all on the British military establishment, eight of them being stationed in India and Burmah, one at home, and the one we see here, No. 10, in Natal. Of this last, one section (two guns) has during the last few months been detached to Matabeleland to aid in the suppression of the native rebellion. The present commanding officer of No. 10 Battery is Major H. MONTGOMERY-CAMPBELL, and the section in the field in Matabeleland is under Lieutenant R. H. F. MCCULLOCH, who, with his men, has done good work on several occasions before the enemy. The gun in use in our Mountain batteries is the 2·5 inch calibre muzzle-loading screw gun, which, with its carriage is carried in five mule loads, with a sixth mule for the ammunition boxes, and on service with six extra ammunition mules per gun. Six guns comprise a battery, under the command of a Major, with a Captain and three Subalterns.

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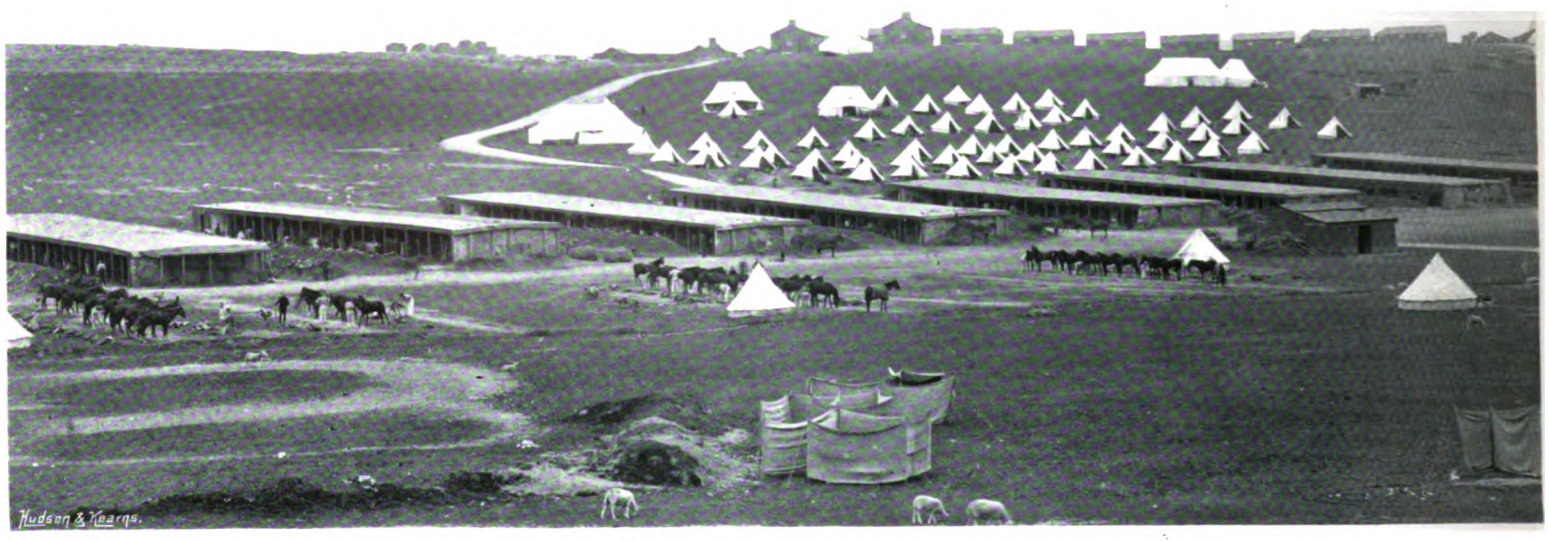
"B" SQUADRON 14th HUSSARS PICKETTING OUT IN "DONNELLY'S HOLLOW."



THE WEST SIDE, "DONNELLY'S HOLLOW."

Photos. CHARLETON, Newbridge.

"DONNELLY'S HOLLOW," CURRAGH, IRELAND.

EVERY old cavalryman will remember "Donnelly's Hollow" at the Curragh, and the old stables there. Our three photographs between them show various aspects of the place as it appeared this year, just before the annual manœuvres. In one we see "B" Squadron of the 14th (King's) Hussars, with the men in off-duty garb. In the second we see the western side of the Hollow with the tents of "B" Squadron 14th Hussars pitched, the old flat-topped stables and the huts of other troops showing on the higher ground. In the third we see the camp at "Donnelly's Hollow at its fullest last summer, when the Royals (1st Dragoons), two Batteries of Field Artillery, and the 14th Hussars were there together before taking the field for the manœuvre operations.

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The Glories and Traditions of the British Army

The GRENADIER GUARDS

BY JOHN LEYLAND

AMONG the adherents of Charles who were scattered from the field of Worcester, were many loyal-hearted gentlemen who had risked all for the royal cause, companions of Newcastle, soldiers who had ridden with Rupert and Maurice, fighting men all. Not a few had received their training in arms in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, or, like Essex, had fought in the Palatinate and Holland. The Low Countries were then the chief school of soldiery. In the famous defence of Ostend, the assault on Bois-le-Duc, and the great leaguer of Breda, men like the Gorings, the Lutterells, the Throckmortons, the Lamberts, the Culpepers, the Fortescues, and the Slingsbys had learned how to fly at each other's throats as Roundheads and Cavaliers. It was in the same fields that the English private soldier had learned to handle his pike and musket as well as any Dutchman or Spaniard of them all, and fat Hollanders and doughty Dons no longer laughed to see an English lout hasten to empty his whole bandolier ere scarce the fight was begun. Battered already, many of them—like the honest Ritt-master Dugald Dalgetty of Drumthwacket, on the battlefields of the Thirty Years' War—the defeated cavaliers fled from Worcester by devious paths to the Continent, and not a few drew their swords anew in the armies of Condé and Turenne. These were the men who flocked to the standard of Charles when he raised troops, or newly embodied them in Flanders, under his agreement with the astute Spaniards, as he imagined for the invasion of England and the recovery of his crown. Among the six infantry regiments so formed in and about 1656, was a single English corps known as the "Royal Regiment of Guards," which—united nine years later with another "Royal Regiment of Guards," raised in England after the Restoration—was the ancestor of the Grenadier Guards of to-day.

The eventful history of the Royal Regiment of Guards—they were made "Grenadiers" for their prowess at Waterloo—is a stirring story indeed, and there is not a prouder record of service in the British Army than that of the present Grenadiers. To begin with, they were 400 strong, and their first colonel in Flanders was Lord Wentworth, a man of action, who "slept little and read much." Wentworth had fled from Worcester to St. Michael's Mount and Scilly, whence with Lord Hopton, and other fugitives, he escaped to France. Many cavalier names appear in the list of captains and subalterns, but none more noteworthy than that of William Carless, who had been an officer of the earlier King's Guards at Worcester, had aided Charles to escape, and had passed that memorable day with him in the famous oak at Boscobel.

The new regiments lay upon the coast of Flanders, looking out across the English Sea, and vainly expecting the Spaniards to perform their part of the agreement. These preparations did not escape the eye of Cromwell, and it was not long before 6,000 men were despatched to the help of Turenne. It thus fell out that many antagonists of the Civil War were pitted against one another anew. The Royal Regiment of Guards took part with the Spaniards, in 1657, in a fruitless attempt to recover Mardyke from the French, and, in the following year, shared in their defeat on the Dunes before Dunkirk, which Napoleon spoke of as the most brilliant of the actions of Turenne. It at any rate proved almost decisive, with the subsequent reverses of the Spaniards, for the Royal Regiment of Guards, which behaved most gallantly. Captains Slaughter and O'Farrell were killed in the violent onslaught of the Cromwellians, and, in the misery that ensued, the men received neither pay nor marching money, and were compelled to sell their possessions to gain the very means of subsistence.

The regiment was reorganized, and at the sale of Dunkirk in 1662, came to England, where, after the disbanding of the old Republican Army, Colonel John Russell, third son of the Duke of Bedford, an old Cavalier officer, had raised another Royal Regiment of Foot Guards, also 1,200 strong. Already in 1661 both regiments had received their colours from the Master of the Great Wardrobe, with the famous series of twenty-four Royal badges, one for each company, which are a cherished honour of the Grenadier Guards. These company badges—for in those days every company had its colours—were those of Plantagenet and Tudor Sovereigns: the Royal lion upon the crown, the rose of York and Lancaster, the fleur-de-lys, the portcullis, the white rose in a "glory," the thistle, the harp, the red dragon, the white

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greyhound, and so forth. All the colours were then white, the Royal standard or first colour with the King's cipher and crown in its centre, the others with the red cross of St. George extended across the fold, and the several badges painted in the middle. A quarter of a century later, when one Nathan Brooks saw the Guards reviewed, he described the standard of the King's company as crimson throughout, and crimson the first colours of the Guards have ever since remained.

In 1665 the two regiments were united under Colonel Russell. Meanwhile they had done their part in suppressing rebellion at home; and, at a grand review of the Guards, horse and foot, in Hyde Park on July 4th, 1663, intended to impress the French Ambassador, had evoked the admiration of Evelyn by their gallant appearance. It pleased him to note how the old Earl of Cleveland "trailed a pike at the right-hand file of a company of Foot commanded by his son, the Lord Wentworth, a worthy spectacle and example, being both of them old and valiant soldiers." Pepys was pleased, too, although 'one broadside close to our coach we had going out of the Park, even to the nearnesse as to be ready to burn our hairs." But, adds the gossiper, who had been bred in the ways of the sea and never had faith in a standing army, like many in the curious world whose opinions he reflects; "Methought all these gay men are not the soldiers that must do the King's business, it being such as these that lost the old King all he had, and were beat by the most ordinary fellows that could be." We shall see presently that the Diarist was deceived.

But now the "gaiety" of the Guards, which raised misgivings in Pepys, calls for our attention. They had, indeed, an imposing aspect. Of 1,200 soldiers, 700 in round numbers, would be musketeers in red coats, and 500 pikemen in coats of buff, but Colonel Russell's Foot Guards had 12 partisans and 24 halberts, and there were 24 drummers in red-embroidered coats. Each musket man had a bandolier collar, to which were attached cases containing musket charges of powder, with half-a-pound of bullets, and three yards of match in a pouch; and the pikes were of ash, some 16 feet long. Round hats with feathers, broad collars falling down over the coat, blue breeches and red or blue stockings, added to the picturesque appearance of the Guardsmen. For defensive armour they had breast and back pieces, and iron "pots" for the head. The officers wore long scarlet coats, richly embroidered with gold, broad cuffs and gauntlet gloves, breast and back pieces of steel, large round hats, with a profusion of white feathers, long hair falling upon their shoulders, lace neck-bands, scarves of crimson silk round their waists, with long gold-fringed ends, ample blue breeches, scarlet stockings, and buckled shoes. At their sides hung swords with embroidered shoulder straps, and the same weapon was carried by both pikemen and musketeers. It may be well here to say that grenadier companies—that is, detachments armed with the new grenade—were not added to regiments until some years later. Evelyn saw men, each with a pouch full of "granadoes," at Hounslow. "They had furred caps," he says, "with cased crownes, like Janizaries, which made them look very fierce; and some had long hoods hanging down behind, as we picture fools; their clothing was likewise pyebald, yellow, and red."

To the brief days of peace which followed the Restoration very soon succeeded the troubles with the Dutch, and the King's, or First Guards, besides sending large contingents to English regiments serving in France, had many detachments serving with the fleet as Marines in the victories of Blake, Monck, and Penn. When reinforcements were sent to Tangier, that dowry of Catherine of Braganza, then stoutly beleagured by the Moors, the "King's Battalion" drew three companies out of five from the First Guards, while the Coldstream Regiment contributed one. After 1689 the Guards had four such companies. It is recorded that the officers of the regiment, at the coronation of James II., were richly coated, some in cloth of gold, some in crimson velvet, embroidered or lined with gold or silver, others in scarlet cloth. Their silken scarves were fringed with bullion, and their hats encircled with white feathers. The corslets of the captains were of silver plate, double gilt; of the lieutenants of polished steel, "sanguined," and studded with gold-headed nails; of the ensigns of silver plate. The red and buff coats of the men were lined and faced with blue, their breeches and stockings of the same hue, and their black hats laced with silver, turned up and adorned with blue ribbon. The high caps of the grenadiers were red, lined with blue, edged with silver, and with the royal crown and cipher in front.

To recount all the remarkable service of the King's or First Guards during their activity of nearly two centuries and a half would here be impossible, and therefore let us be content to know that they displayed very stubborn courage at Sedgemoor, where Monmouth was defeated.

After the Revolution of 1688, many officers were removed, and the command of the regiment was given to Henry Sidney, afterwards Viscount Sidney and Earl of Romney, who had fought with the Englishmen in the pay of the States General of Holland. William did not bring the Guards to London for his coronation, nor venture to give them a share in the operations in Ireland. But the vigorous hostility of the French, and the operations of Tourville in the Channel, put the seal

The Battle of Landen, July 19th, 1693.

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The Storming of the Breach at Namur, 1695.

upon their allegiance to the new dynasty. In the Low Countries the French made good headway, and the mismanagement by which the allies lost Mons in 1691, and the great stronghold of Namur in the following year, laid Brussels open to the attack. Luxembourg, one of the most masterful soldiers of the age, was in command at Mons, and in order to defeat the purposes of his astute opponent, William marched westward to throw himself between that place and the capital. He had with him two battalions of the First Guards, one of the Coldstream regiment, and two each of the Scots and Dutch Guards, making a brigade of nearly 5,000 men, besides other English regiments, and a number of Dutch. It is interesting to remember that the Guards were reviewed by him in the course of this march at Genappe, between Quatre Bras and Waterloo, on part of the field where long after they were to win undying fame. Luxembourg had marched from Mons to Enghien, and lay with his right resting on the village of Steinkirk, when William resolved to attack on August 3rd, 1692. One of the leading regiments was the second battalion First Guards, under Lieutenant-Colonel Warcup. If a surprise had been possible, as was intended, victory might have fallen to the allies, but the flower of the French army was before them, with overwhelming force at hand. A wood and broken group of fields and hedgerows lay between the forces, but after a furious cannonade the Guardsmen steadily advanced, supported by other regiments, and a stubborn fight ensued. Inch by inch the ground was contested, and repeatedly the Guards repulsed the fierce attacks, driving the enemy back into his very camp. A terrific struggle took place around a French battery, which Colonel Warcup led his battalion to attack. The fury of the charge swept the French from their guns, but not before they had cut the traces of the horses, which galloped back to the camp, and the First Guards could not carry off their prize. Meanwhile the other regiments were pressing on. Sir Robert Douglas was shot dead as he led his men to the charge, and the press grew thicker as the French fell back. It was but a momentary recoil, for Boufflers, coming up on their left, brought a large body of fresh troops into action, which poured volley after volley into the allied line. We were overpowered, and bitter execrations were poured upon Count Solmes, who had failed to bring up the strong reserves that would have confirmed the day. Many corps were almost annihilated. "Cutts's, Mackay's, Angus's, Graham's, and Leven's all cut to pieces," pathetically exclaims Corporal Trim, whose fond descriptions of these fights in "Tristram Shandy" reflect the accounts of an eye-witness of them, "and so had the English Guards been too had it not been for some regiments on the right, who marched up boldly to their relief and received the enemy's fire in their faces before any one of their own platoons discharged a musket." Colonel Warcup and six other officers were left dead on the field.

Steinkirk was an engagement that spoke volumes for the brilliant dash and sturdy courage of the British infantry, and it did not fail of its purpose, for the French fell back from the Brussels road to cover the menaced positions of Tournai, Lille, and Courtrai. Still, it was a battle in which William's military fame had been grievously diminished, for he had shown himself no match for his opponents. It would have been much to Louis's fancy to direct the capture of Brussels and Liège, but when he found William in the field, in 1693, he retired to Versailles and to Madame de Maintenon, leaving the fighting in the far more capable hands of Luxembourg, who, on July 19th, confronted the allies at Landen on the road from Liège to Tirlemont. More bloody and furious was that memorable fight than the last year's action at Steinkirk. The allies were in a strongly entrenched position behind Landen, and between the villages of Neerwinden and Laer. For eight hours the terrific contest was waged. Battalions of the First Guards, and of the Coldstream and Scots Regiments, lining the hasty entrenchment, in the centre, gave not an inch of ground.

The battle raged most fiercely round the village of Neerwinden on the right, where battalions of the First, Scots and Dutch Guards were among the defenders. Most stubbornly was the place contested until the fields were filled with dead. Twice the French broke through, and twice they were driven out by a comparative handful of Guards and Hanoverians. But reinforcements again were wanting, and when Luxembourg dashed a third time at the village with fresh reserves of the French and Swiss household troops, and outflanked the position with four regiments of Dragoons, the remnant of the allies fell back across the bridges over the Little Gheet, and the day of Landen was lost. The First Guards had seven officers killed, as many wounded, and one a prisoner, and left heaps of dead on the fiercely-contested field. "Brave! brave! by heaven! he deserves a crown," cried Uncle Toby of the King, when Trim recounted the fiery valour of the day, and we may catch

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his enthusiasm and apply his words to the gallant and unfortunate Guards.

The next year was one of tactical marches and sieges, but in 1695, the Guards displayed again their intrepid courage in the triumphant success of Namur. Luxembourg was dead, and Villeroy, his successor, was as much inferior as a soldier to William as William had been to the victor of Steinkirk and Landen. Namur was a fortress deemed impregnable, and a *chef d'œuvre* of Vauban. It was besieged by 85 battalions, including two of the First Guards, one of the Coldstream and one of the Scots, and Cohorn, Vauban's pupil, directed the operations of the Sappers. The Guards displayed prodigies of valour, losing many officers and men in the carrying of the successive lines, which were defended with stubborn fury, and Boufflers surrendered the town, having lost 5,000 men in its defence. He retired with 7,000 others to the citadel, where a murderous fire from 160 cannon and 60 mortars was poured upon him. Villeroy advanced from the siege of Brussels to his relief, but unaccountably withdrew, and William determined to hasten forward the carrying of the breaches. On August 30th, 1695, the forlorn hope of the grenadiers of the Guards issued from the trenches, and marched some 700 yards under a pitiless fire right up to the ditch. They made a daring rush; but, owing to some mistake, the three regiments ordered to follow delayed their advance, and the grenadiers were hurled down shorn of half their numbers and with most of their officers killed. When, however, the other troops came up, the desperate resistance was overcome, and the breach was triumphantly gained It had been a sanguinary business, for some 3,000 men were killed and wounded on both sides. Boufflers, thereupon, seeing his helpless state, surrendered the great fortress, the possession of which had been of such vast importance to the French. The stout defenders, 5,168 strong, with beating drums, marched out honourably from the breach, and thus came to an end the last important operation of the fiercely-contested war, which the Peace of Ryswick brought to a satisfactory close.

Glorious are the memories of the services of the First Guards in the great campaigns of Marlborough, from 1702 to 1711. While a detachment took part in the expeditions to Cadiz and Vigo, the regiment itself fought in the splendid operation in the Low Countries in 1702 and 1703. Marlborough himself became its Colonel in 1704. The fine strategic march on the Danube, that most brilliant conception of the great captain's genius, brought the First Guards, with the forces, to Danauwerth and to the foot of the lofty fortified heights of Schellenberg, where the French and Bavarians, under D'Arco, were posted in a position of colossal strength. Fifty grenadiers of the First Guards under Captain Lord Mordaunt, an impetuous son of a famous father, the great Earl of Peterborough, celebrated in our military annals, led the way as a forlorn hope, and in the terrific fire of grape, 40 of them fell dead or wounded. A withering hail met the advancing Guards, with Orkney's and Ingoldsby's regiments, and D'Arco, perceiving that the line wavered, ordered a sally. The First Guards stood like a rock to receive the downward charge for a few moments almost alone, but help coming, a furious onslaught was made, and the enemy fled to his lines. Happily, some Baden troops made a diversion, and very soon the Englishmen, with an impetuous rush, poured over the entrenchments and drove the enemy in panic from his works. At the decisive victory of Blenheim, six weeks later (August 13th), the Guards again fought with the greatest intrepidity in the attack on the village palisades. Dormer, in command, was killed; Mordaunt lost an arm; others were seriously wounded.

While the First Guards were thus fighting in Bavaria as Englishmen should, a combined battalion, formed from its home battalion and the Coldstream Regiment, saw a great deal of service in Spain and Portugal. It took part in the defence of Gibraltar, 1705, was with Peterborough at the celebrated capture of Barcelona, and was involved in the lamentable defeat at Almanza. In Flanders the First Guards took part in forcing the French lines in 1705, and in the following year were present at the crowning victory of Ramillies, whereby almost the whole of Spanish Flanders was cleared of the French. They fought, too, at Oudenarde;

The Landing at Vigo, 1719.

carried all before them, with the other troops of Orkney's division, to which they belonged, at Malplaquet. In all these battles of Marlborough, and in the numerous sieges in which they were engaged, the First Guards gave new proof of their steadfast courage and military dash. Instances of individual gallantry in their ranks were many. Thus the late General Sir F. W. Hamilton, whose "History of the Grenadier Guards" stands well above the level of the bulk of regimental chronicles, records the bravery of five grenadiers of the First Guards on an occasion when it was required to cut a drawbridge, during the siege of Lille by Prince Eugene, the regiment being with the covering forces. He says, "These men, amongst whom was one of the name of William Lettler, volunteered to make the attempt; and, in swimming across the ditch to execute their task, under a galling fire from the ramparts, three of his comrades were killed; Lettler succeeded in the attempt, survived, and for his gallant action was promoted to an ensigncy in his own regiment; he rose in the same corps to be captain and lieutenant-colonel of a company of grenadiers, to whom he had shown such a brilliant example of cool determination and courage, and died in the regiment in 1742, honoured and respected by all his brother officers."

The First Guards took part in another expedition to Vigo in 1719, and were despatched to Gibraltar in 1727, to defend the Rock against the fruitless attempt the Spaniards then made to retake it.

The Drawbridge at Lille.

In those days they held stoutly to their pre-eminence. In their regimental order book, in 1734, they recorded the precedence established by Charles II., just fifty years before—that their colonel should rank as the first colonel of Foot Guards. The "household" regiments vied with one another in smartness. Colonel Folliott of the Coldstream Regiment, afterwards lieutenant-colonel of the First Guards, declared that he would "break" any sergeant or corporal who brought men on parade who were not in perfect order, with good, clean linen, square toes, and arms and accoutrements in the best condition. Colonel Guise, of the First Guards, was every whit as severe. He announced, curiously, in 1735, that "any soldier for the future that comes to the parade with two shirts on, brings any necks in his pocket or pouch, or changes his linen on guard, shall receive one hundred lashes on the next morning."

At Dettingen, in 1743, the brigade of Foot Guards, including the first battalion of the First Regiment, had been placed in the post of honour, but owing to the changed tactics of the French, had no considerable part in an action which covered the Life Guards and many infantry regiments with honour.

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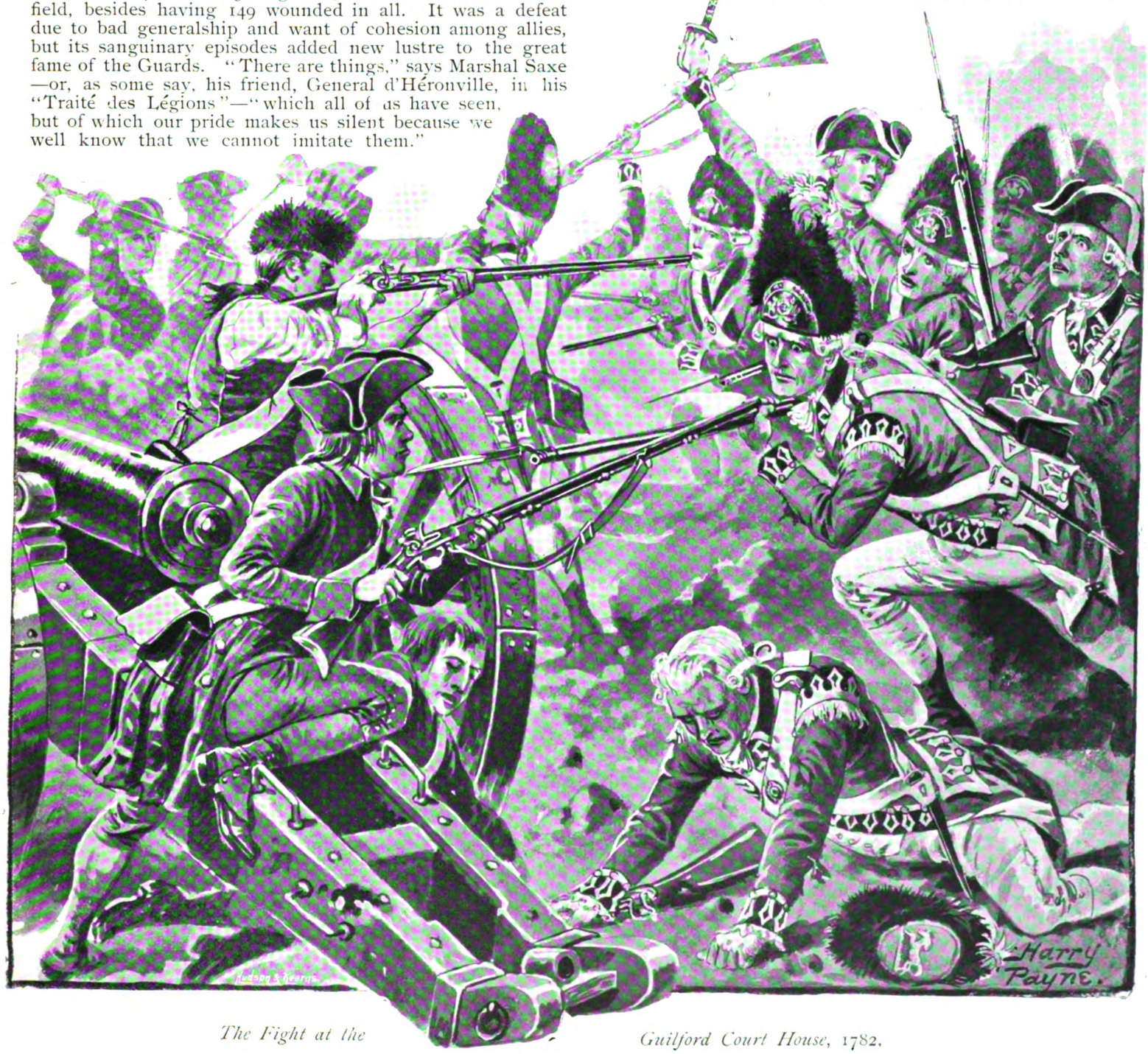
They played a glorious part, however, in the lost battle of Fontenoy, two years later, where the Duke of Cumberland, their colonel, commanding the allied forces, measured his strength with Marshal Saxe, who was then besieging Tournay. The First Guards were on the right of the centre in the first line, when the Duke, furious at the failure on both wings, ordered the masses of troops to attack. The Infantry dashed forward between the village and the redoubt, and as the British Guards advanced over a low ridge and saw the French Guards before them, a scene occurred which has become legendary in military history. "Messieurs les Anglais, tirez les premiers!" is a phrase that bespeaks the old-fashioned chivalry with which foemen worthy of each other's steel loved to treat one another. The story of what occurred is variously given. "The officers of the English Guards," says Voltaire, "when in presence of the enemy, saluted the French by taking off their hats. The Comte de Chabannes, and the Duc de Biron, who were in advance, returned the salute, as did all the officers of the French Guards. Lord Charles Hay, captain of the English Guards, cried: 'Gentlemen of the French Guards, fire!' The Count d'Anteroche, lieutenant of grenadiers, replied in a loud voice: 'Gentlemen, we never fire first; we will follow you.'"

Nineteen officers and many men of the French Guards are said to have fallen at the first discharge, while the losses on our side were very heavy; but, as the English pushed on, the enemy were borne back, and, in the face of a terrific fire, the Guards drove them into their camp. Here, exposed to the tremendous reverse fire of the redoubt of Eu, the Guards, according to Rousseau, formed themselves into a kind of square, and resisted repeated attacks of the Cavalry of the French Guard and Carabineers. But, unsupported, and decimated by the withering hail of iron that assailed them, attacked by fresh troops and the Irish brigades of Clare and Dillon, beset as in a fiery furnace, the Guards at length began to retire. They did so in perfect order; but the First Guards left 4 officers, 3 sergeants, and 82 men dead on the field, besides having 149 wounded in all. It was a defeat due to bad generalship and want of cohesion among allies, but its sanguinary episodes added new lustre to the great fame of the Guards. "There are things," says Marshal Saxe—or, as some say, his friend, General d'Héronville, in his "Traité des Légions"—"which all of us have seen, but of which our pride makes us silent because we well know that we cannot imitate them."

The seasoned men of the First Guards were next employed against the Jacobites in the "Forty-five," and took part in several futile attempts against the French coast. In July, 1747, they were involved in the sanguinary defeat at Laufeldt, where their future colonel, Sir John Ligonier, was taken prisoner. When that long series of campaigns in the "cock-pit of Europe" was brought to a close, they could not but reflect that ill-generalship had often rendered fruitless their courage and many sacrifices. The later operations of the Seven Years' War gave opportunities of new service in Germany, and Kirch-Denkern, 1761, and Wilhelmstahl and Amöneberg, 1762, were victories which the First Guards helped to win.

To recount the history of the desultory struggle with the American colonists, the misbegotten victories of Howe at Long Island, White Plains, and Philadelphia, and the long series of operations that led to the surrenders of Saratoga and Yorktown, is unnecessary in this story of the Grenadier Guards. They were operations in which the endurance, intrepid bravery and fortitude of our troops shone out with new brilliancy, but they were often mismanaged in the field; and the incompetence of our statesmen at home had shorn our arm of its strength to strike an effective blow at the outnumbering legions of our foes. A mixed battalion, formed from the three regiments of Foot Guards, 1,000 strong, but afterwards reinforced and formed in two battalions, fought at Brandywine, Germantown, and Freehold, and rendered excellent service at Guilford. They had forded the Catawba with the utmost steadiness under fire, in February, 1781, and, at Guilford Court House, on March 15th, though twice put into some confusion by galling discharges that decimated their ranks, rallied in the presence of the enemy and drove all before them. Two six-pounders were taken by the second battalion, and after some desperate fighting, in which Lieut.-Colonel Stuart, in command, was killed, were recaptured by the Americans and then, with splendid daring, were taken once more by the Guards. In this hard-fought battle the Guards had 11 officers and 205 men killed and wounded.



The Fight at the Guilford Court House, 1782.

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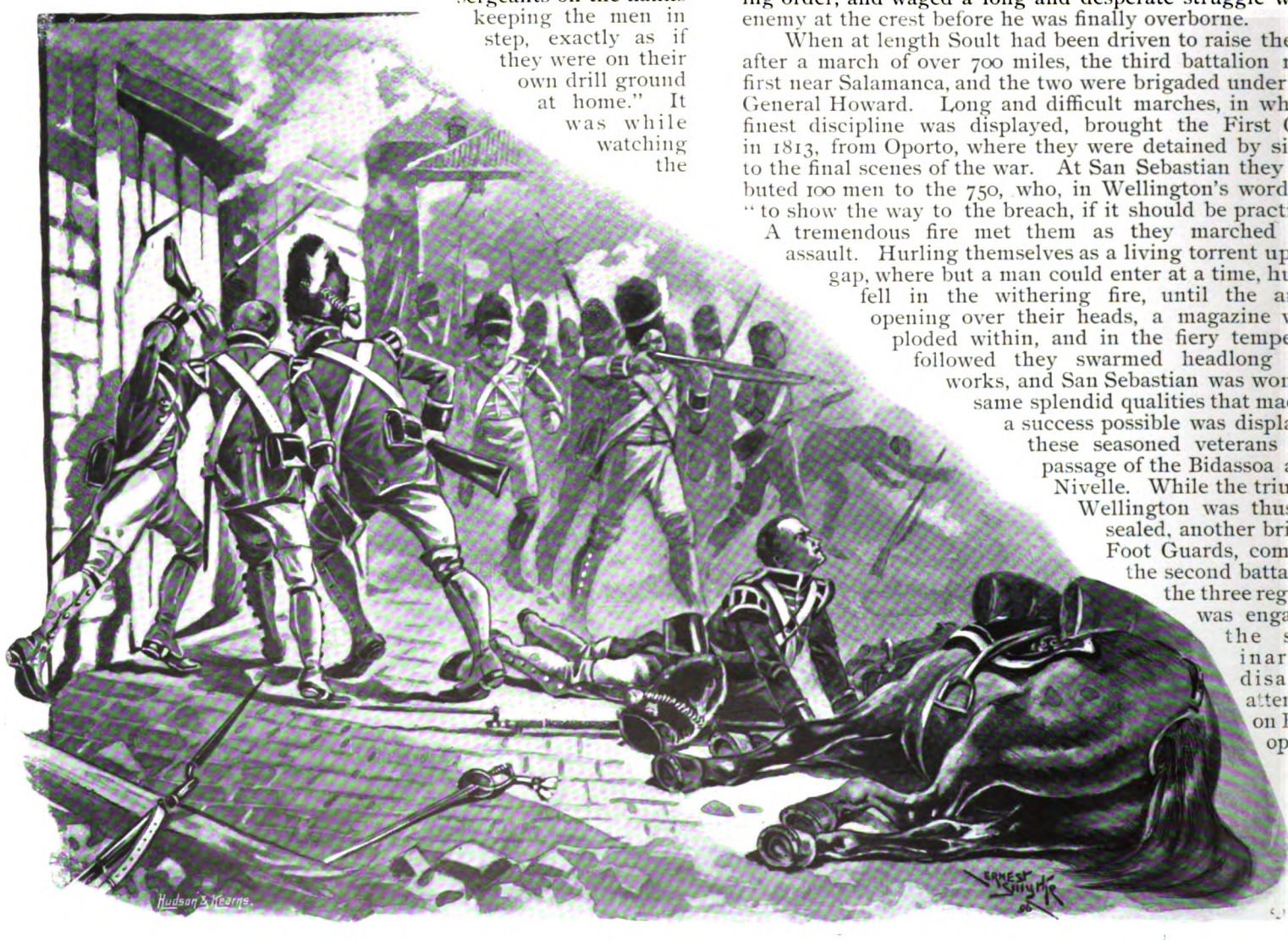
The French Revolutionary War called for the services of a brigade of Foot Guards, consisting of the first battalions of the three regiments, in 1793. These were the first troops to enter upon the long struggle with France which they helped to close gloriously at Waterloo. They were present at the carrying of the camp of Famars. At the storming of Valenciennes, in July, Colonel Leigh, of the First Guards, led 150 Guardsmen as the advance in the assault on the hornwork. In the following month (August 18) the Guards, under gallant General Lake, won glorious renown in the brilliant attack upon the redoubts and village of Lincelles, where our Dutch allies refused to rally and the French had twelve battalions in the field. With splendid impetuosity they drove the defenders before them, capturing five 6-pounders, and a stand of colours. On the next morning the Prince of Waldeck, seizing an officer of Guards by the hand, generously exclaimed "Your glory is our shame." It was a famous victory. But the victories of that and the following year were fruitless. In the sufferings of the subsequent winter retreat on Bremen, in weather of extraordinary severity, the Guards displayed once more their hardihood and endurance.

They took part, too, in the expedition to the Helder, 1799, and gained high praise for soldierlike steadiness and persevering gallantry in the actions at Bergen and Alkmaar; and two battalions of the First Guards were in Sicily in 1806. While that gallant officer Sir John Moore advanced from Lisbon in August, 1808, Sir David Baird, with whom were the 1st and 3rd battalions of the First Guards, marched inland from Corunna. The story of the campaign is well known. The Spaniards, who had solicited our help, were excellent guitar-players, and unrivalled at looking on, but their rag-a-muffin recruits were no staff upon which Moore could lean. The famous retreat was determined on. The miseries of it have been described by many pens. The bitter winds and keen frosts of December and January, thaws and driving rains which converted roads into swamps, where roads were all too few, rugged paths on steep mountain slopes, famine in the villages, want of clothing, lack of transport—there let loose the bonds of discipline, and stragglers were not a few. Yet, the noble body of Guards, with the artillery and the reserve, showed anew their patient courage, and irregularities among them were few. "Arbuthnot, look at that body of men in the distance; they are the Guards, by the way they are marching," said Moore to the gallant officer beside him as they stood and watched these men entering Corunna, "their drums beating, the drum-major in front flourishing his stick, the sergeant-major at the head, and the drill-sergeants on the flanks keeping the men in step, exactly as if they were on their own drill ground at home." It was while watching the rapid advance of the First Guards to the assistance of the regiments in the village of Elvira, that Moore received his mortal wound, and they were First Guardsmen and 42nd Highlanders who bore him from the field.

"Your Glory is our Shame."

Turning now to the southward we find the second and third battalions of the First Guard taking part in the long defence of Cadiz. At Barrosa, a brigade of Guards, including three companies of the First Regiment, with other regiments, sought by a diversion to raise the siege, but the disappearance of the Spaniards left them in a false position, and with less than half the strength of the foe. "Now, my lads," said General Graham in command, "there they are! Spare your powder, but give them steel enough." The brilliant advance at once began, and the Guards, crossing a deep hollow under heavy fire, ascended the hill in skirmishing order, and waged a long and desperate struggle with the enemy at the crest before he was finally overborne.

When at length Soult had been driven to raise the siege, after a march of over 700 miles, the third battalion met the first near Salamanca, and the two were brigaded under Major-General Howard. Long and difficult marches, in which the finest discipline was displayed, brought the First Guards, in 1813, from Oporto, where they were detained by sickness, to the final scenes of the war. At San Sebastian they contributed 100 men to the 750, who, in Wellington's words, were "to show the way to the breach, if it should be practicable." A tremendous fire met them as they marched to the assault. Hurling themselves as a living torrent upon that gap, where but a man could enter at a time, hundreds fell in the withering fire, until the artillery, opening over their heads, a magazine was exploded within, and in the fiery tempest that followed they swarmed headlong up the works, and San Sebastian was won. The same splendid qualities that made such a success possible was displayed by these seasoned veterans at the passage of the Bidassoa and the Nivelle. While the triumph of Wellington was thus being sealed, another brigade of Foot Guards, comprising the second battalions of the three regiments, was engaged in the sanguinary and disastrous attempt upon Bergen-op-Zoom



How San Sebastian was Won.

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THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

From an Engraving by F. BROMLEY.

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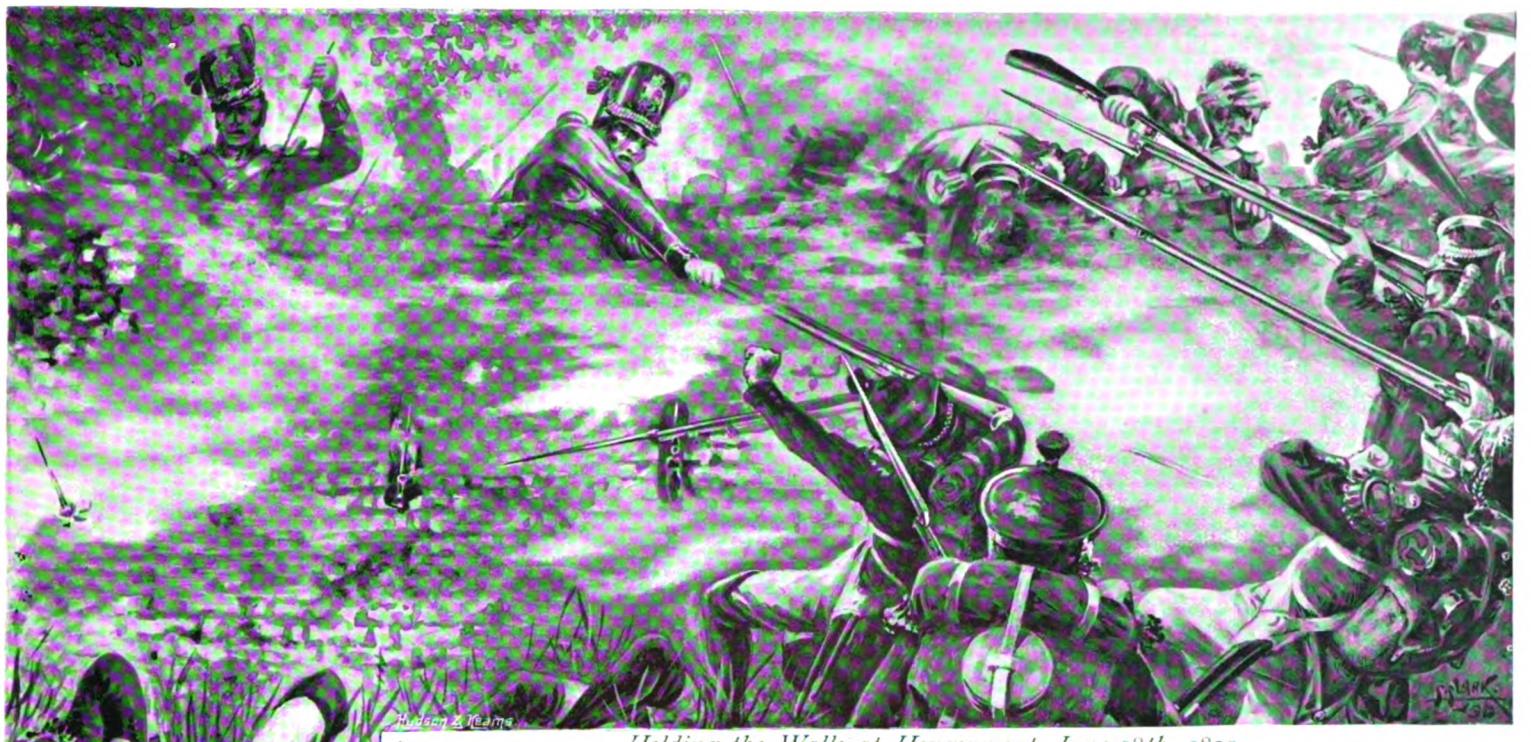
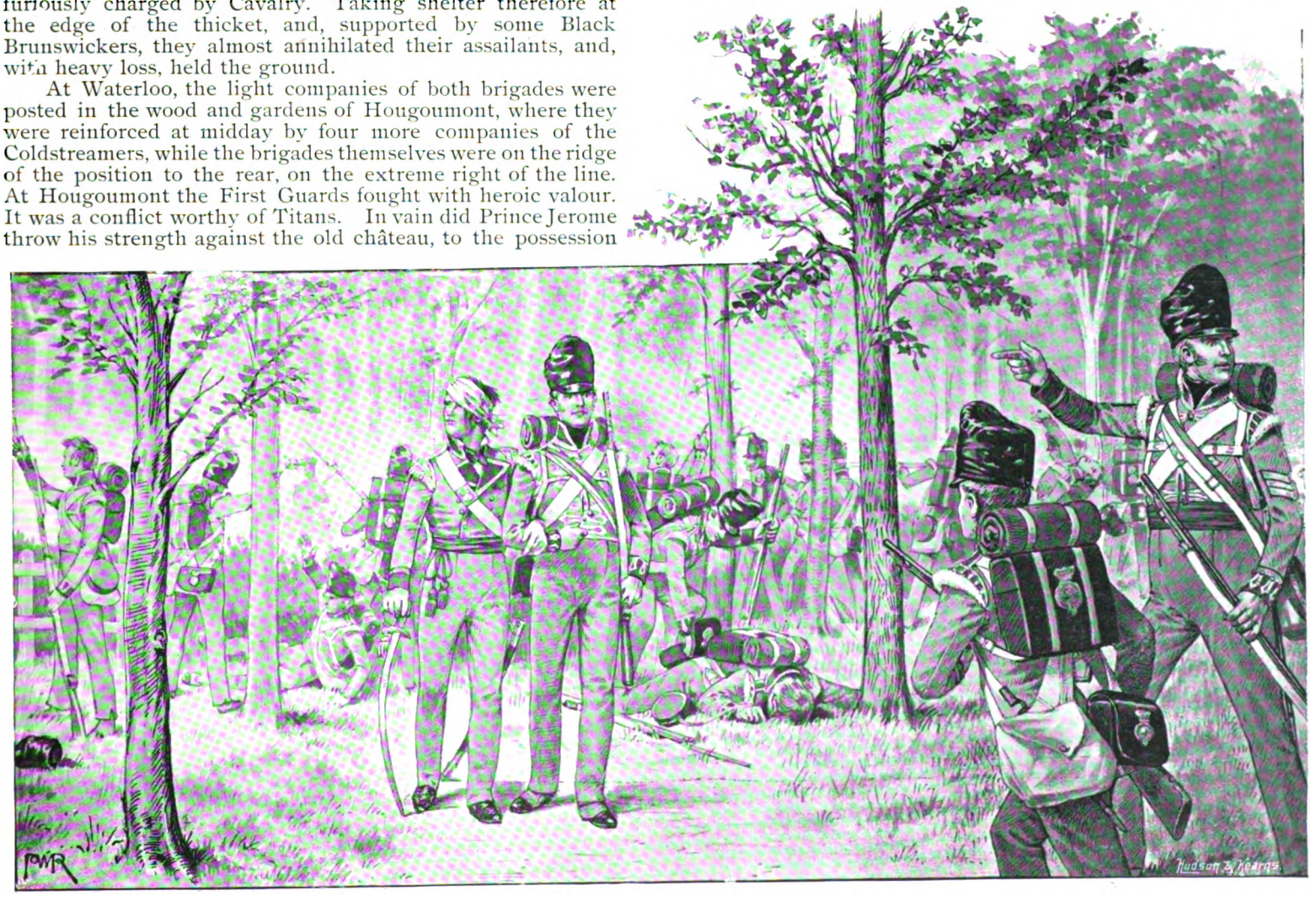


Holding the Walls at Hougoumont, June 18th, 1815.

In the campaign of Waterloo the 2nd and 3rd battalions of the First Guards, under Maitland, and the 2nd battalions of the Coldstream and Third (Scots) Guards, under Byng, formed the First Division of the Army. They rendered service never to be forgotten The Division reached Quatre Bras at about half-past six on the evening of June 16th, having met many wounded, who said the day was going badly for us. Maitland was at once directed to clear the Bois de Bossu on the right of the position, and his men straightway rushed into the wood with a cheer, and drove all before them, but the French turned their gun fire upon the wood, and many were killed and injured by trees cut down by the balls. Maitland's Guards were then formed outside the wood, where they were furiously charged by Cavalry. Taking shelter therefore at the edge of the thicket, and, supported by some Black Brunswickers, they almost annihilated their assailants, and, with heavy loss, held the ground.

At Waterloo, the light companies of both brigades were posted in the wood and gardens of Hougoumont, where they were reinforced at midday by four more companies of the Coldstreamers, while the brigades themselves were on the ridge of the position to the rear, on the extreme right of the line. At Hougoumont the First Guards fought with heroic valour. It was a conflict worthy of Titans. In vain did Prince Jerome throw his strength against the old château, to the possession of which Bonaparte attached high importance. The walls were loopholed, and the place was held in strength, but repeatedly the French came on to achieve a temporary success, and then to be driven out again. A desperate struggle took place in the wood, where, on one side or the other, men retreated fighting from tree to tree. Not less than 8,000 Frenchmen were put *hors de combat* in the tremendous onslaught made upon Hougoumont. But Lord Saltoun maintained his position, and renewed attacks were in vain. The loss, however, was terrible, and the light infantry were almost annihilated when the Coldstreamers came to their aid. During this momentous struggle, the farm buildings were set on fire by the guns, adding immensely to the difficulty of the defence, and consigning many wounded to an agonizing death.

While the attack on Hougoumont was thus being made, a tremendous fire was poured on the allied line. When it ceased the Imperial Cavalry, at headlong speed, charged the steady squares of the Guards, and the decimated ranks recoiled, but to hurl themselves anew upon our bayonets.



In the Bois de Bossu, June 16th, 1815.

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The 3rd Battalion of the First Guards was one of the regiments most exposed to this terrible onslaught. "It was upon these troops," says Siborne, "that fell the first burst of the grand early attacks, and it was upon these troops also that the French gunners seldom neglected to pour their destructive missiles." Through all that terrific day the vast masses of gallant Frenchmen were broken against the iron sturdiness of the British squares, which stood like stony islands amid the lapping waves of a sea of fire. General Cooke, commanding the division of Guards, and Colonels D'Oyly and Stables, in command of battalions, retired wounded from the field, and Lord Saltoun, who had returned from Hougoumont, succeeded to the 3rd battalion. At length, as the day wore on, Bonaparte, seeing the oncoming of the Prussians, concentrated his furious cannonade mainly on the position held by the Guards preparatory to his grand attack, and but for the shelter of a hollow way, they must have been annihilated. At this time Maitland, by the Duke's orders, formed his two battalions into line four deep, and scarcely was the change made, when 5,000 men of the Old Imperial Guard, led by Ney, were seen advancing at the *pas de charge* to the attack. Shouting *Vive l'Empereur!* they came steadily on, but, when they reached the crest, the Guards rose up like a wall and poured out a pitiless volley, the rear ranks passing with loaded muskets to the front. What matters it, says Lord Saltoun, whether Wellington cried, "Up Guards and at 'em!" or no? He never heard the words, but only "Now Maitland, now's your time!" Thus was the iron shower set free. The Old Guard wavered, and, when at length the column reeled, shattered, and broken, Saltoun cried out, "Now's the time, my boys!" and the Guards sprang forward, and drove the enemy over a hedge of dead and dying down the hill. In that conflict of giants, and at Quatre Bras, the First Guards lost 181 killed, including 7 officers, and had 853 wounded, making a total of 1,034. They had rendered glorious service, and earned undying fame. "Guards," exclaimed Wellington, "you shall be rewarded for this," and so it happened that, as a distinguished honour, they became "The First or Grenadier Regiment of Foot Guards."

The colours which floated over the devoted third battalion of the First Foot Guards at Waterloo are still preserved at Wellington Barracks. The King's colour is of crimson silk, with a double royal cipher and crown in the middle, flanked by the honours of "Lincelles" and "Corunna," while "Barrosa" has been torn from the tattered fabric below. In the upper canton is a small union, with a flame or "pile" issuing from its lower corner, now the mark of the 3rd battalion. The fragment of the regimental colour has the union throughout, with the dragon of Wales, surmounted by the crown in the middle. This is the badge of the eighth company, for since the abolition of company colours, it has become customary to display the badges in rotation on the colours of the battalion. Since Waterloo, a small grenade has also been borne upon every colour of the Grenadier Guards. While the colours are being described, it will be well to note that when the regiment was augmented to thirty companies at the outbreak of the Crimean War, six new badges were added.

We pass on now to the events in the East, in 1854, when battalions of the three regiments of Guards, under General Bentinck, formed a brigade in the First, or Duke of Cambridge's Division. At the Alma, the Guards advanced in support of the Light Division in the attack on the Kourgané height on the left, and contributed largely to the victory by driving the Vladimir regiment from its earthworks on the hill. During all the labours of the siege, the trench work, and the horrors of the winter, the Grenadiers took their part, and, on October 18, 1854, had the misfortune to lose their commanding officer, Colonel Hood, who was struck by a round shot as he watched their work. At Inkerman, "the soldier's battle," the Guards took 1,331 men into action. Tremendous was the conflict that the Guards and Adams's brigade waged about the Sandbag Battery, that "symbol of victory," as Hamley calls it, and the Fore Ridge. It fell to the centre companies to occupy the battery, their right flank companies thrown back along the ridge facing the Tchernaya plain and the left facing the general Russian advance. "A continued struggle," says Sir F. Hamilton, who was present, "and hand-to-hand combat now ensued, the men fighting with the desperation of those who know there is no support if they fail, and being often at such close quarters, that having no opportunity of reloading, they would make use of the butt-ends of their muskets." On came Pauloff's Russians, hurling themselves in successive waves against the battery, mown down by the steady fire of the Grenadiers and the Scots Guards. So, to and fro, for six long hours the terrific conflict at the Sandbag Battery was waged, and many an incident of individual heroism bore testimony to the magnificent courage of the Guards. At one time, in the heat of the conflict, the headquarters and colours of the regiment, carried by Lieutenants Verschoyle and Turner, being halted near the battery, several officers impetuously led their companies in pursuit of the enemy, and after fighting desperately, returned to the hill by a circuitous route.

It is believed that the Grenadiers were the only corps to carry their colours into action that day. In the thick of the fight, gallant Captain Peel of the Navy joined the Grenadiers, who were now reduced to about 100 officers and men at the battery. At the close, the Grenadiers had but 236 effective officers and men on the field. Three officers (Lieutenant-Colonel Pakenham, and Captains Sir R. Newman, and the Hon. Henry Neville), were killed, and six (including Colonel F. W. Hamilton, the historian of the regiment) wounded, while of non-commissioned officers and rank and file, 101 were killed and 124 were wounded. This magnificent service raised the gallant Grenadiers to a still higher pinnacle of fame, and our allies were warm in their commendation of the splendid spirit they had shewn. The hardships of the winter told heavily on the Guards, and sickness was rife among them, but they received reinforcements from home, and continued their arduous services in the trenches up to the close of the siege. These, as the Prince Consort said, on the occasion of the 200th anniversary of the Grenadier Guards in 1867, are glorious annals, and well might any corps be proud that could shew the like. But the Guards have since added to them. They served, with high credit, as all know, in the Egyptian Campaign of 1882, including the battle of Tel-el-Kebir and other operations, and they were employed in the Eastern Soudan in 1885.

In the Sandbag Battery.

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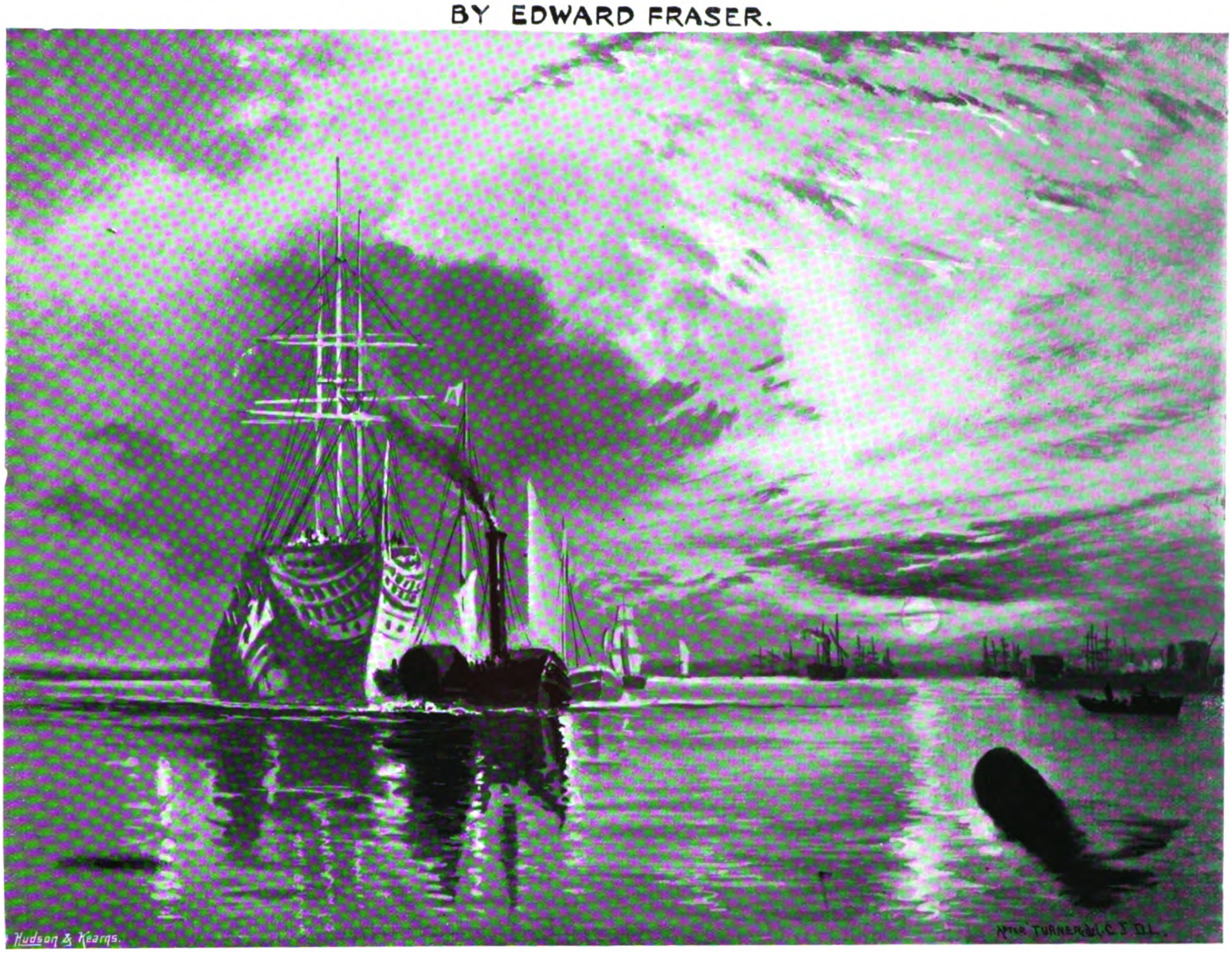
THE BATTLE HONOURS OF THE BRITISH FLEET.

The TÉMÉRAIRE.

BY EDWARD FRASER.



"THE SAUCY TÉMÉRAIRE."

IF Turner had never painted his picture of the "Téméraire" being towed to her last berth to be broken up, the famous three-decker of Trafalgar would still have ranked among the famous ships of history as "the 'Victory's' companion in her closing strife"; as the ship that

> " . . . . . came to Nelson's aid,
> The battle's brunt to bear,
> And nobly sought to lead the van—
> The brave old 'Téméraire.'"

Her prominent share in the events of the glorious 21st of October, 1805, must surely, without the aid of even Turner's brush, have insured her immortality.

It is not generally known, perhaps, that the painting of Turner's picture was only the outcome of a happy accident: the working out of an idea that was the result of a chance *rencontre* at a water picnic on the Thames towards the end of an afternoon in August, 1838. Turner, with Clarkson Stanfield the marine painter and some friends, happened to be boating in Blackwall Reach off Greenwich marshes when the old line-of-battle ship, her sails unbent from the yards, her pennant struck for the last time, her triple tier of ports closed down and disarmed of those guns whose deadly thunder Old England's enemies had had cause to know so well, swept past in tow of two tugs. This last point is recorded in a contemporary account of the "Téméraire's" arrival in the Thames, in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and it may be assumed that Turner elected to depict it otherwise for artistic effect. She was on her way from Sheerness to meet her appointed end in a Rotherhithe shipbreaker's yard. Just before she rounded the Isle of Dogs the "Téméraire" passed the picnic party, steering about south-south-east up Blackwall Reach, with the late August sun setting astern of the ship. "There's a fine picture, Turner," said Stanfield, pointing to the ocean veteran as she floated by them, and Turner went home full of the idea to place the scene on canvas in his own way:—"of all pictures of subjects not involving human pain," says Mr. Ruskin, "the most pathetic that was ever painted . . . no ruin was ever so affecting as this gliding of the vessel to her grave."

Turner, for his part, should certainly have known something of the old three-decker. During many years the "Téméraire" had been a "lion" among the ships of war moored in the Medway off Sheerness, where, as we know, Turner used often to spend days sketching. Only a little time before, indeed, the "Téméraire" had been serving as a Guardship at the port, flying the pennant of the Captain Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard, and it was from this last duty that she had been sold out of the Navy, "all standing,"—with, as Turner has faithfully shown, light masts and yards for signalling and drill purposes instead of her sea-going rig.

After his meeting with the "Téméraire" that evening, Turner may well have seen the last of the old ship at Rotherhithe, as she lay off the breaking-up wharf there, hard by the present entrance to the Surrey Docks and Canal. It was what one might have expected him to do. The "Téméraire's" passage up the river and closing days attracted notice from many people, and were marked by incidents not unbefitting a historic occasion. The old line-of-battle ship, we are told, was not only cheered all the way along, both by merchantmen crews on the Thames, and river steamboat passengers, "surprised as well as delighted by the novel spectacle of a 98-gun ship in the Pool," but also, after they had begun to break up the "Téméraire" at Rotherhithe, visited by numbers of people who came to see "the ship that had avenged Nelson at Trafalgar," attracted by reports of the finding of Trafalgar relics on board. Notably two: a round shot cut out from one of the main deck beams with a

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French sailor's red cap, that had evidently been used as a wad in the hurry of battle, stuck fast to it; and a brass memorial tablet, let into the quarter-deck near the wheel, inscribed, "England expects that every man will do his duty." Turner's fondness for all that concerned our old Men-of-War, must surely have led his steps to Rotherhithe.

Two quarter-gallery adornments, taken from the "Téméraire" during her breaking up, two gigantic figures, are to this day in existence, preserved with special care by the successors to the firm of timber merchants at whose hands the old ship met her fate; and anyone also who cares to make a pilgrimage among the byways of river-side London on the south, will find, almost within a stone's throw of where the final scene of the "Téméraire's" career was enacted, a church—St. Paul's, Globe Street, Rotherhithe—whose altar table, altar rails, and sanctuary chairs are made of heart-of-oak, carved from the timbers of the frame of this Trafalgar man-of-war.

"The fighting 'Téméraire' tugged to her last berth to be broken up," Turner called his picture when he sent it in to the Royal Academy of 1839, giving the ship a *sobriquet* entirely of his own fancy and devising. He added these lines, also apparently his own:—

"The flag that braved the battle and the breeze
No longer owns her!"

At a later day, Turner changed the name of his picture to "The old 'Téméraire'"—"almost," says Mr. Thornbury, "with tears in his eyes." This was when the picture went to be engraved and a new title was required for it. Yet it happens again, curiously, this second choice of Turner's was not at all the actual naval *sobriquet* of the veteran ship. To the salts of the Nelson era, to the men who fought the "Téméraire's" guns during the fiery five hours of the afternoon of Trafalgar, the ship had, ever and only, been the "*Saucy* Téméraire."

That this particular epithet had invariably attached to the "Téméraire," Turner could easily have discovered for himself at Sheerness. Half-an-hour among the old "tops" at that time stored in our dockyards would have given him what one may call "documentary evidence" of the fact. As a naval officer has recorded, these old "tops" were at that time to be seen lying about at all the yards, hacked over and scarred and carved with fancy designs and would-be representations of Men-of-War, the handiwork of men aloft on look-out by way of wiling away the time, and no design was more common on them than rude representations of a ship labelled "The Saucy Téméraire."

The story of the "Téméraire," the origin and first appearance of the name on the roll of the British Royal Navy, and the stirring fighting record which has made it familiar the world over begins just a hundred and forty years ago. Originally borne by a French battleship before the date of its adoption by capture into our own Service—in "The Wonderful Year," 1759,—the name had been honourably known across the Channel for upwards of a century. The first "Téméraire," to sail the seas, as a fact, was so named by the Grand Monarque himself, the name being appointed to a Man-of-War of fifty-two guns, built in Holland for the French Service in the year 1668; King Louis further selecting for the "Téméraire" as a special and distinctive figure-head, an elaborate and gorgeous effigy of himself, sworded and spurred, wearing his celebrated "lion's mane" wig and a military *just-au-corps* tunic of cloth of gold over a scarlet vest, with crimson breeches and crimson stockings—the orthodox "get up" of a French sea officer of the day.

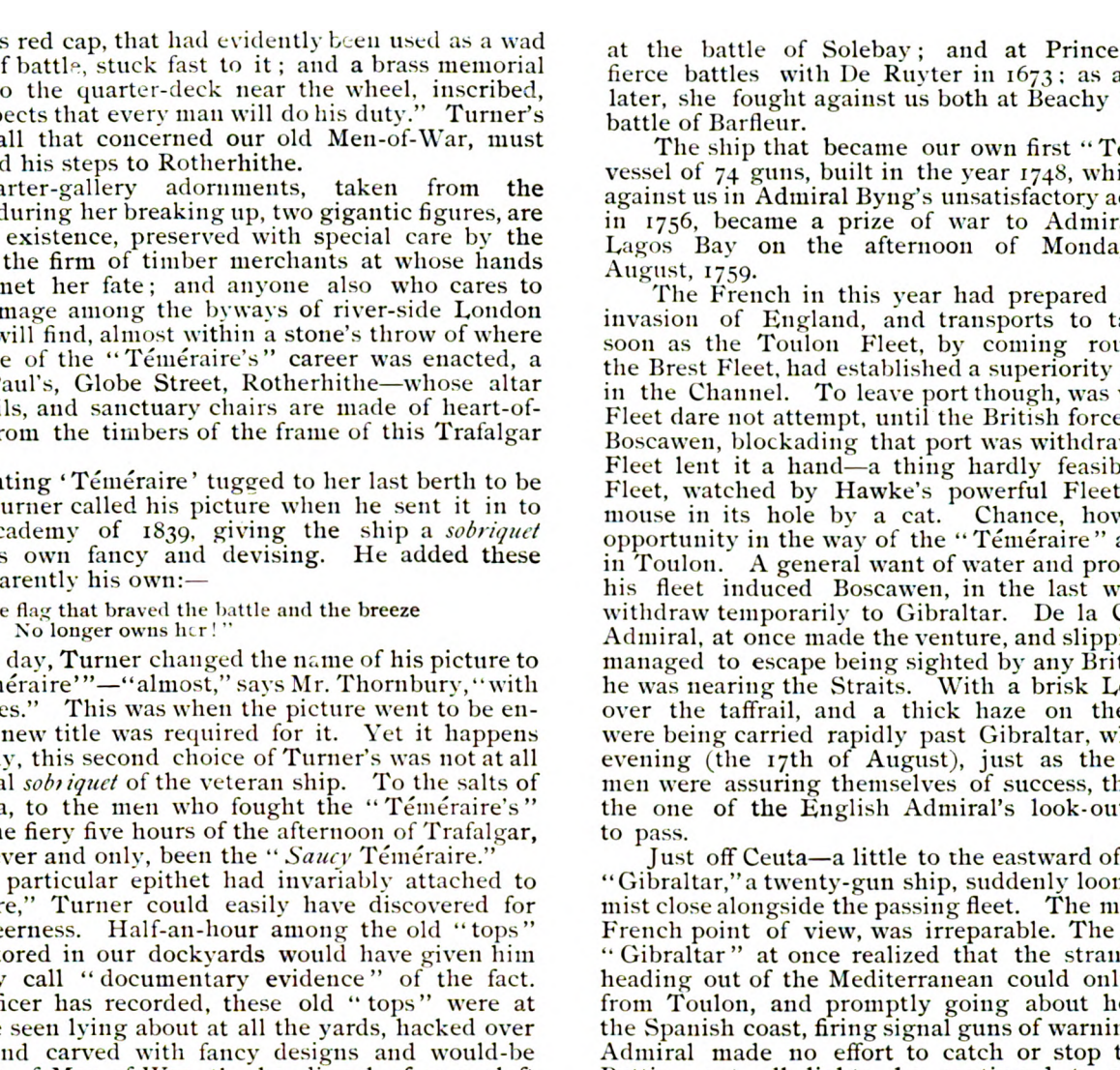
Well did the British Navy of her time know this first French "Téméraire." As a friend, she was one of the squadron of our French allies present at the battle of Solebay; and at Prince Rupert's three fierce battles with De Ruyter in 1673; as a foe, a few years later, she fought against us both at Beachy Head and in the battle of Barfleur.

The ship that became our own first "Téméraire" was a vessel of 74 guns, built in the year 1748, which after fighting against us in Admiral Byng's unsatisfactory action off Minorca in 1756, became a prize of war to Admiral Boscawen, in Lagos Bay on the afternoon of Monday, the 19th of August, 1759.

The French in this year had prepared an army for the invasion of England, and transports to take it across as soon as the Toulon Fleet, by coming round and joining the Brest Fleet, had established a superiority of force for them in the Channel. To leave port though, was what the Toulon Fleet dare not attempt, until the British force, under Admiral Boscawen, blockading that port was withdrawn, or the Brest Fleet lent it a hand—a thing hardly feasible for the Brest Fleet, watched by Hawke's powerful Fleet as closely as a mouse in its hole by a cat. Chance, however, threw an opportunity in the way of the "Téméraire" and her consorts in Toulon. A general want of water and provisions on board his fleet induced Boscawen, in the last week in July, to withdraw temporarily to Gibraltar. De la Clue, the French Admiral, at once made the venture, and slipping out to sea he managed to escape being sighted by any British cruiser until he was nearing the Straits. With a brisk Levanter blowing over the taffrail, and a thick haze on the sea, the ships were being carried rapidly past Gibraltar, when on Saturday evening (the 17th of August), just as the elated Frenchmen were assuring themselves of success, they stumbled on the one of the English Admiral's look-outs they had yet to pass.

Just off Ceuta—a little to the eastward of that place—the "Gibraltar," a twenty-gun ship, suddenly loomed up out of the mist close alongside the passing fleet. The mischief, from the French point of view, was irreparable. The Captain of the "Gibraltar" at once realized that the strange ships he saw heading out of the Mediterranean could only be the enemy from Toulon, and promptly going about he hauled in for the Spanish coast, firing signal guns of warning. The French Admiral made no effort to catch or stop the "Gibraltar." Putting out all lights, he continued to stand on, under press of canvas, towards the Atlantic. It was indeed to prove the slip 'twixt cup and lip for the "Téméraire's" Admiral.

When, at half-past seven that evening, the guns of the "Gibraltar" startled the dwellers on the Rock, about half of Boscawen's Fleet of fourteen ships were undergoing refit, lying with sails unbent and top-masts struck. But the energy of the Admiral and his Captains, was equal to the emergency. All hands turned-to with such admirable smartness and celerity that within two hours every ship was ready for the order to weigh anchor. Before ten that night the British Fleet was at sea and heading, under all sail, in chase of the French. Early next morning, off Cape Trafalgar, Boscawen got sight—though they were yet far ahead—of the French Fleet: as it happened in a sad plight through bad seamanship. No fewer than five ships of De la Clue's original twelve had gone astray in the dark. Their unaccountable absence led that Officer to commit a fearful blunder. When the leading ships of Boscawen's Fleet were reported to be in sight, he first actually took them for his own missing squadron and lay-by to wait for them, after a while, to make matters worse, going about and actually standing back to meet the approaching ships. Seven French men-of-war bearing down on fourteen English! The French admiral would not believe that Boscawen could have got out of Gibraltar so quickly,



The Captain of the "Gibraltar" sighting the French Fleet.

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The "Warspite" and the "Téméraire."

and he held on towards the advancing enemy until, finding his private signals unanswered, the truth of his desperate situation suddenly burst upon him. He turned and ran for it, to outsail his pursuers if he could; if not, to seek a refuge and shelter in some neutral Portuguese port. Boscawen followed, clearing for action. By noon the freshening wind carried the pursuers almost within gunshot of the French; and by two p.m. the van ships were near enough to open a long range fire.

All the afternoon a running fight went on, the rear ship of the French squadron—the "Centaure," of seventy-four guns---with orders to cover the retreat, withstanding the ships of the English van heroically for five hours, until, with her top-masts and mizen over the side, and the ship herself so shattered that she was with difficulty kept afloat, she hauled her colours down. A little distance ahead of the "Centaure" was Admiral De la Clue's flagship, the "Ocean," with the "Téméraire," "Redoutable," and "Modeste" in a cluster near by. The remaining ships, the "Souverain" and the "Guerrière," were some way ahead. To escape as best they might was the only thing left to the French.

All night the British chased, the French heading in for the land, intent on seeking refuge within Portuguese waters. But there was to be no sanctuary on any neutral coast. The British Admiral, "making free with the coast of Portugal in very Roman style," as Horace Walpole put it, swept straight down after M. De la Clue.

The final act of the drama, next morning, was a matter of only a few hours. By nine o'clock De la Clue's flagship ran aground, her three masts crashing over the side with the shock. The "Redoutable" ran on shore close by, breaking her back. The "Téméraire" and the "Modeste," let go anchor under the guns of a small Portuguese fort on shore, but their fate was not long delayed. The "Warspite," a seventy-four of equal strength, at once fastened on to the "Téméraire," in less than half an hour making her prize of war. At the same time the "Modeste" surrendered. The "Souverain" and "Guerrière" had got clear off in the night. So the chase and battle ended.

Setting on fire the wrecked "Ocean" and "Redoutable," Boscawen, his work accomplished, sailed home with the "Téméraire" and the "Modeste," under British colours, to add both ships, in their original French names, to the British Navy. The battle in Lagos Bay under the shadow of the cliffs of Cape St. Vincent, in the words of Captain Mahan, "saved England from invasion," and the "Téméraire's" name, for that reason alone, ought to stand to us as a memento of the performance of a national service.

For many years afterwards the "Téméraire," ever considered one of the finest seventy-fours in King George's service, served England right well all the world over under Hawke, Boscawen, Keppel, Rodney and Pocock, and after that, at the beginning of the American War, our old Seven Years' War prize was converted into a floating battery, on which duty she ended her days in Plymouth Sound, between the years 1778 and 1784.

The historic "Téméraire" of Trafalgar and Turner's picture, the successor to the trophy ship of Lagos Bay now appears just nine years after Boscawen's "Téméraire" ended her career. The date of her coming into being is July, 1793, when the Admiralty ordered the name to be revived in the British Navy, and selected it for a fine three-decker of 98 guns to be laid down in Chatham Dockyard. Sent afloat on the 11th of September, 1798, the new "Téméraire" was forthwith commissioned as one of the junior flagships of the Channel Fleet in which capacity she served for two-and-a-half years under Lord Bridport and the Earl of St. Vincent, until just before the signing of the Treaty of Amiens in 1801, flying the flags meanwhile of various officers of distinction, Sir John Borlase Warren, Rear-Admiral Whitshed, and Rear-Admiral George Campbell, the last-named officer, in the last month of the war, taking over the command of the "Western Squadron," as it was called, in the "Téméraire." Thereby hangs a tale, and a sad story to boot—the story of the mutiny of the "Téméraire."

After the Preliminaries of the Treaty had been signed, our seamen everywhere began looking forward eagerly to getting their discharges, hoping to be turned on shore in time to enter on board the outward bound merchant fleets that usually fitted out in the spring. With that hope the news of the general pacification was received by the ships' companies everywhere with transports of joy, the seamen in one fleet (the Mediterranean), giving vent to their feelings, it is said, by manning the rigging of the ships and kicking their shoes overboard as they shouted themselves hoarse. Bitter indeed, must have been the disappointment in the squadron to which the "Téméraire" was flagship, when, with the news of the signing of the Preliminaries, an order came for the Squadron to be sent off to the West Indies forthwith, not a man being allowed to set foot on shore. There was no doubt, good reason for the order, but it had a disastrous effect, particularly on board the "Téméraire."

The "Breeze" began by grumblings on the lower deck, which were followed by meetings of the more reckless among the crew in out of the way parts of the ship, look-out men being posted to keep guard against intruders. When anyone not in the secret came along these fellows as a signal of alarm, would sing out, "A rat! a rat! ho there! catch that

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rat!" or else fling down their hats on the deck and ask one another for a drink of water or a quid of tobacco.

The disaffection grew, and by degrees a plan for deliberate mutiny took shape. It was finally arranged that when orders were given to unmoor (the "Téméraire" was in Bantry Bay), the disaffected were to rush aft, overpower the officers, barricade the hatchways, disarm the marines, break open the stores and magazines, supplying themselves with tomahawks. If the officers resisted, and were backed by men who were loyal, they were to be attacked; the bow guns, loaded with canister, being, if necessary, swung round and pointed to sweep the quarter-deck. The mutiny broke out on Sunday, the 6th of December, shortly after noon, on the cry being raised, "Lower the Ports! Douse the Ports!" This was one of the agreed-on calls to action, and the mutineers in their various messes, fore and aft, at once replied with a general shout, "Wad and shot—no place but England!" and hurried in a tumultuous crowd to the gangways.

The officer of the watch, who came to see what was the matter, took in the situation at a glance; but he refrained from doing more than calmly requesting all who had grievances to come on to the quarter-deck. "There," he said, "the Admiral will listen to what any one has to say." The exasperated men, however, were not to be quieted by a quarter-deck interview. They retorted in chorus:—"No! no! Send the Master down to us! We don't want to shiver on the quarter-deck!"

The officer of the watch, Lieutenant Douglas, then proposed by way of pacifying the men, to go down the gangway ladder to them himself. This well-meant move was again of no avail. The men yelled threats at him. "Break the ——'s neck and kill him," they shouted, some laying hold of the gangway ladder to unship it, some calling, "Shoot! shoot! bring the match there! strike him down!"

The Lieutenant after that withdrew to the quarter-deck, where Admiral Campbell and the officers had hastily assembled. The men also changing their purpose, now followed Lieutenant Douglas in a disorderly crowd to where the officers stood. They began by addressing the Admiral in an aggressive and highly insubordinate tone. "Where are we going to, Sir? We have most of us," the ringleaders called out in chorus, "eight or nine years' service since the beginning of the war, and now it is over we want our discharge to go on shore and see our friends!" Admiral Campbell replied by trying to reason with the men. "It is no use being obstreperous," he said, "I, like yourselves, have to obey orders. I hope that when I call all hands to duty you will go where you have to go, with good will." But the men refused to listen. They again shouted, "No, no, we won't go from the land! We will go to England!" And then in the end getting no further answer from the officers, they retired to the forecastle in a body, and eventually below. This state of things lasted in the "Téméraire" about a week, the mutineers remaining in their quarters unruly and defiant, sullenly declaring: "We will go through with it." They did no more, however, and then of a sudden the mutiny collapsed. Dispirited by their failure at the outset, and divided among themselves as to what to do next, a surprise on the part of the officers put the ringleaders in the power of the Admiral. He at once clapped them in irons and sent them below under a

Admiral Campbell Addressing the Mutineers of the 'Téméraire."

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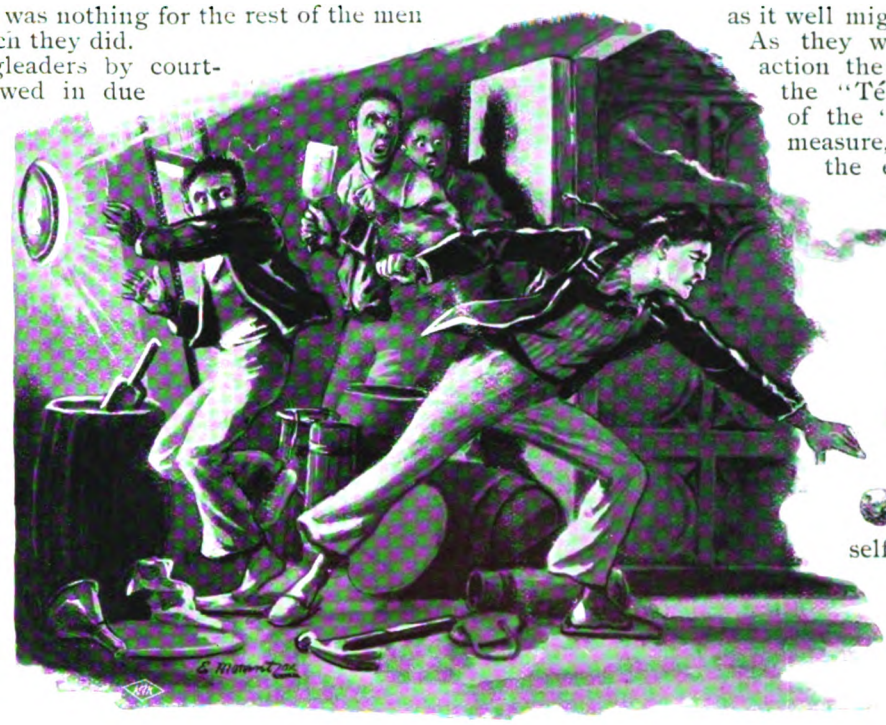
guard of marines. There was nothing for the rest of the men but to return to duty, which they did.

The trial of the ringleaders by court-martial at Spithead followed in due course. It was a sad close to more than one gallant career, for among the arraigned men were brave fellows who, in other ships, had fought under Rodney in the West Indies; had volunteered for forlorn-hope work with Hood at Toulon nine years before; had been among the foremost at St. Vincent, and at the Nile under Jervis and Nelson. The court-martial (of which Collingwood was a member), after a protracted hearing of four days, found seventeen of the "Téméraire's" men guilty of mutiny, and ten of the number suffered the extreme penalty of the law by being hanged at the yard-arm.



The Fire Ball in the Magazine.

Such was the reproach—with its terrible expiation—that seemed to darken the famous "Téméraire's" career almost at its outset.

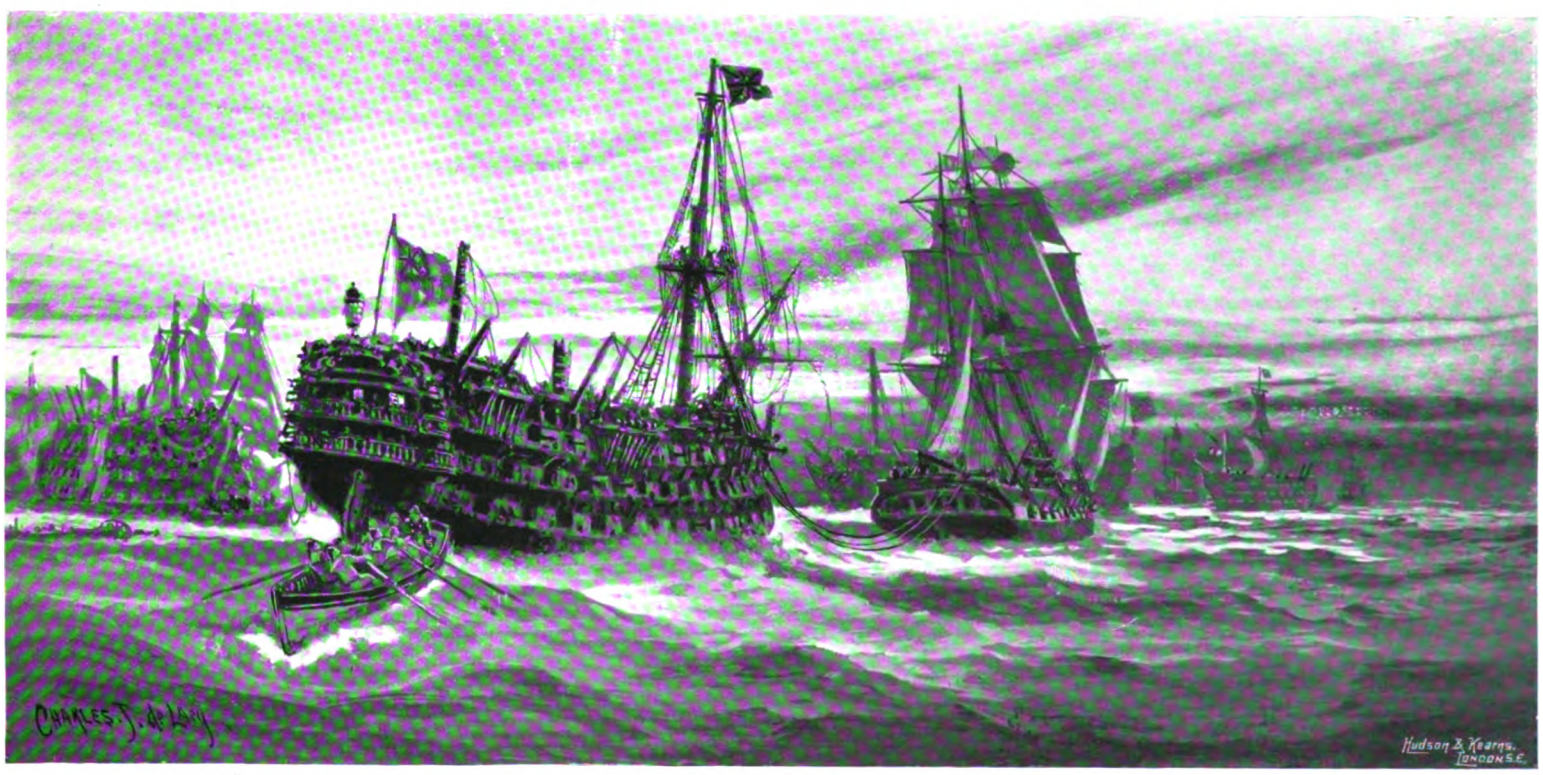
It made little difference to the future destination of the "Téméraire," for as soon as the execution was over, she duly sailed with her squadron to the West Indies to remain there until the need for her services had passed, when she returned to Plymouth Sound. What had happened, though, was not forgotten on board. A note in the daily Plymouth report of the *Naval Chronicle*, under the date of October 7th, records: "The seamen of the 'Téméraire,' of 98 guns, Rear-Admiral Campbell, paid off, put on crape hatbands round their straw hats, in memory of the mutineers in that ship who were executed for the mutiny in Bantry Bay last year."

But the "Téméraire's" compensating hour of heroic achievement was now at hand. Commissioned in November, 1803, after the outbreak of the Great War with Napoleon, by Captain Eliab Harvey, she put to sea on the 10th of March, 1804, to join the Channel Fleet. A twelvemonth later Nelson made his dash across the Atlantic and back after the Toulon Fleet, and then the "Téméraire," a few weeks before Trafalgar, joined the fleet that was assembling under Collingwood to watch the Frenchmen and their Spanish allies who had taken refuge in Cadiz.

Nelson, on joining Collingwood, appointed the "Téméraire" leader of his line of battleships; then, a little later, when he took that post for the "Victory," he told off the "Téméraire" to be his "second" or chief supporter, the ship to follow into action immediately astern of the flagship. That was her allotted post on the day of Trafalgar, a post that was, as it well might be, the envy of the Fleet. As they were pressing forward into action the suggestion was made that the "Téméraire" should go ahead of the "Victory," so as, in some measure, to cover the flagship from the enemy's fire. "Oh yes," replied Nelson, with a significant smile, "let her go ahead if she *can*." Captain Harvey promptly did his best to give Nelson a lead, with the result that the "Téméraire" gradually drew up on the "Victory's" quarter as if about to pass the flagship. Nelson again intervened. He would not let himself be passed. Hailing the "Téméraire" with an "I'll thank you, Captain Harvey, to keep your proper station, which is *astarn* of the 'Victory,'" the Admiral compelled her to drop back and follow the flagship through the enemy's line.

After the "Victory" had broken through the French fleet and run foul of the "Redoutable," the "Téméraire" passed through the same gap, exchanging broadsides with the French "Neptune" to starboard. Then she forged ahead slowly until suddenly in the smoke Captain Harvey discovered the "Victory" and "Redoutable" locked together, drifting down on him. Every effort was made to keep the "Téméraire" clear, but in vain, and then the ships rubbed sides with the French seventy-four between the "Téméraire" on one side and the "Victory" on the other. This was after Nelson had fallen, and just as the French captain made the attempt to board the "Victory" which failed so disastrously — thanks to the "Téméraire," whose port broadside as she sheered alongside was fired right in among the French boarding parties as they stood massed and packed along the upper deck, sweeping them down wholesale.

Then the three ships locked fast together, "lying side by side as if in dock"—two three-deckers with a two-decker between them—and the "Téméraire's" great fight began. The "Redoutable," smaller ship though she was, proved herself no mean antagonist. With an incessant rain of bullets, she partly cleared the upper decks of the "Téméraire," while her topmen flung down hand grenades and fire-balls with such recklessness as to set the French ship herself alight. The fire so caused, indeed, spread to the upper deck of the "Téméraire," where, however, it was extinguished at the same moment that the pluck and presence of mind of her master-at-arms saved the magazine below from a fire-ball that rolled in almost among the powder barrels.



The "Téméraire" Towed ound to Gibraltar.

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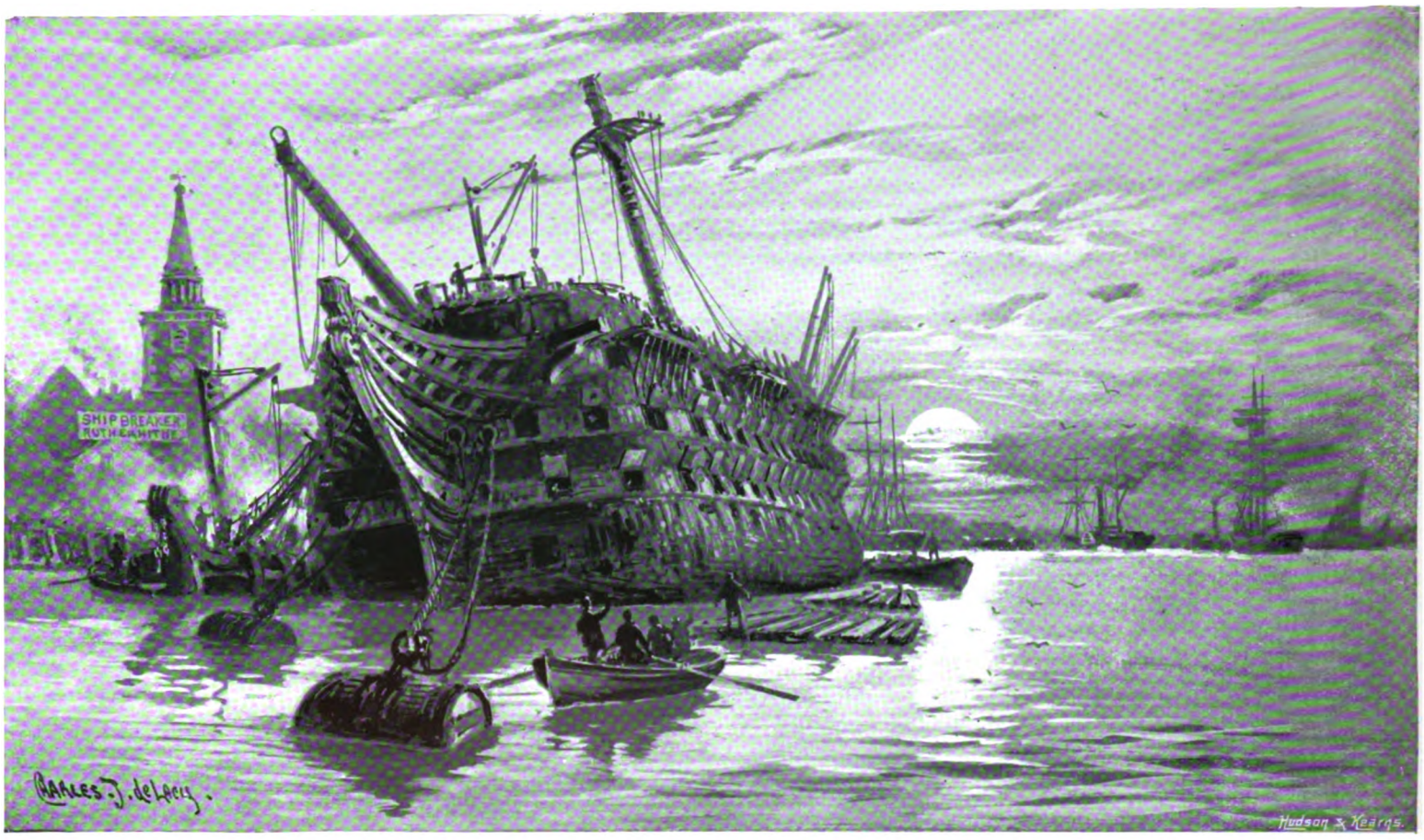

Breaking Up the Old "Téméraire."

Then, in the midáie of the fight, a new antagonist, a French eighty-gun ship, the "Fougueux," came on the scene and made for the "Téméraire," attracted by the disabled appearance of the British ship. Under the fire that the French "Neptune," lying some two hundred yards off, had never ceased pouring into the "Téméraire, spar after spar had come crashing down; the main topmast and foreyard had collapsed over the side under a tangled wreck of sails and rigging, while the foremast and bowsprit, badly shot through, seemed every moment about to follow them. Her colours, too, had been shot away, and very few men were to be seen on her upper decks. The "Fougueux" decided to board the "Téméraire," and with rigging and upperworks crowded with boarders, neared her chosen foe. But Captain Harvey had seen the newcomer's approach, and was ready for her.

The "Téméraire" had the triple row of twenty-four and thirty-two pounders on her starboard broadside double shotted and ready for action, the captain of each gun standing expectant, trigger-lanyard in hand. Nearer and nearer the French ship swept down:—Two hundred yards—a hundred and fifty—one hundred—eighty! The captain of the "Fougueux," if he lived through it, might well consider himself a made man!

The supreme moment arrived. Almost as the yardarms touched, the "Téméraire's" starboard broadside fired, like the discharge of a single giant gun. A terrific crash echoed back, with yells and shrieks from the doomed "Fougueux." As the smoke drifted off, the "Téméraire's" men saw the enemy's rigging and upperworks swept bare. The next minute, with her whole side a mass of splinters, crushed in like an eggshell trampled under foot, her rows of ports one gaping cleft along the whole length of the hull, the hapless French ship drove blundering alongside the "Téméraire."

Like the "Redoutable," she was promptly lashed fast, and then, "Boarders away!" was the cry. A master's mate, a little middy, twenty seamen, six marines, followed close behind Lieutenant Kennedy as he sprang on to the "Fougueux's" deck—one of the seamen, joining the boarding party with a Union Jack roiled round his neck. "It'll come in handy," said the brave fellow as he followed his messmates—and it did. There was a sharp tussle on the upper deck of the "Fougueux," but the gallant twenty-nine were not to be denied. Slashing and stabbing their way, without one fresh man from the ship to help them, in less than ten minutes they had brought down the "Fougueux's" tricolour, the "handy" Union Jack going up in its place.

At the same time the "Victory" broke clear from the row of four ships, and drifted away, leaving the "Redoutable" to be settled with by the "Téméraire." It proved easy work. Scarcely had the British flagship moved off than the "Redoutable's" main and mizen masts came down, and the mainmast falling over the "Téméraire's" poop, formed a bridge across which a party of her officers and men, headed by the second lieutenant, promptly boarded. The "Redoutable" was in no condition to face them with more than five-sixths of her original crew lying dead or wounded. Her captain could only surrender at discretion. He was conducted on board the "Téméraire" to hand his sword to Captain Harvey.

Her old enemy, the French "Neptune," now began to look dangerous, but the approach of the British "Leviathan" caused the captain of the French ship to finally withdraw. After that the "Téméraire" was left undisturbed to look after her prizes.

She had, indeed, done well. Every man on board had done his duty, as Collingwood himself personally acknowledged to her captain on the day after Trafalgar. In a letter to Captain Harvey, the Admiral a second time eulogised the "Téméraire's" conduct. "I congratulate you most sincerely," wrote Collingwood, "on the noble and distinguished part that the 'Téméraire' took in the battle: nothing could be finer. I have not words in which I could sufficiently express my admiration of it." From one so measured in speech as Collingwood, this was the highest praise. It was re-echoed at home in England with enthusiasm when the story of the ship's share in the great battle became known, the print shops in London for weeks afterwards displaying in their windows spirited pictures of "The 'Téméraire' triumphant."

In killed and wounded Trafalgar cost the "Téméraire" a hundred and seventy-three of her gallant crew, in addition to a deplorable loss of about fifty brave fellows who went down in the "Fougueux" and "Redoutable" during the storm that followed the battle.

In the course of the next week the "Téméraire" was towed round to Gibraltar, whence, after a hasty refit, she sailed under jury rig for England, arriving in time to permit her captain to pay the last token of respect to his dead chief, as one of the pall bearers at Nelson's funeral.

By a happy chance an artist, John Christian Schetzky, afterwards Marine Painter to George the Fourth, William the Fourth, and to Her Majesty Queen Victoria, happened to be at Portsmouth on the very day—the 5th of December—that the "Téméraire" entered Portsmouth Harbour, cheered on all sides by excited crowds on the Platform and Point batteries, and by every boat and ship that she passed. Pencil and sketch-book in hand, Mr. Schetzky made good use of his opportunity, with a result we see to-day.

Of the "Téméraire," in the years that followed Trafalgar, there are two stories to tell, both with their full share of exciting incident. After four years as a flagship in the Baltic and in the Channel, the "Téméraire," early in the year 1810, found herself with the squadron of the Mediterranean Fleet stationed off Cadiz, where a British force was assisting the besieged Spanish garrison against Marshal Soult's army. She had not long joined the squadron when, on the night of the 6th of March, the full fury of an Atlantic hurricane burst on the west coast of Spain. The storm fell heavily on the ships of the British fleet, but all were able to ride it out until next morning, all—except the "Téméraire." Daybreak found the vessel dragging her anchors, and drifting to destruction. For a time the big three-decker seemed to be holding her own with the giant Atlantic rollers that burst fiercely over her in surging masses of water. Then of a sudden her cable slackened. The next minute the ship was driving in

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After T. WHITCOMBE.

THE "TÉMÉRAIRE" AT TRAFALGAR.

From an Engraving by J. JEAKES.

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Marine Painter to the Queen.

After J. C. SCHETKY.

THE "TEMERAIRE," JURY RIGGED, ENTERING PORTSMOUTH HARBOUR AFTER THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.

DECEMBER 25th, 1805.

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towards the beach, where, in anticipation of a coming catastrophe, a battery of French Horse Artillery from the camp of the besieging army appeared galloping down and unlimbering their guns. There was consternation in the British fleet. An awful disaster seemed impending. But British seamen do not easily lose heart. By good luck just before the cables parted, Captain Chamberlain of the "Téméraire," who, with several of his officers had been all night at work helping to succour the crews of merchantmen in distress, had got back on board, being hauled over the side, drenched and half dead with fatigue, while his boat was stove against the ship. Sail was made by his orders, and slowly, in the teeth of the gale, the ship gathered way. For nearly half-an-hour even then the suspense in the fleet was awful, until at length, by consummate seamanship and her captain's splendid handling, the ship—when, in fact, there was hardly six feet of water under her bows—began to make head against the storm. Slowly she worked off shore until she finally brought up and was able to signal to the Admiral: "All safe—nine fathoms." It was a magnificent display, not only of seamanship, but of the qualities of our race on which Englishmen specially pride themselves—pluck, endurance, resourcefulness in extreme difficulty, and the spirit which never says die. The same storm, though, had yet sterner work for the "Téméraire" to do.

Two days later five prison hulks—old Spanish line of battleships that had escaped St. Vincent and Trafalgar—on board of which were confined several thousand French prisoners of war (Dupont's entire Army corps) broke from their moorings outside Cadiz harbour. It had been too rough during the past three days for the usual tenders to supply the captives with either bread or fresh water; and, maddened and reckless, they broke into open revolt, murdered their guards, and cut the cables to run the hulks on shore. There their countrymen, who half expected such a contingency, were already crowding to the rescue. But it was in vain. At all costs these men had to be prevented from landing to reinforce their compatriots before Cadiz.

The "Téméraire," with two consorts, was signalled to stop the hulks, or sink them if they could not be stopped. They did as they were ordered amid scenes one may not detail. Scores of miserable wretches were washed away at every heave of the hulks, as these, all unballasted, wallowed in the seas and plunged deeply with gunwales submerged at every roll; while more still were struck down with grape and canister and twenty-four pounder balls, "sweeping the slanting decks with horrible precision." Hulk after hulk then took fire and blazed furiously till each had foundered, a seething mass of charred and blackened timbers. A fearful scene, in very truth, and one wrought out amid surroundings in keeping with the terrible tragedy that was enacted: with the wind howling in furious gusts, black clouds overhead, torrents of blinding rain, the sea running mountains high, the fierce turmoil and strife of an Atlantic storm.

The remainder of the "Téméraire's" active service story is soon told. She had a brush with the enemy near Toulon in the next year (1811) when becalmed within range of the batteries at Hyères Bay, but the business was settled by one tremendous broadside which so shook the nerves of the French artillerymen, that they troubled her gunners no further. These were the last-shotted guns the old fighting "Téméraire" ever fired.

Ordered home and put out of commission early in 1812, during the rest of the war, until after Waterloo, the "Téméraire" did duty at Plymouth as a prison ship for French prisoners, and then she was made a receiving ship, first at Devonport and later at Sheerness. In August, 1836, she was brought forward to act as "Guardship to the Ordinary" at Sheerness, until in March, 1838, came the order to haul down the "Téméraire's" pennant. On the following 16th of August she was sold out of the Royal Navy to a shipbreaker for £5,530.

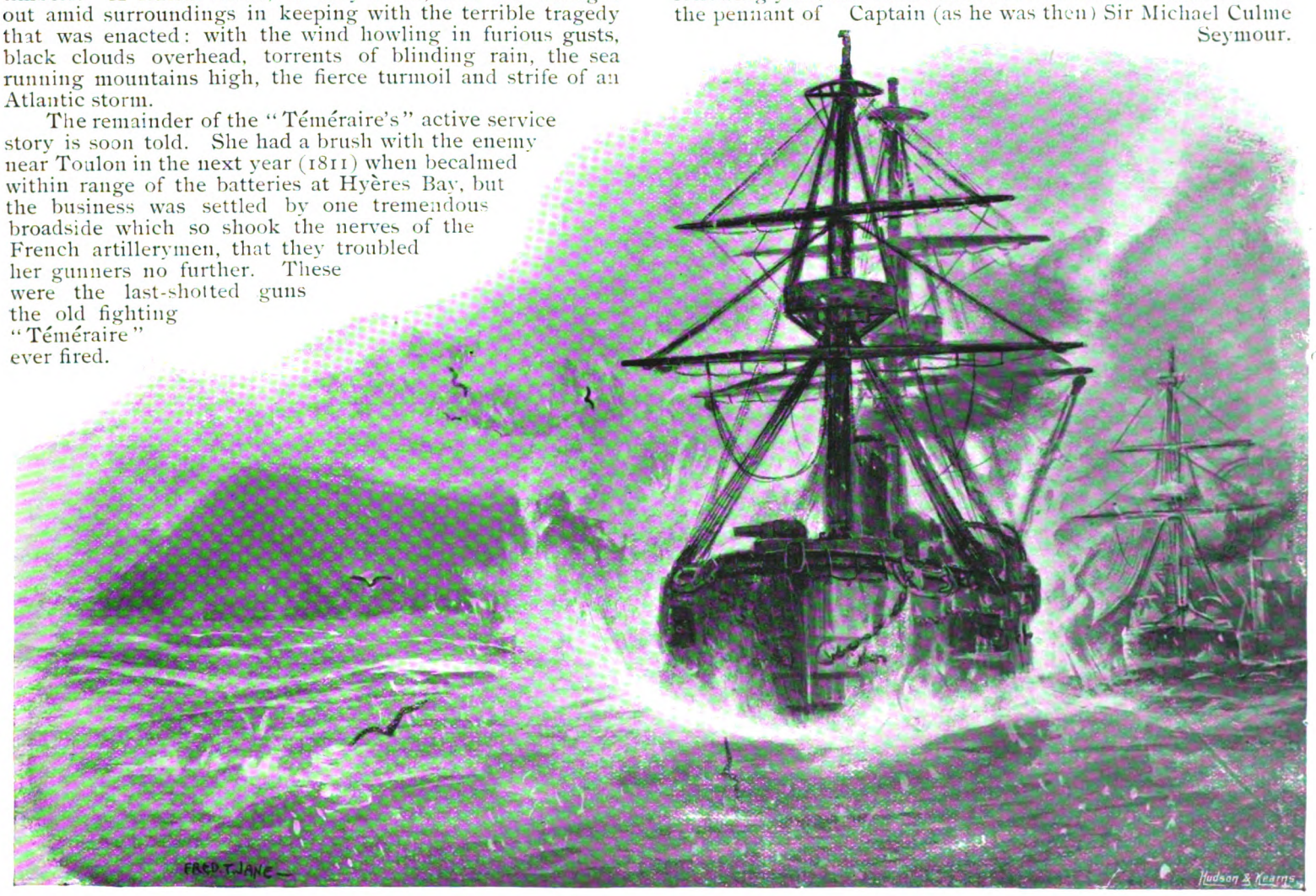
We will take leave of her with what we may call Mr. Ruskin's funeral oration.

"This particular ship, crowned in the Trafalgar hour of trial with chief victory—prevailing over the fatal vessel that had given Nelson death—surely, if anything without a soul deserved honour or affection, we owed them here. Those sails that strained so full bent into the battle—that broad bow that struck the surf aside, enlarging silently in steadfast haste, full front to the shot, resistless and without reply, those triple ports, whose choirs of flame rang forth in their courses into the fierce revenging monotone, which, when it died away, left no answering voice to rise any more upon the sea against the strength of England—those sides that were wet with the long runlets of English life blood, like press planks at vintage, gleaming goodly crimson down to the cast and clash of the washing foam—those pale masts that stayed themselves up against the war ruin, shaking out their ensigns through the thunder till sail and ensign dropped—steeped in the death-stilled pause of Andalusian air, burning with its witness cloud of human souls at rest—surely, for these, for sacred care might have been left in our thoughts some quiet space amidst the lapse of English waters.

"Nay, not so. We have stern keepers to trust her glory to—the fire and the worm. Never more shall sunset lay golden robe on her, nor starlight tremble on the waves that part at her gliding. Perhaps where the low gate opens to some cottage garden the tired traveller may ask, idly, why the moss grows so green on its rugged wood, and even the sailor's child may not answer nor know that the night dew lies deep in the war rents of the wood of the old 'Téméraire.'"

Five and thirty years went by before we again had a "Téméraire" in the Royal Navy—our present ship. In May, 1873, the name first reappears in the Navy List as "preparing to build at Chatham," and in the following November her keel was laid in dock. Thirty months later, on Tuesday, the 9th of May, 1876, the "Téméraire" was christened by Mrs. Ward Hunt, wife of the First Lord of the Admiralty, and "floated out" with the customary ceremonial.

The "Teméraire" was first commissioned in August of the following year, and then went out to the Mediterranean under the pennant of Captain (as he was then) Sir Michael Culme Seymour.



Through the Dardanelles—Passing the Forts.

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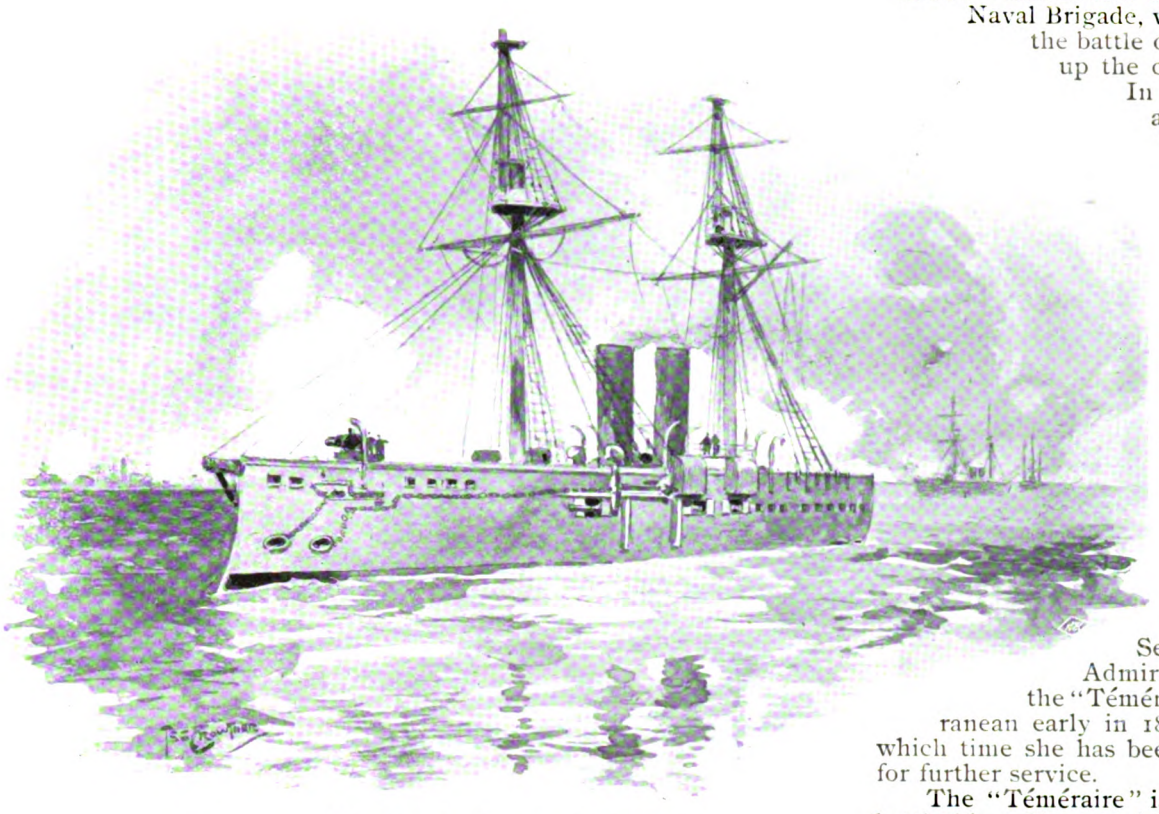

The Bombardment of Alexandria.

It was at the time of the Russo-Turkish war, and the invaders were drawing towards Constantinople. The Mediterranean Fleet was sent into the Levant, and then, in February, 1878, on the Russian advance guard being reported already within sight of the Turkish capital, Admiral Sir Geoffrey Hornby, the British Commander-in-Chief gave orders to pass the Dardanelles. The "Téméraire" was one of the ships to make the passage.

As the Sultan's permission had not been obtained, all went up cleared for action, the ships' companies at quarters, water-tight doors shut, and the guns loaded. The Admiral's instructions were to make no hostile demonstration unless the forts opened fire, when these were at once to be answered.

At a speed of eight knots, in thick and snowy weather with half a gale of wind blowing, the squadron approached the forts which formed the most formidable defence of the Straits—close to Tchernak, some distance below Gallipoli.

As we drew near "breathless silence reigned," relates one who was present in Sir Geoffrey's squadron, "broken only by the dull thud, thud of the engines." At the guns stood their crews, one man at each, ready to slip out the tompion, the others ready to run the gun out, while the captain of each gun stood immovable, lanyard in hand.

When Cape Sestos was passed the guns were unloaded and the ammunition returned to the magazines, as thenceforth the passage permanently widened to a general width of some two miles across.

The squadron traversed the further end of the Straits and the Sea of Marmora, until they cast anchor off Prince's Islands, within two miles of the walls of Constantinople. There they remained until, three weeks later, the treaty of San Stefano was signed, and then, their mission accomplished, the squadron returned as they had come.

The second memorable event in our present "Téméraire's" story, is her share in the bombardment of Alexandria on the morning of Tuesday 11th of July, 1882.

On this occasion the "Téméraire" was commanded by Captain (now Vice-Admiral) H. F. Nicholson. First posted at the entrance of the main channel leading to the harbour, with the "Inflexible" and "Penelope" near by, her orders were to attack Fort Mexs and the western defences of Alexandria. She shelled these works with her four 25-ton guns until Fort Mexs, the second strongest work round Alexandria, was practically silenced. Then she was signalled to cease firing. Two hours later she moved eastward and joined the "Inflexible" in the attack on the Pharos Fort, which place in turn was, during the afternoon, completely silenced. Again, next morning, the "Téméraire," with the "Inflexible," attacked Fort Moncrieff, which had during the night repaired its damages, and this fort in turn speedily hoisted the white flag after the bombardment, a party of the "Téméraire's" officers and men served on shore with the Naval Brigade, with the Army in the glory of the battle of Tel-el-Kebir, which wound up the campaign.

In 1884 the "Téméraire" again and for the third time, flew the pennant in the Mediterranean. Again there was Naval Brigade work on shore for her men, a detachment from the ship going up the Nile with the Khartoum Expedition, and taking part in the battle of Abu Klea Wells.

After this, returning home in 1887, the "Téméraire" was commissioned at Portsmouth for service with the Channel Squadron, proceeding later once more to the Mediterranean. Her last captain was the present Junior Sea Lord of the Admiralty, Admiral G. H. U. Noel, who brought the "Téméraire" home from the Mediterranean early in 1891, and paid her off, since which time she has been refitted, and is now ready for further service.

The "Téméraire" is now rated as a second-class battleship. Her speed is upwards of 14½ knots. She carries her big guns in two 10-in. iron cased barbettes, erected forward and aft, the guns being worked on the Moncrieff or "disappearing" principle. By this system, the guns are automatically raised above the barbettes for firing, and lowered bodily inside after firing, to be loaded under cover, out of sight of the enemy. The "Téméraire" is protected by a complete water line belt of armour—at the stoutest part, amidships, 11-in. thick. Quick-firing guns, torpedo tubes, and machine guns complete her equipment.

If the old "Happy Brig's" day as the "Téméraire" used to be called when in the Mediterranean, from her rig, is past for fighting work in the first fleet line in European waters—after fourteen years of duty done—she is yet a powerful ship, capable of many a day's good service yet in more distant seas. May those who shall in future man our present "Téméraire" never forget the credit that attaches to that fine old fighting name, in the spirit of the old-time stanza:—

"The fathers in glory do sleep
That gathered with thee to the fight,
But the sons shall eternally keep
Thy blazon of memory bright."

With the Khartoum Expedition.

The next Special Number of this series will contain the Histories of the "Prince George" and the Royal Scots Greys, the Illustration on the Cover representing an incident on the Quarter-deck of the "Prince George" in the engagement off Cape Finisterre, 3rd May, 1747.

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THE
NAVY & ARMY
ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. II.—No. 25.] *FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 27th, 1896.*

Ph to. FALK STUDIOS. Sydney

Rear-Admiral CYPRIAN ARTHUR GEORGE BRIDGE.

THE distinguished officer now in chief command of the Squadron on the Australian Station has held a number of important appointments connected with our National Defences:—as a member of the War Office Committee on machine guns in 1878, as a member of the Ordnance Committee of 1881, when the vital question of the replacing of the muzzle-loading system for naval heavy guns by the breechloading system was the question of the hour; and most important of all, as Director of Naval Intelligence at the Admiralty between 1889 and 1894. From Whitehall, in November, 1894, Rear-Admiral BRIDGE proceeded to take up the command in Australia. He entered the Royal Navy in 1853, and served in the White Sea during the Russian War, and with a Naval Brigade in Burmah during the Indian Mutiny, attaining flag rank between four and five years ago. The Admiral has been a welcome contributor to the magazines, and when he relinquishes his command will, doubtless, become so again.

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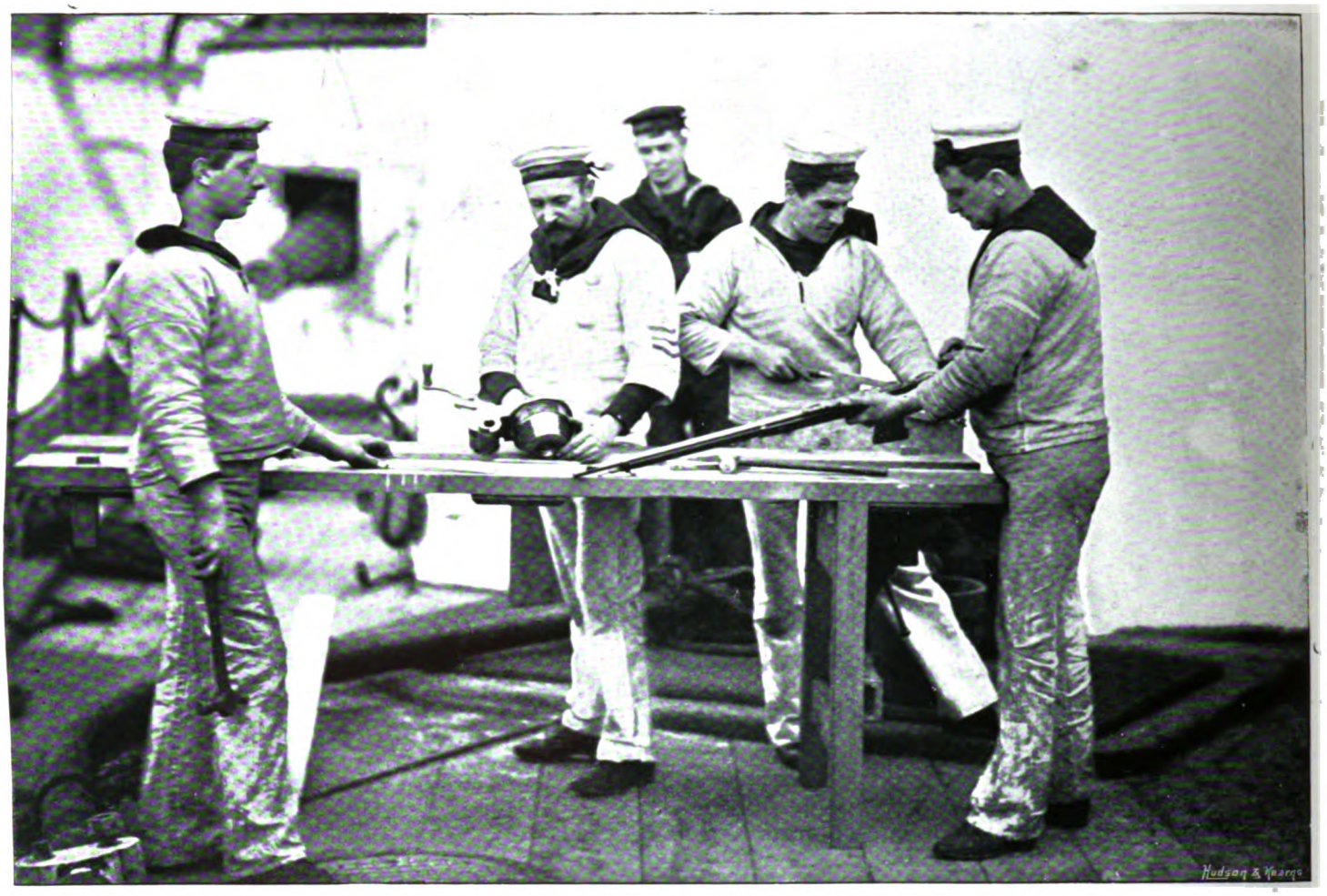

JACK ON DUTY.

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

JACK OFF DUTY.

"ALL work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," as the old saying goes. Here we see instances of Jack under each condition—both at work and at play. It is one of the sailor's chief characteristics that whatever he has to do, he "puts his back into," and does with a heartiness, thoroughness, and persevering industry that in these times is hardly to be found ashore. The three ship's artificers of an armourer's crew, for instance, whom we see hard at work in the upper picture, could give points in efficiency and zeal and honesty of work, to the typical shore-going "working man" of these days, to whom as little work as he can decently show for his time and an eight hours' day are the first principles of all labour. The second photograph shows Jack, with Joey the Marine, after working hours, enjoying for the time being a well-earned spell of rest.

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Photo. RUSSELL & SONS, Southsea.

THE SENIOR GUNNERY INSTRUCTOR AT WHALE ISLAND.

CHIEF PETTY OFFICER GEORGE WROE, a native of Manchester, joined the Royal Navy in January, 1867, and has thus been nearly thirty years on active service. He became a 1st class Petty Officer and Gunnery Instructor in October, 1876, and reached his present rank in December, 1878, probably a longer record of Petty Officers' time than can be shown by any other man in the Service. WROE is a leader in all athletics, his name regularly appears as a winner in the athletic and rifle shooting meetings, and his energy is in a measure responsible for the success of the football, cricket and shooting teams sent out from Whale Island in late years. His first sea-going ship was the "Meeanee," a sailing two-decker, and his last the "Trafalgar," a battleship now in the Mediterranean. WROE wears the Royal Humane Society's medal, also the long service and good conduct medal; he is justly appreciated by all officers who know him.

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THREE DISTINGUISHED OFFICERS.

Photo.—R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright—H. & K.*

Com. the Hon. STANLEY C. J. COLVILLE, R.N.

COMMANDERS the Hon. STANLEY COLVILLE and CHARLES HOPE ROBERTSON, C.M.G., are the two senior Naval officers who have had charge of the gunboat flotilla employed on the Upper Nile in connection with the Dongola Expedition. Both are officers with former experience of War Service:—Commander COLVILLE with the Naval Brigade in the Zulu War, at the Bombardment of Alexandria, and with the Naval Brigade in the Egyptian War of 1882, and the Khartoum Relief Expedition of 1884; Commander ROBERTSON in Nyassa Land on the Shiré River, on Lake Nyassa, and the West Coast Africa, where he won his C.M.G. for effecting the relief of the British Commissioner, Sir H. H. JOHNSTON, when hemmed in by native rising.

In the Dongola Expedition Commander COLVILLE did admirable work in the general organization of the flotilla in the final attack on the Dervish entrenchments at Hafir, near Old Dongola, where with three gunboats, led by the "Tamai" his own command, under a very heavy fire from the shore, he shelled the enemy's position, and had a principal hand in contributing to the subsequent rout of the Dervish forces. To Commander ROBERTSON is due mainly the successful navigation of the gunboats through the cataracts between Wady Halfa and Gemai, a feat of special skill in the face of tremendous natural obstacles. After the giving way of the Dervishes before Dongola, Commander ROBERTSON pushed forward up the Nile to Merawi in the gunboat "Metemmeh" and all but captured the two great Dervish leaders WAD EL BISHARA and OSMAN AZRAK.

The third officer whose portrait we give is Lieutenant ERNEST F. A. GAUNT, First and Gunnery Lieutenant of the cruiser "Narcissus" of the China Squadron, whose captain, HENRY B. LANG, R.N., lost his life recently under sad circumstances when returning to the ship off the mouth of the Fish River, after a fishing excursion. A gale was blowing and a tremendous sea running at the time of the capsizing of the galley, but in an incredibly short time Lieutenant GAUNT had a cutter manned by volunteers, and was on the way to the rescue of his shipmates. They were, unfortunately, only able to rescue five of the party of nine, the survivors, who were found clinging to the bottom of the galley and to oars, being hauled out of the water by Lieutenant GAUNT, who risked his own life in the most plucky manner.

Photo.—HAWKE, Plymouth.

Com. CHARLES H. ROBERTSON, R.N., C.M.G.

Photo.—FALK STUDIOS, Sydney.

Lieut. ERNEST F. A. GAUNT, R.N.

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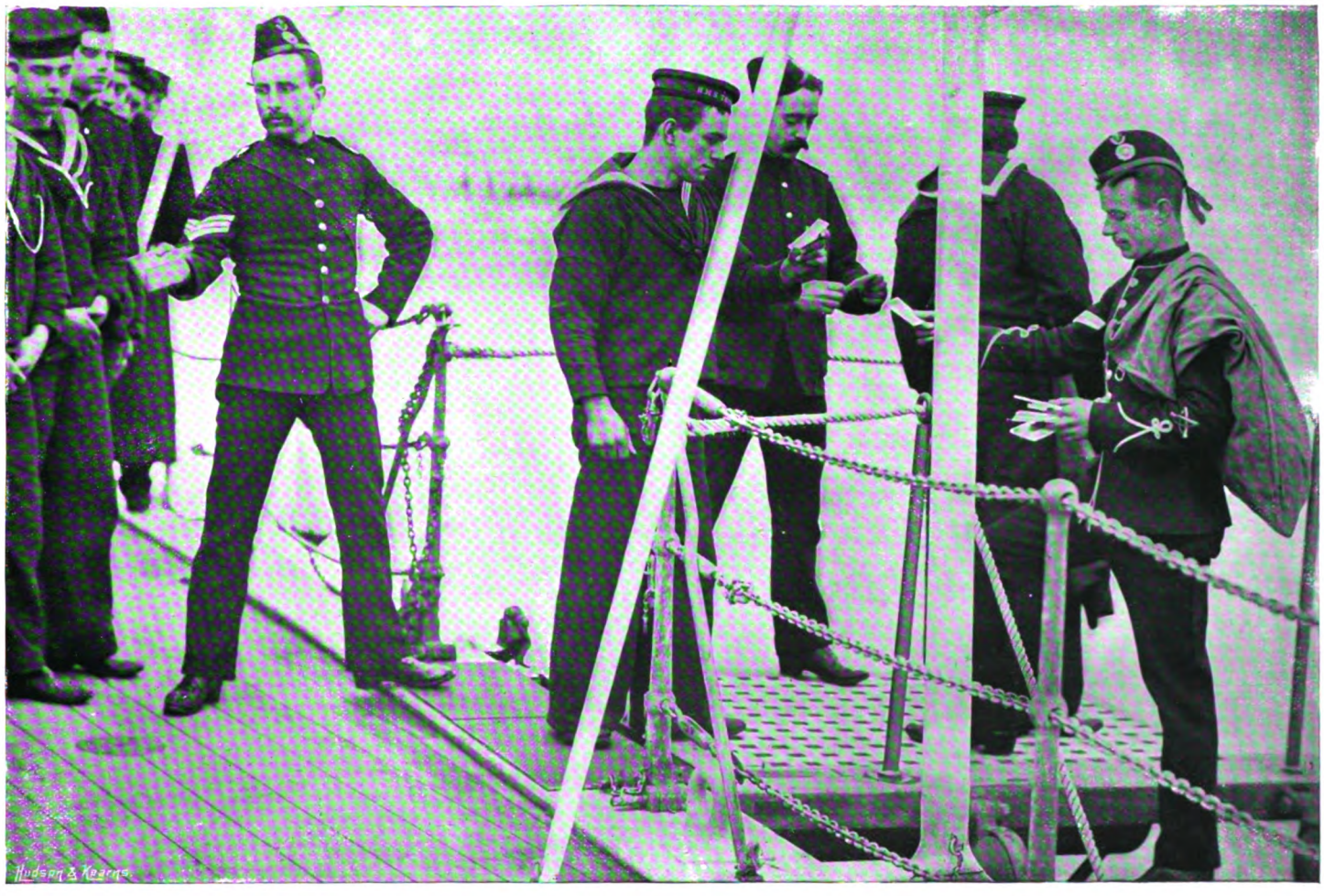
Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS*

MAKING AND MENDING CLOTHES ON THE LOWER DECK.



Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Naval Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE SHIP'S POSTMAN COMING ON BOARD.

IN our upper photograph we see men of a ship's company on a Thursday afternoon—the recognized "afternoon off" in the Navy—engaged in making and mending clothes, to which occupation they are duly piped. Jack does everything in this way for himself, and from so many yards of cloth supplied. For the purpose Thursday afternoon—"rope-yarn Sunday," it is often called—has been allotted during the past half century, ever since the days of the Sailor King, WILLIAM THE FOURTH, through whose action on a particular occasion, it is said, the custom of allotting a special time to ship's tailoring was first instituted. Finding fault with a man's rig one day, the King was told that there was no time to devote to such matters, whereupon he ordered an afternoon to be regularly given up to making and mending clothes, a custom that has since been duly observed. In our second photograph we see a ship's post being delivered on board in harbour, by the Marine who is usually told off as postman to go ashore to the local post office and bring off the ship's budget of letters.

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MUSIC AND MUSCLES.

THE MANDOLINE BAND OF THE "ARETHUSA."

THE OFFICERS' FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE "HOWE."

THE TUG-OF-WAR TEAM OF THE "CAMPERDOWN."

RECREATION afloat and ashore sums up comprehensively the three photographic subjects that we present on this page — or more briefly put, music and muscles. Music on board ship, home-made music in which he himself can take a part is what the modern man-o'-war's man takes his particular pleasure in and diverts himself with whenever opportunity offers, particularly to pass the long evening hours at sea after the cares of the day in the form of the afternoon drills have been laid aside, until he is finally piped into his hammock. As has often been observed, it is really remarkable what a pitch of excellence as musicians is often attained among the men on the lower deck, by aid of the natural ear for music, that most sailors seem to have, and by dint of constant practice and application. The next step that almost always follows is for individual effort to combine, and so bands of various instruments or playing one instrument—such as the mandoline band of the cruiser "Arethusa" (till recently on the Mediterranean Station) come into being, with the ultimate object of a display of the ship's talent on "sing song" nights before the officers and shipmates.

The sturdier delights of muscular recreation are, from the nature of things more often enjoyed on shore, when a ship is in harbour. Football is one form of recreation that is as popular among all ranks and ratings in the Fleet as among North countrymen at home, and there are few ships serving on stations where the climate allows of violent exercise being indulged in, that has not its football team. The team that we show here is an officers' team, belonging to the "Howe," on the Mediterranean Station, during the commission of the ship now about to be brought to a close. Out of twenty-eight matches that they played during the commission twenty-six were won by the "Howe's" team, two were drawn, and none were lost

Our third subject, which comes under the same general head as the last, shows the Tug-of-War team of the battleship "Camperdown," the winning team in the tug of war competition this year in the Mediterranean Fleet Athletic Sports at Malta. The composition of the team, it is interesting to note, comprised seven marines, two brawny stokers, and one ship's blacksmith, the whole being captained by a First Class Petty Officer. Their average weight was 13 stone, two of the men, however, turning the scales at over 16 stone. Lieut. E. A. Salwey, R.N., of the "Camperdown," picked the team.

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Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

COOKS AND STEWARDS OF A BATTLESHIP ON THE MEDITERRANEAN STATION.

FEW things on board ship would more astonish the old salts, could they come to life again, than the change in what one may call Naval domestic economy. First of all, undoubtedly, they would miss the old-fashioned ship's cook, who used to be almost invariably some specially-selected old pensioner, generally one who had lost a leg in battle, and was unfitted for more active work. Now-a-days ships' cooks have all to hold certificates from a School of Cookery, and are specially rated and trained men, passing through regular grades from 2nd Cook's Mate, Cook's Mate, 2nd Ship's Cook, Ship's Cook to Chief Cook, who is a regularly rated Chief Petty Officer. In the Mediterranean, natives of Malta are largely employed as cooks on board the fleet, and excellent cooks they prove as a rule. In the background of the photograph are to be seen some of the Ward Room and Gun Room Domestics, equally necessary functionaries on board, but a staff that the officers have to find and employ on their own private account, the Admiralty taking but little concern in the matter.

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Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

THE QUARTER-DECK OF H.M.S. "CRUISER"—LOOKING AFT.

THE "Cruiser" is one of the last of the old style of small war vessels. She is a wooden sloop, formerly called the "Lark," fitted with a poop, and now employed as a training ship for Ordinary Seamen in the Mediterranean. Our view takes in the greater part of the quarter-deck, and shows how it is specially arranged for the instruction of those sent on board—the chart-house on the poop, with compass-stand and chart-stand over, modern light guns on the deck, with a place on the port quarter of the poop for the leadsman to acquire training, and other fittings. As a picture our photograph is of special historical value, as in its details (except perhaps for the addition of the chart-house on the poop) it gives an actual representation on a small scale of the quarter-deck arrangements and general fittings of a line of battleship of former times—such, for instance, as a visitor to the old "Victory" in the days that she was in commission as a sea-going ship would have observed on going over the ship.

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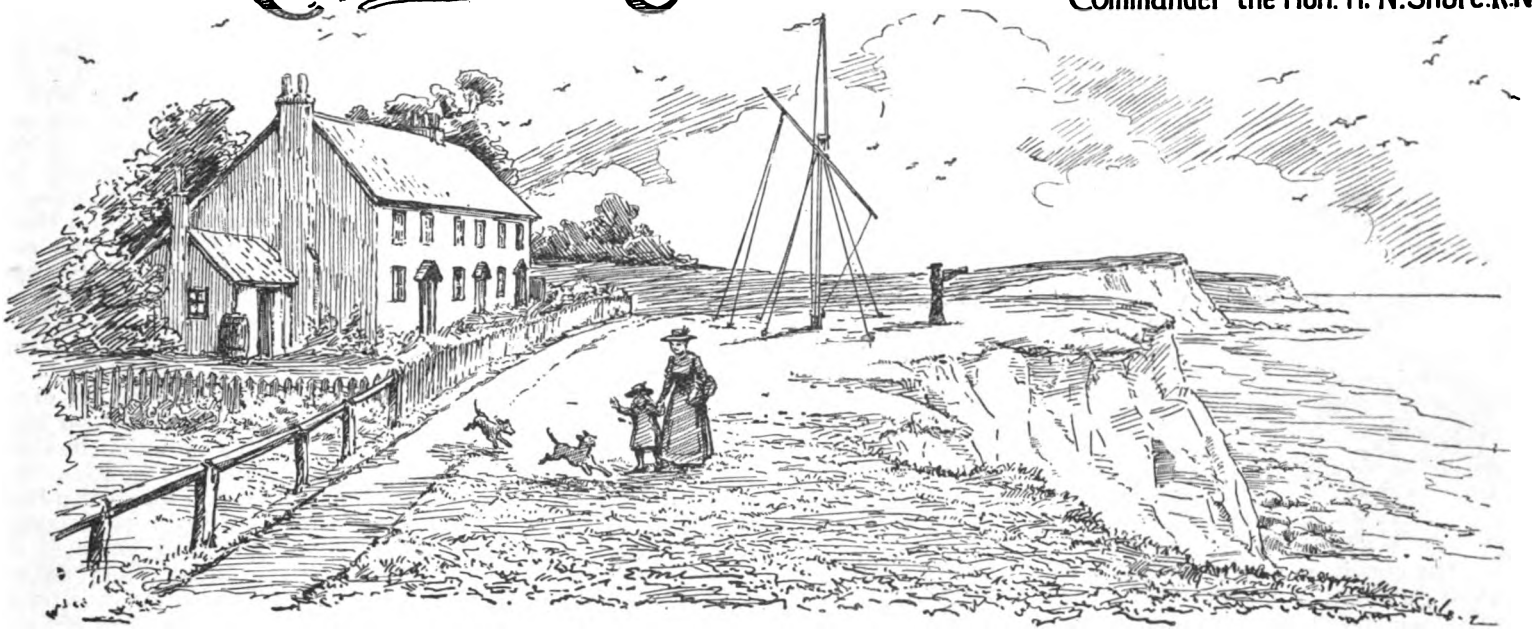
The Coastguard & Their Duties

BY
Commander the Hon. H. N. Shore R.N



THE popular conception of the Coastguardsman and his duties is somewhat vague. There is, for example, the elderly sailor at the fashionable seaside resort, whose sole duty is supposed to consist in parading a small plot of ground, with a big telescope under his arm, the object of admiration, not unmixed with awe, on the part of nursery-maids and little children; while, at the other extreme, we have a solitary individual guarding a wild headland, miles from anywhere, ready at any moment to engage a band of desperate smugglers, who, somehow, never come.

The Coastguardsman of "fact" stands somewhere between these two extremes, the misconceptions arising from the circumstance that now, as formerly, his most important duties commence at a time when respectable citizens have retired to their homes.

The man with the big glass, whose countenance sometimes bears traces of ennui, so jealously guarding the flagstaff, is merely what is called the "day-watchman," a sort of sentry on Government property, with a civil answer for everyone, and ready to afford information on any local subject—geographical, municipal, or merely meteorological. If this comprised the whole duty of man in the Coastguard Service why then, indeed, we might say his lot had fallen in pleasant places!

Beyond the daily "routine work" of inspection and a certain amount of signal practice, the serious work of the Coastguard commences with the decline of day, and I may as well preface the remarks that follow by informing the reader that a Coastguard "station" comprises within its limits a certain portion of the adjacent coast, ranging in extent from a few hundred yards in some parts to several miles in others, according to the nature of the shore, whether lofty and precipitous, or flat and easy of access from the seaward. This, again, is divided into "guards" for purposes of patrolling, the number of these having been arranged in times past, according to the strength of the "crew," allowing a man for each guard and one over.

Now, as it happens that smuggling, on the scale, and according to the methods of old, has been extinct these fifty years past, the modern "preventiveman," or Coastguard, has "evolved" into what has not inappropriately been called "the policeman of the coast;" and, instead of being placed in charge of a guard from daylight to dawn, it is considered sufficient nowadays for the purpose of "coast defence" if each guard is visited so many times during the night at uncertain hours. This is what is called, in Coastguard phraseology, "patter-rolling."

But for this systematic watching—which renders illicit trading, on a large scale, a somewhat risky business—the import duties on certain popular commodities are still sufficiently high to encourage the surreptitous introduction of these through channels unrecognised by Her Majesty's Customs. Indeed, it is well known that this does go on, to a considerable extent—not in big "ventures," but in the steady drip, drip, drip, which mounts up to a considerable pile in the aggregate.

But by far the most important "preventive" duties performed by the Coastguard at the present day are those in connection with shipwreck, and other casualties involving loss of life. Indeed, were it not for the vigilant look-out maintained by the force, in an almost unbroken chain round the coast of the kingdom, the casualties to shipping and resultant loss of life would attain very much larger proportions than is now the case.

The value of these services is but indifferently appreciated by the public, because little known. When, however, the winter gales are shrieking through our streets, and the nation is lying prone between the sheets, the solitary patrols are on the alert, peering through the driving scud or the torrential rain, which cuts the face with the stinging force of small-shot, keeping their "weather-eyes lifting" for hapless craft, unable to clear the reef or drifting, dismasted and helpless, into the surf-lashed cove—floating coffins for their crews, unless help is instantly forthcoming.

Even carefully navigated steamers wander from their course at times, drifted in shore by wind and current when land and lights are screened by fog, and many an anxious skipper has received his first intimation of danger from the pistol-shot of the watchful Coastguardsman on the cliff, fired in the nick of time.

Incidents of this nature are of more frequent occurrence than the world wots of—they are by no means always announced in the *Shipping Gazette*—ship-captains being somewhat shy of advertising their "shaves" to the world.

Even in fine weather, and on bright nights, strange and unaccountable things happen. For example: Some few years ago a large steamer was coming up the Clyde on a calm, clear night. The Cloch light was rounded, from whence it is as easy for a careful navigator to find his way on to Glasgow as for a sober pedestrian to make tracks along Oxford-street, so admirably is the river lit, but off Gourock the skipper turned sharp round, running his ship into a "blind alley," in the shape of Gourock Bay, where her bow glided gently up the beach. The Coastguardsman on the look out was on board in a moment, and as the tide was rising the vessel soon floated and was put once more on her course. It appeared that the Captain—a stranger to the port—to save pilotage, had undertaken his own navigation. However, the ship was none the worse, while the skipper had gained his experience remarkably cheaply—what the owners thought of it, history recordeth not.

The services of the Coastguard in the matter of life-salvage are quite invaluable to those who go down to the sea in ships, though but little known to the world at large, except in a general sort of way. The fact is, that being a branch of the public service, the trumpeting which accompanies private efforts in the same direction is dispensed with. Nevertheless, the whole of the Rocket Apparatus round the coasts of the United Kingdom, numbering some 300 odd, are under the charge of the Coastguard, the crews being completed from the civilians living around, and many hundreds of lives are rescued from a watery grave every year through their exertions.

As the maintenance of this department of life-salvage is, happily, in no wise dependent on the generosity of the public, the necessity for advertising its successes, or resorting to sensational methods of exciting public interest and sympathy do not here exist. Consequently, the "man in the street," beyond seeing a chance paragraph in the newspapers announcing a shipwreck, and that so many lives were saved by the rocket apparatus, is little aware of what is done in this direction. Certainly there is a small official publication issued every year by the Board of Trade—a "yellow book," entitled "Tables relating to Life-Salvage on the Coasts of the United Kingdom,"—but then the public doesn't care to read "yellow

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books," the very fact of it being "official," is enough to discourage people from peering between the covers. Still, if anyone will but conquer his aversion to this class of light literature so far as to open the book, and turn to the "List of persons to whom rewards were granted by the Board of Trade during the year for bravery and distinguished service in connection with the rocket life-saving apparatus," he will find there a record of gallantry and self-sacrificing devotion to duty of which the country may well be proud.

Take another phase of the salvage work of the Coastguard. After a night of storm and disaster, a solitary patrol, performing "the daily round, the common task," in official parlance, "examining the coast," observes a suspicious object lying stranded on the shore which, on nearer approach, appears to be a corpse, left by the receding tide all friendless and forlorn. Being a man of few words, and inured to sights of this description, the patrol proceeds forthwith to the nearest village, procures a few bushels of lime, enlists the services of a couple of yokels, returns to the corpse and at once proceeds to dig a grave, well above high-water mark. The obsequies observed on these occasions are of the simplest:—a bed of lime is prepared, the poor friendless waif is cast in, most unceremoniously, more lime is laid on top, and the grave filled in, with more expedition than reverence, there is not even a "paid tear!"

> "No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
> Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him
> • • • • • • • • • • •
> We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
> But we left him alone with his glory!"

The melancholy duty being completed, the patrol returns to the station to make his report,—and claim allowances;—with the proud consciousness of having done the State some service,—and earned the burial fees! After all it is only a dead cow! The disposal of these animals, when cast up by the sea, falling under the category of Coastguard duties.

There is nothing that causes more heart-burning on many parts of the coast than the claim which Government now asserts to all property cast up by the sea: in Ireland, especially this has ever been regarded as an unwarrantable attack on private rights, and it sets the coast population "agin the Government," to a man,—and woman! It does seem hard, for it cuts at the root of a most ancient industry,—yclept, "wrecking!" People are loth to believe that what a kind Providence brings to their doors, after a storm, may not be appropriated without Government interference, or that the non-compliance with certain regulations on this head, will lay them open to a fine of awful amount,—the mere mention of which is enough to take one's breath away!

The enforcement of these unpopular laws—which includes the protection of all wrecked property, constitutes some of the most arduous, if least agreeable duties of the "Police of the coast."

But it would require a great deal more space than is available here to do adequate justice to the multifarious duties of the Coastguard at the present day, all of which are carried out so very much to everyone's satisfaction that, not only is no effort made to curtail them, but additional duties are being constantly thrust on to the "willing horse!" The mere mention of a few of these:—such for example as the protection of Fisheries and Foreshores: enforcement of the Quarantine Laws: the management and working of Signal Stations: the supervision of Buoys and Beacons: the drilling of the Royal Naval Reserve: the suppression of Illicit Distillation, etc., etc., will give an idea of the ubiquitous nature of the force, as well as the "adaptability" of the man who has received a modern Naval training. So much for the "civil" duties of the Coastguard.

Although in time of peace the Naval duties do not obtrude themselves on the notice of the public, these are none the less important, seeing that the Coastguard is the first reserve for the fleet, and must, to that end be kept in touch with the Navy by occasional cruises at sea for drill and instructional purposes. The annual mobilization of the Reserve Fleet affords the much needed opportunity for keeping officers and men on the home establishments in training for the more serious work of war, and enables them to get an insight into the latest developments of gun and torpedo warfare. In fact the value of these mobilizations and manœuvres cannot be too highly estimated; while, as regards the part taken by the Coastguard, the only matter for regret is that the period cannot be further extended without impairing the value of the force in its "civil" capacity.

As doubts are sometimes expressed regarding the value of the Coastguard as a reserve on account of the all too brief training it receives, it may be as well to state that its chief strength lays in the trained intelligence—the wide and matured experience—the good discipline and steady conduct, and last, but not least in importance, the sense of responsibility and the power of initiative developed amongst its members by the range and extent of their shore duties. These characteristics are but little appreciated in peace time: but in the stress and strain of a sudden mobilization for war such qualities would soon make themselves felt, and Naval officers will then be glad to turn to the well-tried men of the Coastguard for assistance in shaping and discipling the heteregeneous crews that would be called into being.

And here let me quote the remarks of a "Correspondent" of an influential Paper on board the Reserve Fleet some little time back, embodying the opinions of competent judges:—"The Coastguard have shewn to great advantage in these operations. They are the steadiest, most trustworthy men in the Service—men of family associations—and always welcome in any ship. Their employment on shore necessarily rubs off a little of that smartness in drill which only comes from continuous practice; but this is a trifle readily sacrificed for the thoroughness and intelligence with which they do their duties. , . . Our good Coastguardsmen are the nation's real fighting reserve, whose hearts of oak, well-disciplined minds, and seasoned bodies would well maintain the country's Naval *prestige* when put to the test."

Such, in brief, are some of the aspects of Coastguard work at the present day. But the force renders important service to the State, in another direction which falls under no "official" category: namely, in the supply of some grand material to the fleet, in the form of numbers of "stout, healthy lads!"—it would be quite interesting to know how many Coastguardsmen's sons are serving in the Navy at the present moment! Long may the members of the force hold to the opinion expressed on a recent occasion to the writer of this article, by an old Coastguard pensioner, whose son was about to enter the Navy,—"I am one of those who think it a grand Service!"

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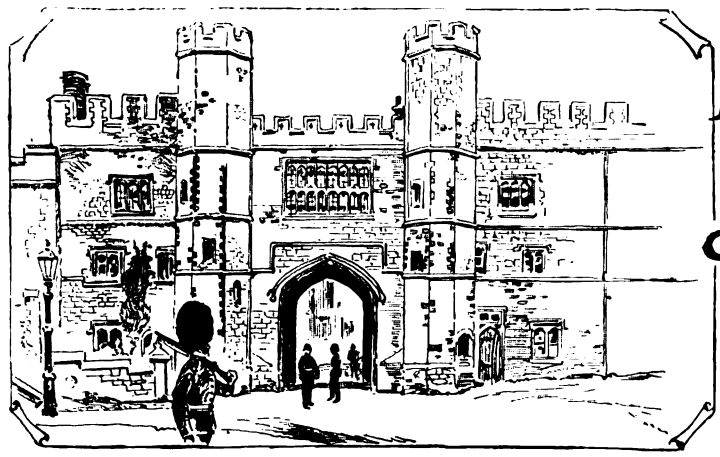

HENRY VIII. GATEWAY.

THE MILITARY KNIGHTS OF WINDSOR.

By

COL F. C. MAUDE, V.C., C.B.

PROBABLY this Institution is unique in claiming an unbroken existence of five hundred and forty-six years, passed under the very eyes and ears of Royalty. Yet its history teems with anomalies and vicissitudes. And if the copious archives of "The College" of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, are ever allowed to see the light of day, truthfully transcribed, and gracefully edited, they will prove full of interest to the people of these Kingdoms. But these ancient tomes are carefully guarded, their custodians refusing access to them, even for perusal. Although the recent revelations which have been made with regard to this Royal Charity show that the Dean and Chapter had not realized, at all events until last September, the full significance of some of the chronicles contained in those carefully-treasured folios. In the following brief reference to the History of the Knights, only such facts are mentioned as to which there is no possibility of doubt.

They were originally established by Edward III., whose great, two-handed sword still hangs up in the Dean's dining room. The Victor of Crecy was anxious to add dignity to the twenty-six members of his newly-founded Order of the Garter, and at the same time to provide means "to enable an equal number of poor veteran Knights, impotent of themselves or inclining to poverty, to live so genteelly as became a military condition." Accordingly that illustrious Prince set apart for this purpose certain goodly lands in our fertile English counties, mostly in the Valley of the Thames. The salaries of the Dean and Canons also accruing from the same source, and being *identical* with those of the poor Knights, namely:—"twelf pens a day," those of the minor Canons being "ten pens."

Most probably the Dean of those days, as in 1896, possessed the confidence of his Sovereign, and honestly administered the "College" revenues. But most certainly *amor nummi crescit*, and seems to have utterly debauched the decanal probity: for his successors plundered the poor knights in the most shameful and outrageous manner: eventually (temp. Edward IV.) succeeding, by a cruel fraud, in totally disendowing the Order. Although re-endowed by several subsequent British rulers, its financial history can best be summed in the eloquent words of one of our greatest living writers: which, descriptive of the defence of his diocesan schools by the late Bishop of Rochester, apply with still greater force to the Knights of Windsor. . . . "The groats and silver moneys with which King Hal had endowed our Royal (schools) grew with the passage of years into handsome sums of good, red gold; but the (Cathedral) authorities had meantime quietly 'bagged' the increment, and accordingly their stipends waxed large, while the poor (scholars) still only drew the original sums. . . . After terrific fighting, and coming almost to the brink of ruin, he (Bishop Whiston) gained a brilliant victory . . . and the upshot was a general return to what may be termed equitable arithmetic on the part of the Reverend and Very Reverend Trustees, with many of whom, as in other places besides Rochester—'Offence's gilded hand had shoved by Justice.'"

A MILITARY KNIGHT OF THE LAST CENTURY
From an old painting in the collection of Sir Joseph Devereux.

The good Bishop possessed the advantages of intellectual vigour, considerable means, and a reputation of the very highest. Such a combination is, of course, impossible in an Asylum, military or other. But *per contra* the power of the Press is to-day far mightier than it was, even in those comparatively recent times. And dear old England is to the full as intolerant of injustice, when the rights of even the very poorest are infringed, as history has ever shown her to have been.

To return to the Knights. Although repentant King Hal only left them his pious intentions, Queen Bess loyally carried into effect the provisions of her royal father's last will and testament, and once more provided funds for their support. But this was again followed by clerical spoliation. Strange to say, one of their best friends was Oliver Cromwell, whose shrewd, practical mind introduced most equitable arithmetic into the finances of what "Old Noll" was pleased to term "the Ecclesiastical AND MILITARY Chapel of St. George." But alas! to quote a recent pamphlet, "no sooner was the breath out of the stout old Protector's body than we find the Clergy at their old tricks again, and Cromwell's increase was filched from the Knights at the Restoration."

Meanwhile the condition of the thirteen then remaining had become so pitiable that private charity was moved to step in and endow a "Lower" Foundation, to which the Royal assent was graciously accorded, but which, nevertheless, does not appear to have fared much better. For instance, the Chapter still decline to pay the Lower Knights certain small sums on account of "Robe Money" (in lieu of annual clothing), and "Obiit Money" (a sort of exchange for prayers for the benefactors of the "College"), which are still doled out regularly to the "Upper" Foundation. Yet nothing can be clearer than the wording of the Royal Statute (12th of Charles II.) which directs "these five Alms Knights to be made equal partakers of the same privileges, and have a like Habit (uniform) assigned to them."

The illustration of the ancient habit worn by the Knights is copied from a picture in the possession of Sir Joseph Devereux, who has been three times mayor of the Royal Borough. The cloak was of "Garter" blue, with the badge on the left shoulder, the coat being scarlet. Apparently the fashion remained unchanged from 1350 until the last reign, when the "Sailor King" altered the costume to its present shape. King William IV. also changed their designation from "Poor" or "Alms" to "Military Knights." A kindly concession to salve the poor old fellows' *amour propre*.

But as it did not carry with it any increased emolument, their condition became so intolerable, that in 1858 they mustered up courage and went to law with the Dean and Chapter. Although they lost their case through a technical flaw, and an appeal to the House of Lords was equally unsuccessful, yet the "Gilded Chamber" expressed a very strong sympathy with them, on account of the hardships they endured: and the Dean and Chapter of that day deemed it expedient to defer to their Lordships' opinion. The Clergy seem to have acted after the manner of the man with his family in his sleigh, who, when pursued by a pack of famishing wolves, threw to them one after another of his offspring. In other words, the Chapter "suppressed" one of their Canonries, and divided the proceeds, or rather part of the proceeds,

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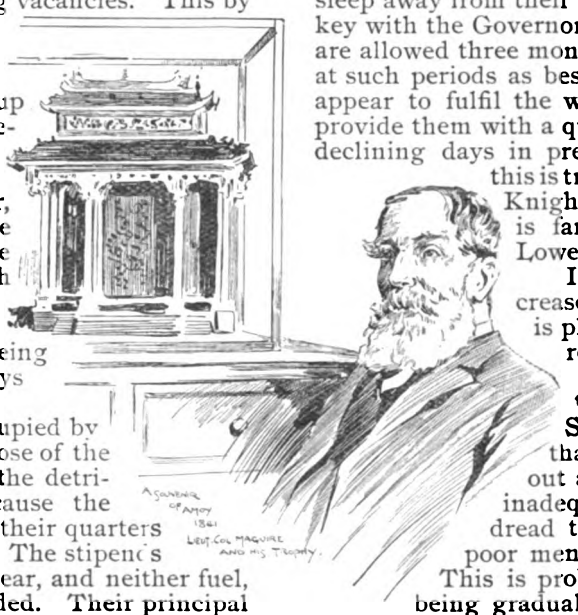
between the poor of Windsor and the thirteen "Upper" Knights: thus raising the stipends of the latter to about £120 a year, paid with commendable regularity. The governor of the M.K.W., ringleader of the hungry pack, receiving some extra sops, besides better quarters. Among his other perquisites, he enjoys the peculiar privilege of being allowed to pocket the incomes of all Knights during vacancies. This by itself would be tolerable, but the Royal Statute is interpreted to include all salaries accruing to Knights after the vacancy is filled up by the Sovereign, up to the date of their "Installation" Ceremony in the Chapel. Naturally this falls very hardly upon such newly-appointed Knights who are really poor, and who are often put to heavy expense in moving into their quarters. They are also obliged to provide themselves with the undress uniform, the cost of which is from £14 to £16, and which, in many cases, is never worn by the Knight: being only *de rigueur* at matins on Wednesdays and Fridays.



Curiously enough, the quarters occupied by the Lower Foundation are superior to those of the "Upper." This manifestly operates to the detriment of the Order, as a whole, because the "Lower" Knights are obliged to shift their quarters on promotion to the Upper Foundation. The stipends of the former do not quite reach £50 a year, and neither fuel, lights, medical attendance, etc., is provided. Their principal revenue is derived from a sum of £230 a year, charged upon the Manor of Carbrook, in Norfolk. Out of this no less than £46, exactly one Knight's share, is deducted on account of "Land Tax;" whereas the increment, since the benefaction was made must be very large. Evidently there is need here of equitable arithmetic. And to bring the stipends of the five Lower Knights up to a "living wage," say of two guineas a week, would not require a very large sum. Some £280 a year would suffice, about the amount collected for a famous Cricketer. The salaries of the Dean and Chapter are, it is true, somewhat shorn of their whilom opulent, not to say gigantic, proportions. For the former only receives £2,000 a year; while the four Canons have to divide £4,000 a year between them; and of course the four Minor Canons, who, by the bye, do nearly all the work, receive very much less. But they are all allowed to supplement their incomes by outside work. The Dean gets £500 a year as the Queen's preacher. One of the Canons runs an excellent private school in the north of England; another has the comfortable living of St. James's, Piccadilly; and so forth. And the pickings, such as "Garter Fees" and the like, are far from inconsiderable: even the Military Knights getting as much as £1 2s. 2½d. when a Duke or Foreign Prince is appointed; an Earl paying somewhat less. It might therefore appear that a murrain among the Garter Knights would be desired by "The College." But the contrary is the case: prayers being offered twice every day for their prosperity, led by the perfect intonation of the officiating Minor Canon.

For the rest, the duties of the M.K.W. are neither onerous nor irksome. A more indulgent age has relaxed many of the requirements, which seem to have been in former times rigorously enforced; more particularly in the matter of attending the Services at the Chapel. Her Majesty having been kind enough to dispense altogether with the necessity in the case of Knights who are Roman Catholics. The Knights used to be heavily fined whenever they absented themselves from Chapel; and in the case of absence from an "obiit" service, they were mulcted of a "Rose Noble;" the purchasing power of which coin, current at 6s. 8d., being of course enormously in excess of what a lawyer's fee is worth in the present day. Even in 1530 (nearly 200 years later) wheat was only 4s. 4d, a quarter, while a large ox was sold £1 6s. 8d., a sheep for 2s. 10d., a pig for 6d., a pair of shoes for 6d., and other necessaries of life in proportion. Custom, however, enacts, and inclination mostly agrees, that a frequent presence at Divine Worship is expected. Nor is this a hardship, when one remembers the splendid accessories of St. George's Chapel; the superb building, with its beautiful carvings in wood, iron, and stone; enriched by the stately helms, swords, and banners of the illustrous Knights of the Garter; the lovely stained-glass windows; the beautiful tomb-gates by Quentin Matsys, on the North side of the Altar; and its many other æsthetic attractions; but above all the exquisite music which Sir Walter Parrett so ably conducts. And with the exception of the part they take in certain Court pageants, such as the reception of foreign Potentates, the duties of the Knights are mainly connected with the Royal Chapel. Their attendance being required at all installations which take place therein, whether of members of their own confraternity, of Canons, or of Garter Knights. Also at funerals of their comrades, which, by the way, are very imposing ceremonies indeed; likewise at those of such members of the Royal Family as are buried in St. George's Vaults. Each of the eighteen Knights has a stall on the lowest of the three rows: the rule being that he must appear in scarlet full-dress on Sundays and great festivals; blue undress frock-coat with the old-fashioned shoulder-scales on Litany days; but at Evensong he may wear mufti. They are not supposed to sleep away from their quarters without depositing their door-key with the Governor, a precaution in case of fire. But they are allowed three months' leave of absence in each year, and at such periods as best suit themselves. Such duties would appear to fulfil the wishes of the Founder, who desired to provide them with a quiet retreat, where they could pass their declining days in preparation for another world. At least this is true as regards the position of the thirteen Knights on the Royal Foundation. But this is far from being the case with the Five Lower Knights, as has been shown.

It must be stated that, pending an increase to the stipends of the latter, the Crown is placed in a somewhat difficult position, in regard to its selection from among the many hundred applicants for admission to this much-coveted Refuge. For the Sovereign's advisers are perfectly aware that £49 a year, irregularly paid, and without any other assistance whatever, is quite inadequate; therefore the Queen's *entourage* dread the recurrence of scandals when *really* poor men are appointed, whatever their claims. This is probably the reason why the Order is now being gradually filled with well-to-do folks, in direct opposition to the objects for which it was founded. Thus tending to convert an excellent charity into something approaching a solemn farce.

It is worthy of remark that this sum, small as it is, only attained its present proportions, through private charity, during the Victorian age.

Numerous representations on the subject of the abuses of this Royal Charity have been made, without effect, to the various authorities by whom it is administered and controlled. Among them to the Marquis of Lorne, Governor of Windsor Castle. But that Nobleman, although exceedingly sympathetic and courteous, explained that he has absolutely no jurisdiction in the matter: and could only suggest that the utmost possible publicity should be given to our hardships, in the hope that private benevolence may be again moved to come to our assistance.

While gratefully acknowledging the kindness as well as the soundness of this advice, it does seem a little shameful that, in a wealthy country like our own, the members of this Ancient and splendidly-endowed Order should be advised by the Queen's Son-in-law, to solicit outside Alms. By the way, it is notorious that the "Order" lost a kindly and sympathetic friend in another of Her Majesty's Sons-in-law, the late Prince Henry of Battenberg, who repeatedly showed much interest in their welfare.

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Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

Major-General SIR FRANCIS WALLACE GRENFELL, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

THE Inspector-General of Auxiliary Forces and Recruiting, entered the 60th Rifles as Ensign in 1859. As staff officer to Colonel GLYN, commanding a field force Transkie 1878, was mentioned in despatches, and received the brevet rank of Major. As Deputy-Assistant Adjutant and Quarter-Master General in the Kaffir War of 1878, and as Deputy-Assistant Adjutant-General during the Zulu War in the following year, Sir FRANCIS won distinction. He was present at Ulundi, was mentioned in despatches, and obtained a brevet Lieutenant-Colonelcy. In Egypt, 1882, he acted as Assistant-Adjutant and Quartermaster-General, and was present at Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir. He gained his C.B. in the Nile Expedition, 1884-5, and in 1885-6, served with the Egyptian Frontier Field Force. He commanded a division at Giniss; was again mentioned in despatches, and made K.C.B. Sir FRANCIS commanded the troops in the operations at Suakin, 1888. When commanding the Nile Field Force, 1889, he was mentioned in despatches after the battle of Toski, and promoted Major-General. He received his present appointment on the 1st August, 1894, and was made G.C.M.G., May, 1892.

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Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

A CONVALESCENT.

OUR military hospitals are veritable models of cleanliness and comfort, but despite this fact, the majority of soldiers do all in their power to avoid being admitted as patients. They will suffer pain, attempt to "doctor" themselves, or even have recourse to quacks and quackery, but unless absolutely unfit for duty they refrain from placing themselves officially on the "sick-list." "Tommy" is a bird of freedom, and he objects strongly to being obliged to lie on a bed of sickness for a term of weeks or months, but there are, at times, cases in which, owing to the severity of the ailment, his residence in hospital is rendered imperative. After weeks of pain, perhaps between life and death, one can well imagine how his heart is filled with gratitude to those, whose unremitting care and attention has succeeded in bringing him to a state of convalescence. Our illustration depicts a scene at the Herbert Hospital, Woolwich. The patient, attended by a nursing sister and two orderlies of the Medical Staff Corps, is enjoying in a bath-chair the open air, of which he has for a period been deprived.

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Photo. Cochrane, Hamilton, Ont.

48th HIGHLANDERS:—Canadian Active Militia.

THE forces of the Dominion of Canada consist of Permanent Corps and Active Militia. The latter numbering over 35,000 men corresponds practically if not technically to our Volunteers. All City Corps not only drill during the year but are called out for training annually for a period of twelve days, either at their local Headquarters or in Camps of Exercise. The number of rural Corps trained each year is governed by the available pay and allowances remaining to be absorbed. The loyalty of the Queen's Canadian subjects is proverbial. In no way was this more apparent than in 1885, when the Dominion Government telegraphed to the authorities at home their willingness to send to Egypt two batteries of Field Artillery and one battalion of Infantry, and further guaranteed to land the force at Suakim thirty days after embarkation. The above is an illustration of the 48th Canadian Highlanders in camp during the training. On the right are the Pioneers, Pipers, Band and Signallers, on the left the Battalion of eight companies in quarter-column. The strength of the Battalion is 367 of all ranks.

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A WRESTLING DISPLAY.

THE HALF NELSON ON THE ARM AND BREAK.

Once more—

"Now clear the ring! for, hand to hand
The manly wrestlers take their stand."

SERGEANT-MAJOR PALMER, of the Army Gymnastic Staff at Aldershot, and the Australian Champion Athlete, TOM BURROWS, are, as before, the antagonists shown in our photographs, Colonel FOX'S principal assistants in the effort that the gallant Inspector of Army Gymnasia is making to revive the interest of military officers and the rank and file in the manly art of wrestling. From all accounts, wrestling, until quite recently, had ceased to be a popular pastime in the Army. It would seem, indeed, to have almost gone out of fashion among British soldiers until Colonel FOX, as Inspector of Army Gymnasia, recognising the value of the exercise as an aid in the physical improvement and training of troops, made efforts to revive and encourage the practice in the Service. After all there is little real danger of injury in wrestling.

Indeed, in spite of the strain and muscular exertion involved in a bout at wrestling, the chances of accident to life or limb are slight if the art be practised, as at Aldershot Gymnasium, under the eye of a qualified instructor. There is hardly as much risk about a wrestling competition—at any rate from the spectator's point of view—as there seems to be in the ever popular cavalry display at our Military Tournaments—the Balaclava *mêlée*.

"The half Nelson on the Arm and Break," our first illustration, is of Lancashire origin, and is a species of a double grip in which the wrestler who is unfortunate enough to be taken has very little chance of avoiding being thrown and that badly. Our second illustration, the "Referee Holt," is of very ancient origin, being a position taken by wrestlers in the "Greco-Roman style," especially to commence a bout. A holt that belongs to the Cornish and Devon style, used also in the Catch as Catch Can wrestling, is shown in our third illustration of "A Double for Arm Holt," a holt taken as a check or stop to the West Country holt, "The Inside Flying Mare." Finally we have what is called "The Head Spin and Stop," a specially useful way of stopping an antagonist who has got into difficulties and is trying to recover himself.

Photos. GREGORY.

THE REFEREE HOLT.

A DOUBLE FOR ARM HO:.

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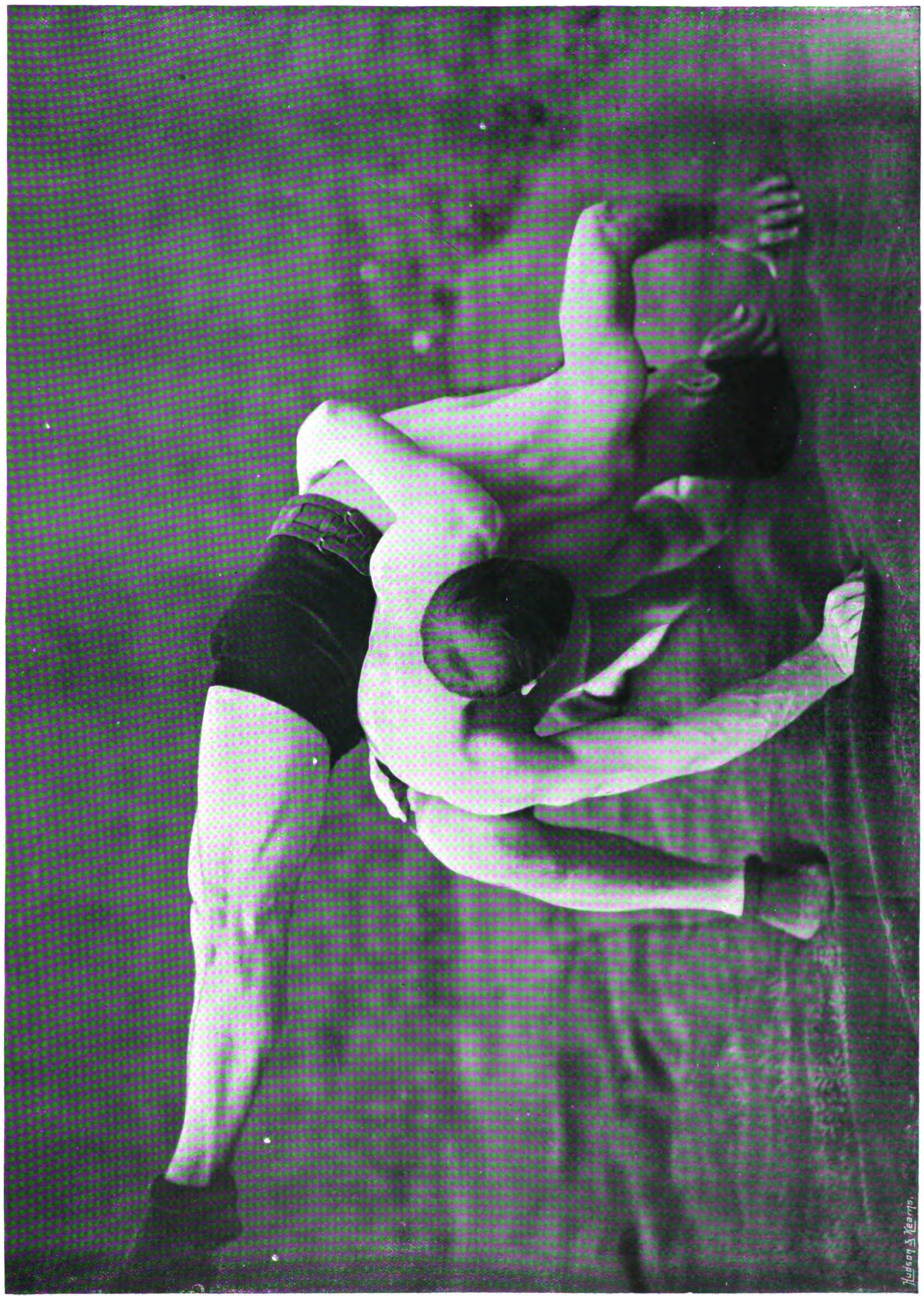

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THE HEAD SPIN AND STOP.

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand

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LIFE IN A BURMAH REGIMENT.

COMMISSARIAT OFFICIALS ISSUING FLOUR.

A QUIET HOUR WITH THE HELIOGRAPH.

THE CHAIN OF RESPONSIBILITY.

ANY considerable annexation of territory by a Power must, of necessity, entail a corresponding increase in its military establishment. Thus, when Great Britain added to her already extensive foreign possessions, that vast tract of land known as Upper Burmah, the presence there of a large military force became imperative, not only to ensure the country against incursions of the tribes who peopled its borders, but to suppress, with a strong hand, the wholesale system of plundering engaged in by armed bands of freebooters termed "dacoits."

For the purpose, therefore, of reducing the Province to a state of tranquility, a sufficient body of troops belonging to the Indian Army was furnished by the three Presidencies—Bengal, Bombay, and Madras.

The duties falling to the lot of these Indian Regiments were rigorous in the extreme, and it soon became evident to the authorities that additional assistance was required if law and order were to be upheld.

To have further drawn on the resources of the native troops would have been to weaken materially our Indian garrisons.

How to furnish the necessary aid became a matter of paramount importance, but Lord ROBERTS (then Commander-in-Chief in India) was equal to the occasion. To this gallant soldier is due the credit of devising a scheme which, having now stood the test of several years, has proved an unqualified success. At his suggestion it was decided to raise a semi-military body under the title of "the Upper Burmah Military Police," and in carrying it into effect no time was lost. Officers of the Indian Army, selected for the purpose, were sent to India from Burmah, commissioned to raise recruits from among the warlike tribes of Northern India, and the authorities at all the military stations were instructed to afford them every facility for attaining the object in view.

It was proposed to quarter a battalion of Police in each of the districts into which Upper Burmah is divided, and little time expired before an adequate force was recruited. It consisted of Sikhs, Goorkhas, Dogras, Pathans, Punjabi Mussulmans, Hindustanis, Jats, and Rajputs. As these were enlisted they were despatched to their districts, armed with a Snider rifle, and their training at once commenced. Two British officers were attached to each battalion, one as Commandant and the other as Second-in-Command. The new Police were soon sufficiently well drilled to render considerable assistance to the native troops quartered in the Province, whose duties consequently became less severe. The presence of such a large body of men had the effect, in large measure, of subduing the Dacoits. As the inhabitants became more and more amenable to British rule the Police gradually assumed the functions of Regular Troops, and so creditably did they perform the duties assigned to them that it was soon found practicable to withdraw by degrees the regiments belonging to Bengal and Bombay, which accordingly were ordered to return to their respective Presidencies, leaving only the Madras regiments and the Police Battalions to maintain order in Upper Burmah.

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Our first photograph shows the officials of the Indian Commissariat weighing rations of flour for the use of the Burmah Battalions. Before being issued, all provisions are carefully examined, and if found defective in quality are rejected. Our Army Service Corps, it may be stated, does not serve in India, nor is it connected with the Indian Commissariat, which is a separate Service.

The second represents a Signalling Class at work. In England it is rarely possible to transmit messages by means of the heliograph for many hours at a time, but in the East, where sunshine is the rule and not the exception, the use of the flag is not so general as at home. The heliograph stands on a tripod on the left of the picture, and is set in the direction of the station to which messages are being sent, but as the rays of the sun do not fall directly on the instrument it has become necessary to reflect them by means of a mirror attached to the tripod. In India it is sometimes possible to establish communication in this manner between stations some forty miles apart, but at long distances a telescope is used in reading messages. Indian soldiers show great intelligence in acquiring a knowledge of signalling, and after a little practice arrive at such a state of perfection that they can read or transmit a message in English with as much ease and accuracy as if it were originally written in their native dialect.

The third photograph is a group of four British and six Native Officers of the 6th Burmah Battalion with the colours in the background.

During the revolt in the North Chin Hills this regiment worked well and gained for itself the reputation of being a splendid fighting corps. It took an active part in suppressing the Wanthoo revolt, and its Mounted Infantry was largely instrumental in breaking up rebellious convocations, and in, eventually, compelling the insurgents to take refuge among the hills.

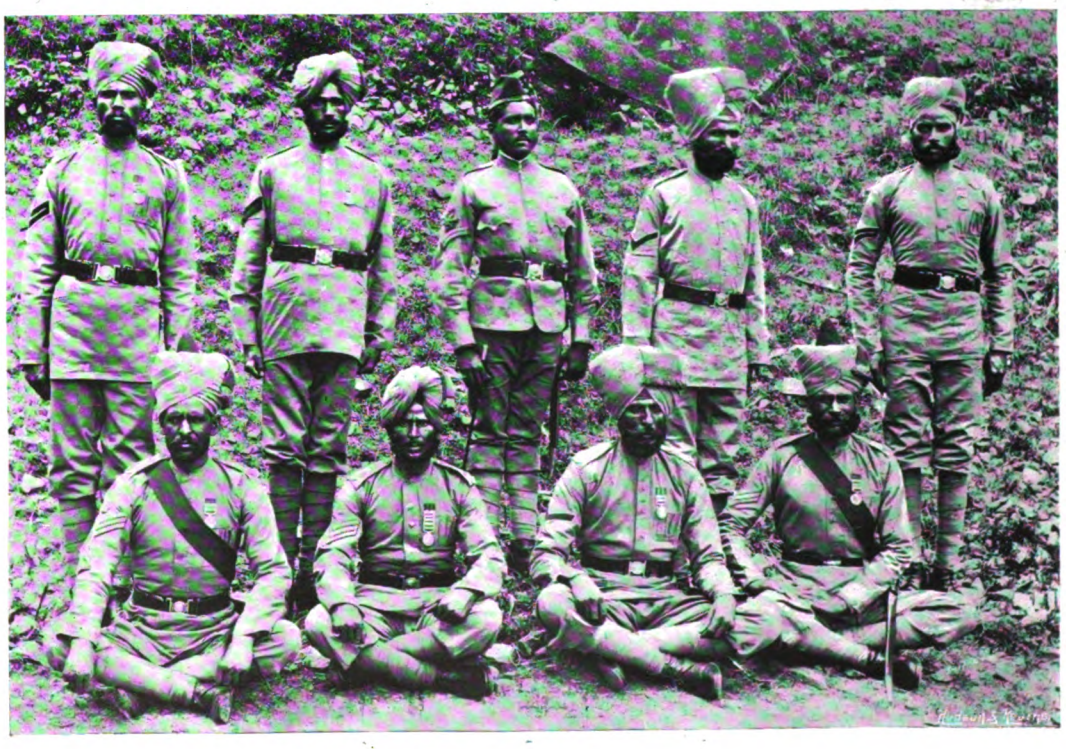
The fourth photograph illustrates the various military positions, viz.:—lying down, sitting, kneeling, standing. The duty of the bugler on the right is to sound the "Commence" and "Cease Fire," to raise the danger flag when firing is, for any reason, suspended, and to lower it again as soon as the "Commence Fire" is sounded. The officer on the left is responsible that the various practices are conducted according to regulation. It is customary for the range officer to carry field glasses which, at long ranges, are indispensable.

A scene such as we witness in the following picture was somewhat common during the Chin Revolt. Judging from the way in which the prisoner's feet are secured in the stocks, such a strong guard may appear unnecessary; but the Oriental is a man of many devices, and if left alone would contrive to find some means of escape.

Our last illustration depicts a group of Non-Commissioned Officers representing the various castes of which it is composed. We can safely rely on such stalwart men as these to deter the wily "dacoit" from again resuming his rambles in an serious form.

ON THE RANGE—"PRESENT."

"FAST BIND, FAST FIND."



A MIXTURE OF CREEDS.

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NOT "FOR PARADE."

Photos. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., 51, Strand. "REST AFTER TOIL." *Copyright.- HUDSON & KEARNS.*

IT would be hard to imagine any employment of a more congenial nature than that of a Sergeant in Her Majesty's Army. Every young soldier who purposes making the Army his profession for life, looks forward with a certain amount of pardonable impatience, to the time when he will be admitted a member of the Sergeants' Mess. To whatever class he may originally have belonged prior to his enlistment, he is greatly raised in the social scale by his promotion, nor is the luxury of the Sergeants' Mess the least of the many advantages attached to his newly-found appointment. From the bare floors and plain deal tables of a barrack room, laying claim to little artistic decoration, he is suddenly ushered into an establishment furnished with due regard to good taste and personal comfort. The walls are embellished with pictures and photographs principally bearing on the history of the regiment, and the cheerfulness of the scene is greatly enhanced by numerous silver cups and trophies placed on the table and in other parts of the room. There is a regular staff of waiters who bring refreshments when called for and wait at meals. The first illustration shows the interior of the mess, and a part of the billiard-room adjoining (occupied by "the Blues" at Albany Street Barracks), as it would appear when most of the members were on parade. The second represents that of the 1st Battalion Grenadier Guards, more or less full of sergeants, ostensibly snatching a few moments' recreation after the exertions of the morning.

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THE NAVY & ARMY ILLUSTRATED.

VOL. II.—No. 26.] FRIDAY, DECEMBER 11th, 1896.

Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street

Admiral Sir FRANCIS LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK, Kt., K.C.B., F.R.S., D.C.L.

SIR LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK'S name will be remembered as long as English history lasts as the discoverer of the fate of Sir JOHN FRANKLIN. In addition to that he stands in the forefront of the British Arctic explorers of the Victorian era. In no fewer than four expeditions to Polar regions has he taken part, three between 1848 and 1854 in search of the FRANKLIN party, when also he helped to find and rescue another British search party, that of Captain MCCLURE; and the fourth, between 1857 and 1859, when he equipped the final and successful search party sent out by Lady FRANKLIN in the yacht "Fox." Sir LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK has also held the post of Commodore at Port Royal, Jamaica, and subsequently that of Commander-in-Chief on the North America and West Indies Station. He entered the Royal Navy in 1831, and retired in 1884. For his very distinguished services Sir LEOPOLD M'CLINTOCK has received many special honours: Knighthood, the Freedom of the City of London, a public grant, the Fellowship of the Royal Society, the degrees of D.C.L. and LL.D. from the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, the Gold Medal of the Royal Geographical Society, a Flag Officer's Good Service Pension, and the K.C.B.

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ON SERVICE ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

A Picket from the "Tartar" on Shore at Basse Terre, St. Kitts.

The Marine Detachment of the "Tartar."

Photos. C. C. LYON. *Bluejackets and Stokers of the "Tartar."* *St. Kitts.*

THE cruiser "Tartar," to which belong the officers and men shown here, and on the opposite page, is one of the ships of the squadron on the North America and West Indies station. That for one thing accounts for the different "rigs" that the "Tartar's" men are shown wearing.

The ships have to do duty during their commission, it may be in January at Halifax, Nova Scotia, or off the banks of Newfoundland, or again, in July, within half-a-dozen degrees of the equator, among the Caribbean Islands, and off the shores of tropical British Guiana. Ordinarily of course the two divisions into which the station is arranged, have distinct groups of ships allotted to them, which serve for various periods at a stretch in the different parts of the station, and then interchange in regular rotation, so that all the ships in the command get their fair share of climatic discomfort and comfort alternately. We see the men of the "Tartar's" company in both of these conditions:—wearing their blue serge rig, as worn on duty in the more northerly parts, and wearing their white duck clothing as worn when to southward of Bermuda. The double name of the station, it may be added, has itself a historical significance.

For a century and a half—from BLAKE'S time, when a squadron was first sent to the West Indies to check PRINCE RUPERT'S privateers, and after the taking of Jamaica when it was constituted permanently, down to the end of the great War with NAPOLEON—there was always an independent force of ships kept in the West Indies, divided into two fleets:—one on the Windward Islands station with headquarters at Port Royal Jamaica; the other on the Leeward Islands station, with headquarters at Antiqua. These fleets were quite distinct from the fleet kept on the North America station, with headquarters at Halifax, Nova Scotia, which itself grew out of a squadron originally sent from England every year to protect the Newfoundland fisheries, until, after the capture of Canada in the Seven Years' War we acquired Halifax, set on foot a dockyard there, and established the headquarters of a permanent force, thenceforward known as the fleet "on the North America station."

After 1809, the Windward and Leeward Island fleets were amalgamated under the style of the fleet "on the West Indies station," and after 1815, the North America and West Indian fleets were amalgamated under one Admiral, under their present designation, a Commodore being appointed to assist the Admiral at Jamaica, as is the present arrangement.

Our photographs show particularly the "Tartar's" men at Basse Terre, St. Kitts, early in the present year, when they were landed in the island to re-establish order during the negro riots, which broke out at that time and caused considerable apprehension to the members of the European community at St. Kitts; the first illustration shows a picket from the ship on shore, the second and third illustrations, taken on board the ship herself, show typical groups of marines, bluejackets, and stokers in the uniforms worn in hot climates, as already described.

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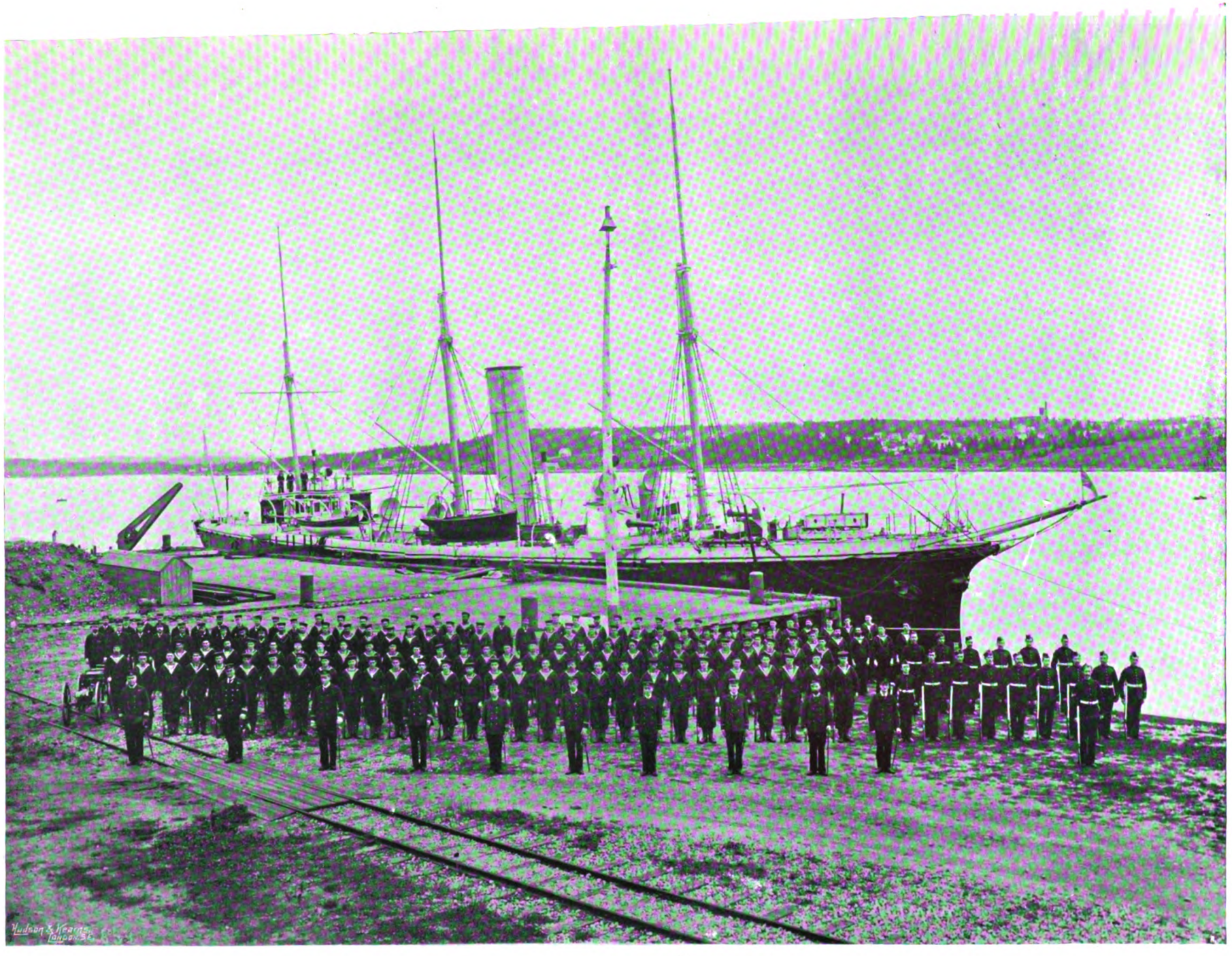

Photo. NOTMAN STUDIO, Halifax.

THE COMMANDER AND COMPANY OF H.M.S. "TARTAR," AT HALIFAX, N.S.

HERE we have the "Tartar" and the whole of her company—officers, bluejackets, and marines,—drawn up on the shore in front of the ship, at Halifax, Nova Scotia. This photograph was taken some time before those shown on the opposite page, when she was in a previous commission and under the command of Captain HENRY LEWIS FLEET, who can be seen at the extreme left of the picture. Captain FLEET was first lieutenant of the "Serapis" during the Naval and Military operations near Suakin in the Eastern Soudan in 1884, and has the Egyptian medal and the KHEDIVE'S bronze star. The "Tartar" is a third-class twin-screw steamer of 1,770 tons, carrying fourteen guns, and was re-commissioned at Bermuda in October, 1894. She is not the first ship in the British Navy to bear the name "Tartar," her predecessors having taken part in ROOKE'S victory off Malaga Bay in 1704, and in HYDE PARKER'S action with the Dutch in 1781, previous to which, in 1779, she had captured the "Santa Margherita."

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Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

ISSUING SOAP AND TOBACCO BEFORE THE PAYMASTER.

Photo. A. DEBENHAM, Southsea.

THE VICTUALLING DEPARTMENT ON BOARD SHIP.

THE Paymaster of a Man-of-War is responsible by Admiralty regulations not only for the duties of his own particular department, the accountant duties, but also for the victualling duties of the ship. We see here something of what he has to attend to in connection with these last. In one photograph the ship's steward and his assistant are shown serving out soap and tobacco—a double issue that always, for some reason or the other, takes place in conjunction, and once a month—to a ship's company under the supervision of the Paymaster (seen on the right), who watches that each man receives the quantity he requires. In the second photograph, various members of the victualling staff, with their utensils and implements, are shown awaiting inspection by the Paymaster, as head of the department on board,—the butcher (a Marine, as is ordinarily the case), the lamp trimmer, an indispensable functionary in a ship, the cooper, and members of the ship's steward's party in charge of the grog ration issue.

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GRAND HARBOUR, MALTA, FROM CORRADINO HILL.

OUR photograph shows a portion of Grand Harbour, Malta, viewed from Corradino Hill, above French Creek, looking towards the mouth of the Harbour and across (to the left of the photograph) to Valetta. In the immediate foreground is seen the first-class battleship "Nile," whose peculiar black-topped funnels render her readily recognisable anywhere. A first-class cruiser is seen lying at anchor on the further side of the "Nile." The "Nile" is now in the Levant with the second division of the Mediterranean Fleet under Rear-Admiral HARRIS, and our photograph was taken during her recent prolonged stay at Malta, undergoing certain internal repairs in connection with her machinery. She has been on the station since 1891, and is one of a pair of turret ships of special design which were built just ten years ago and named after Nelson's greatest exploits:—the "Nile" and the "Trafalgar."

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EVERYDAY SIGHTS ON BOARD SHIP.

THE SIGNALLER'S ART.

JACK AT SMALL ARM DRILL ON BOARD.

Photos. GREGORY. *STANDING EASY AFTER DINNER.* *Copyright.—H. & K.*

OUR photographs show three subjects of everyday life and daily routine on board ship, which anybody spending a day on a visit to a man-of-war could not help observing. First we have signalling going on, on the bridge of a battleship, and at a glance can see in a very striking manner what is being done. There is the young officer of the watch, a sub-lieutenant, as the single ring of lace on his sleeve, with the executive officer's curl completing it, tells us, putting together the words of a signal from the Vocabulary of the Signal Book. He is turning over the pages to find the proper numbers against the flags required to denote each word of his proposed message, while at his side, signal slate in hand, stands, with pencil ready, the signalman on duty, ready to set down the words that the officer gives him, and their flag-numbers, which the men at the signal halyards close by who are getting the bunting ready, will forthwith hoist and keep flying until the signal has been duly acknowledged from the quarter to which it is addressed. Three methods of signalling are used in the Navy. The first by means of flags in combination, according to alphabetical and numerical codes, by which separate flags or combinations of flags, express certain words or various letters of the alphabet or numerals Thus, in the last case, the number "1" is denoted by a flag, made up of two red and white squares arranged chequerwise, the number "2" by a white flag with a blue cross; "3" by a yellow and blue chequered flag, and so on. To signal to another ship with these, first of all what is called the Fleet number allotted to the ship addressed or her "pennants" is hoisted to attract her attention, and then hoist after hoist of the proper flags arranged according to the code, in twos or threes or fours, is made until the signal is complete, and has been taken in and answered by the other ship. The second system of signalling used in the Navy, is by the semaphore fitted on the bridge of all men-of-war, or substitutes for it in the shape of flags or a man's arms. The Morse code is used in hand-flag signalling also, with the electric light at night, or by means of sound—blasts of the whistle, and so forth—in thick weather. The third system, mainly in use for long distance signalling, relies on the manipulation of masthead appliances; cones and black balls; fixed lanterns at night, or rockets.

Our second photograph shows a class at small arm drill on board ship. Jack, in addition to his own special work as a seaman, is taught the essentials of the art of land warfare exactly as a soldier learns them, so that he is ready for Naval brigade work at any time. Bisley competitions, too, have shown repeatedly how Jack, as a marksman, can hold his own with crack shots ashore. The whole Navy is, like the Army, now armed with the magazine rifle, the Lee-Metford, and the same drill with small arms is followed in both Services.

In our third photograph we see men standing easy after dinner, some in blue serge rig, some in canvas working rig, petty officers, sailors, and marines, with, to the right of the reader, the breech apparatus of a 100-pounder 6-in. gun showing.

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Photo. R. ELLIS, Malta.

THE COMPANY OF THE TORPEDO DEPÔT SHIP "VULCAN."

Copyright—HUDSON & KEARNS.

THE men that we see here form the Company of the Torpedo Depôt Ship "Vulcan," which is regularly employed on Particular Service with the Mediterranean Fleet. The photograph was taken on the forecastle after dinner one day. The complement of the "Vulcan" numbers some 440 souls, and comprises officers, seamen, stokers, and marines, as in an ordinary cruiser, together with a number of special ratings who are borne in the ship in connection with the "Vulcan's" special duties as Torpedo Depôt Ship and Torpedo Instruction Ship, both of which functions she performs. At the present time she is employed on the second of these duties, carrying out the Torpedo and Mining Class Instruction of the Mediterranean Fleet during the winter months—the men of the various vessels of the Fleet in turn being told off to undergo the instruction and practice in company with her.

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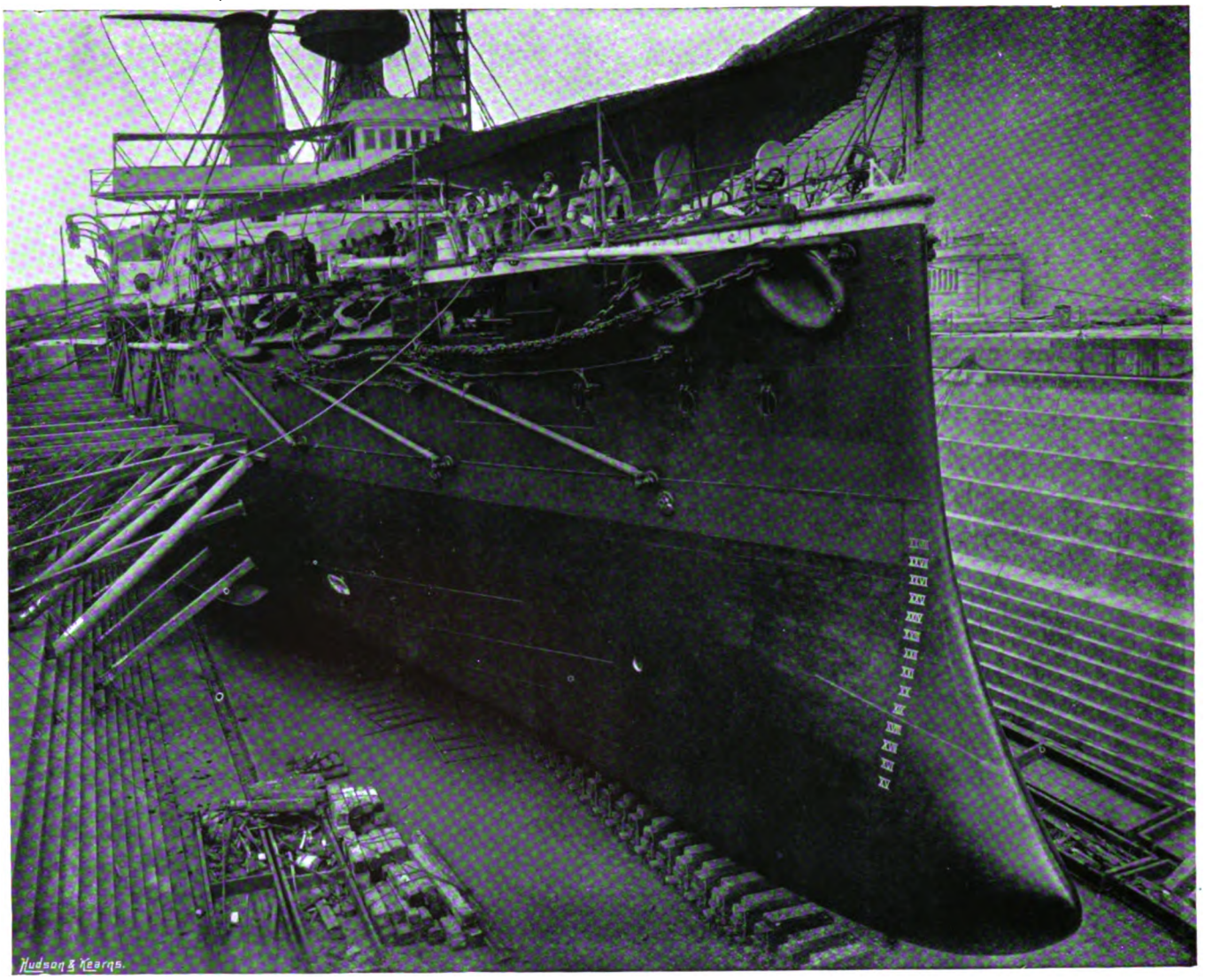

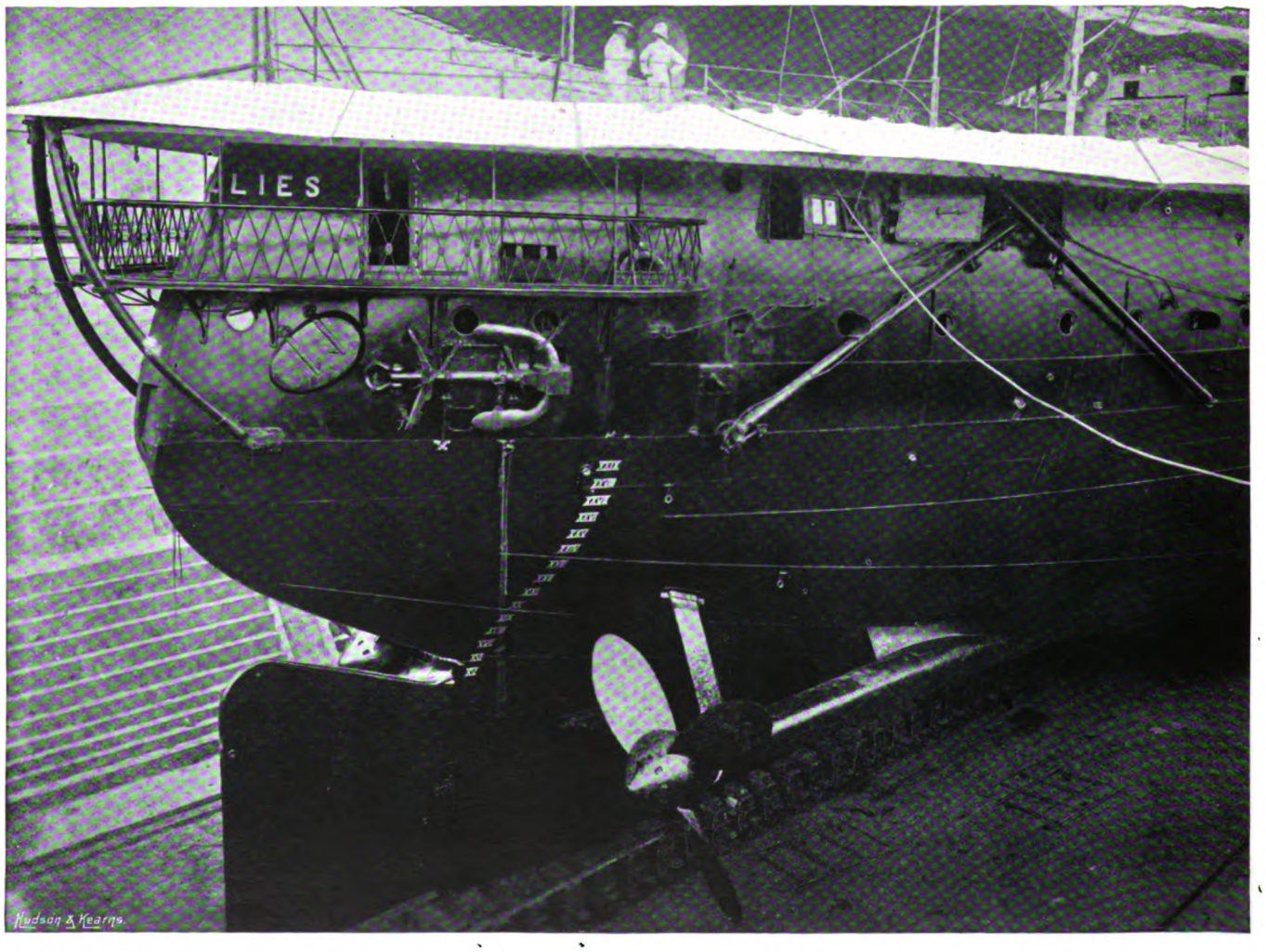

H.M.S. "RAMILLIES":—In Dock.

THE "Ramillies," of which ship we see two views, is the present flagship of the Mediterranean Fleet, and was in dock at Malta undergoing her annual refit when our photographs were taken by her chief torpedo instructor. The huge ram prow, which we see, would probably only come into employment as a last resource in action, and its threat would probably be sufficient to an antagonist temporarily disabled. Noteworthy also is the absence of a scroll or other adornment on the bows, in virtue of an Admiralty order dispensing with such beautifying devices, issued three years ago—the final extinction of the last remains of the old figure-head in our own modern men-of-war. Our second photograph shows the stern walk or balcony, whence the Commander-in-Chief can view his fleet without going on deck, or take the air. We also see one of the huge twin-screws worked by engines of 9,000 horse-power, and the massive rudder.

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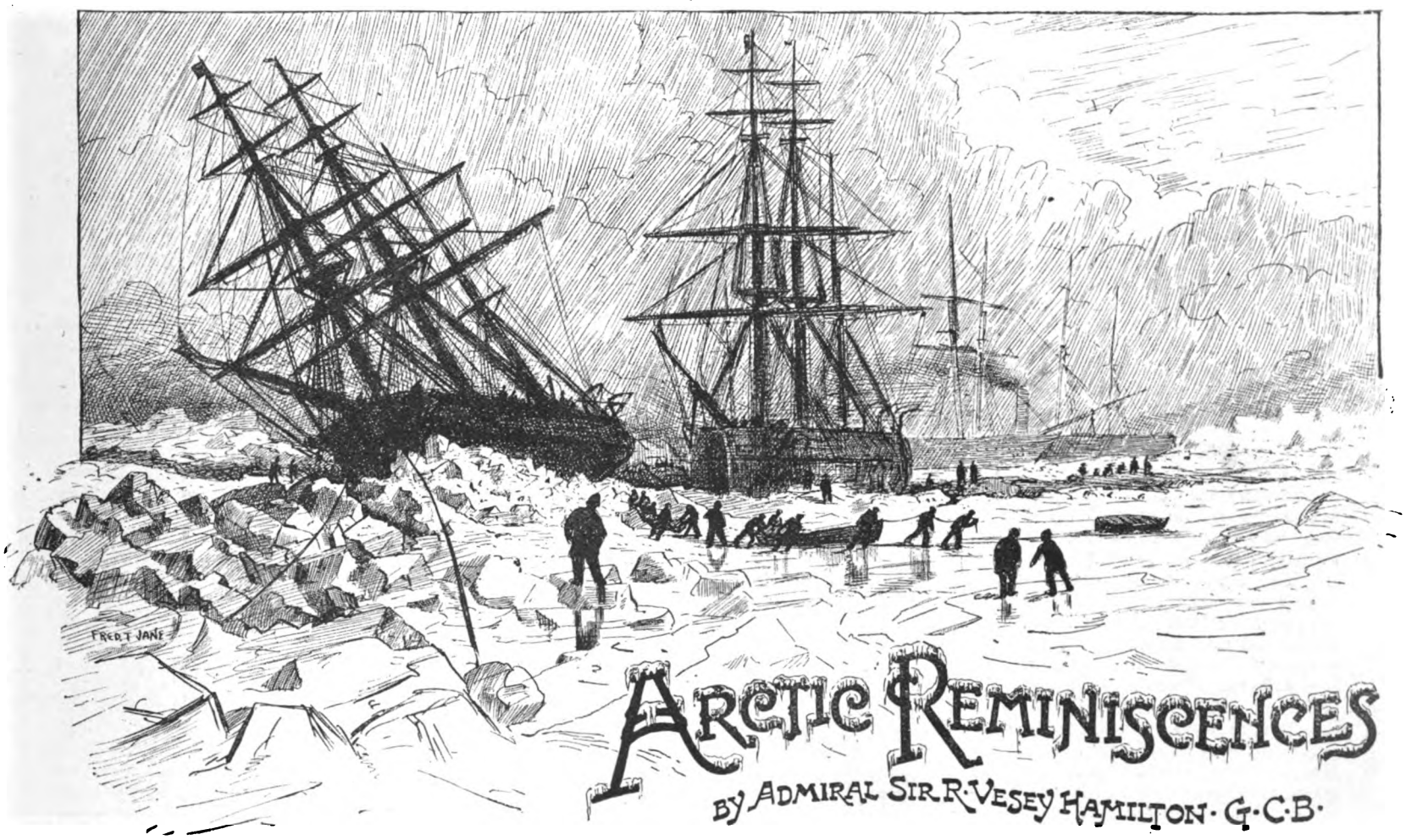

ARCTIC REMINISCENCES

BY ADMIRAL SIR R. VESEY HAMILTON, G.C.B.

THE return of Nansen, and of Captain Sverdrup of the "Fram," with their not less intrepid companions, from an Arctic journey of unmeasured peril, may serve to remind us that peace has its stirring triumphs no less than war. The veil is being gradually torn from the regions of the North Pole. The Jackson-Harmsworth expedition, with its splendid scientific equipment, may be expected to accomplish much to the north of Franz Josef Land. It rescued Nansen and his fellow traveller as the "Resolute" rescued McClure and his companions of the "Investigator," more than forty years ago. Lieutenant Peary, of the United States Navy, promises to pursue his work unremittingly on the coast of Greenland; and, though Herr Andrée has returned, temporarily disappointed, from his projected ballooning expedition, I shall not discourage the daring Swede. Ships of the British Navy have done an immense work in exploring the Polar regions, and I hope their labour in that direction is far from being closed—still less in the much dimmer regions of the Antarctic. So much is public attention now directed to Polar discovery, that some account of Arctic journeyings, experiences, and methods in the early fifties, in which I had the good fortune to be engaged, will I hope prove interesting.

With the search for the ill-fated expedition which left England in 1845 under the late and much lamented Sir John Franklin—a veteran of the great war who had been signal midshipman to Commodore Dance in the famous action with Linois—a scientific officer of large experience in Arctic exploration, a new era in Arctic discovery commenced. Before that time little was thought of exploration by land parties, but the work since performed by the sledges has added thousands of miles of new coast line to Arctic geography. This we chiefly owe to the necessity of devising new methods of increasing the area searched over. The new era dates from the first relief expedition sent out, under Sir James Ross, in 1848. The present Admiral Sir Leopold McClintock was a lieutenant under him, and accompanied his leader in what was then considered a great sledge journey of 350 or 360 miles, occupying 39 days. McClintock gained experience from this journey, and saw what much better results could be obtained with improved appliances. During the winter of 1849-50 he therefore occupied himself with a scientific friend, I think Professor Houghton, in improving and lightening the sledges, tents, and cooking apparatus, and very little further improvement has since been made. Like many another traveller, McClintock proposed in England to accomplish only 600 miles and remain out 60 days, but even this the veteran Arctic explorer, the late Sir John Richardson, who had recently (1849) returned from an overland search journey, pronounced to be an impossibility. At a meeting of all the sledge officers in the Arctic before starting for the Spring travelling of 1851, our popular Commodore, the late Sir H. Austin, K.C.B., said, "Though McClintock proposes 80 days and 800 geographical miles (930 English miles)"—which he accomplished—"any party that remains out 60 days or does 600 (geographical) miles will meet with my full approbation."

This was in 1851; but in 1853 McClintock travelled 1,400 miles in 105 days, bringing back his party as "fit" as when they left the ship, and Lieut. Mecham did nearly as much. The officer last named, in 1854, when sent to look for traces of the "Enterprise," then supposed to be wintering to the south of us, was absent 70 days—63 of them marching days—during which his party performed a feat of marching, I doubt ever equalled, by dragging a sledge, with an average 130 or 140 lb. a man on it, at an average of 21 miles a day, while, for one week, travelling as light as possible—100 lbs. a man at least—28 miles a day was their performance. There was no officer in the expedition who was so beloved by his crew, and, I may add, universally, as Lieut. Mecham, and his early death was a great loss to the Naval Service.

A few words on the manner in which our sledge parties were pushed out may not be uninteresting to the general reader. A party of eight men could drag 40 days' provisions on a sledge, which meant that they could march about 24 days from the ship, returning with the lightened sledge in 16 days. With two sledges they would proceed about 12 days out; one sledge would then fill up the other with the 12 days' food it had expended, and would leave on the spot a depôt of 8 days' provisions for its return. There would then remain 8 days' consumption for the return of the first sledge to the ship. Consequently the other could travel 36 days from the ship, returning in 24. By this method, with three sledges, they would proceed in company 10 or 11 days, the provisions expended by the two leaders being replaced from the depôt sledge, which returned to the ship at once to bring out depôts for the return of the other sledges. These two would proceed as in the first case, by which means the leader was enabled to travel 46 or 47 days from the ship, and by using more sledges the 105 days of McClintock and 95 of Mecham were achieved. McClintock may be called the father of modern sledge travelling, as Sir Edward Parry was of the method of passing Arctic winters happily and healthfully.

The same necessity of searching a larger area was the reason for introducing steam into the Arctic regions, although, as usual, direful were the prophecies of old Arctic salts as to the unsuitability of steamships for withstanding the heavy pressure of ice masses; and, from their great length, the difficulty of turning them sharply enough in close ice. Our two steamers, the "Pioneer" and the "Intrepid," proved, however, the pioneers of whaling and sealing steamers, which have entirely replaced sailing whalers and sealers. As to not withstanding pressure, I well remember that the "Intrepid" was driven by the moving pack 40 feet up the sloping side of an iceberg, on which she remained perched for 22 hours, coming partly down two or three times as the pressure of the pack eased off, and going up again when it came on. Our great difficulty was to keep out huge masses of ice that would have broken in our deck had they tumbled inboard. But eventually we came down, when the pressure of the floe ice finally eased off, as quietly and smoothly as if we had been lowered down with a tackle by hand. We then saw our consort, the "Pioneer," nine or ten miles distant, she having, as we afterwards ascertained, been helplessly beset in the pack. From the top of our iceberg we counted over 800 others, and, although separated only by a short interval, we

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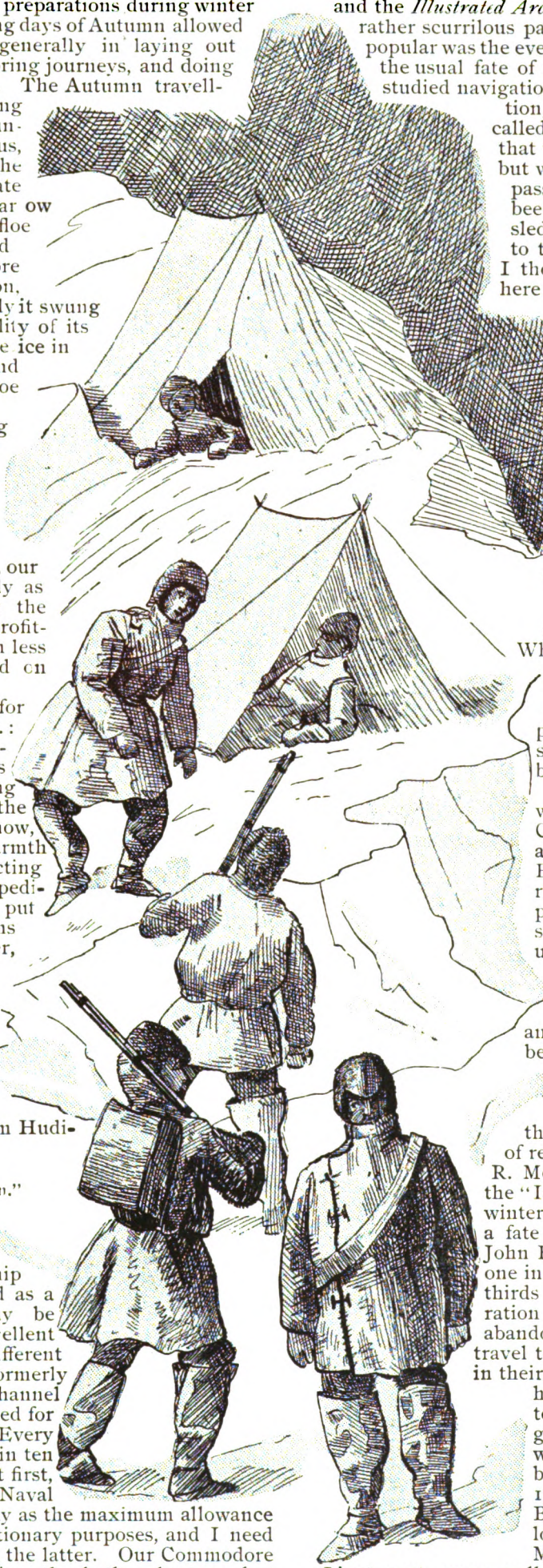
were a week before we again joined our consort. Nothing but steam could have extricated us from the closely packed ice.

To make the most of the space at my disposal I will now bring the expedition into winter quarters, where the ships acted as the base of supply for the sledging journeys. To obtain good results from these, careful preparations during winter were necessary, as the shortening days of Autumn allowed but little preliminary work—generally in laying out depôts of provisions for the Spring journeys, and doing a little pioneering exploration. The Autumn travelling, owing to damp and the long nights of 15 hours, was very uncomfortable; moreover dangerous, as the ice was not fixed. The present Sir G. Nares, then a mate in the "Resolute," had a narrow escape of being carried off on a floe—from which he had just passed his sledge and gear to the shore ice—by its sudden separation, leaving him behind. Fortunately it swung round, and, seeing the probability of its coming in contact with the shore ice in another part, he started off and reached safety just before the floe finally drifted out to sea.



The early spring travelling was worse as regards the low temperature, and gales of wind, but it had one advantage, viz., perpetual daylight, and a drier atmosphere. Parry's party did not start till the end of May, but, having so much more to do, our party, in 1853-4, started as early as March — and, notwithstanding the greater cold and worse weather, profiting by experience, suffered much less than in 1851, when we started on April 15th.

The ships were prepared for winter by carefully striking (*i.e.*: getting down) all our yards, topmasts, etc., and making the ships as snug as possible—spreading a housing over them—covering the decks with about two feet of snow, and banking up outside for the warmth afforded by the non-conducting power of snow. In the first expedition, our carpenters, as is usual, put two or three nails in their mouths ready for use, which, however, owing to the cold, stuck to their lips and brought off the skin. In our earlier travelling parties, too, the tin pannikin which did duty for tea and cocoa cup, soup plate, and luncheon grog, when the latter was drunk cold, also stuck to the lips—whereon our poet quoted on one occasion, from Hudibras, I believe—

"Ah me, what perils do environ,
The man that meddles with cold iron."

The main hold was cleared of provisions, etc., and a large space obtained near our Sylvester stove (for warming the ship with hot air) which was utilised as a brewery, for my readers may be astonished to hear we brewed excellent beer on board, beer of very different quality from the wretched stuff formerly brewed at Plymouth for our Channel Fleet. This space was also utilised for a washhouse, and bath-room. Every man could have a hot bath once in ten days, not a popular innovation at first, for those were the days in the Naval Service of a gallon of water a day as the maximum allowance for drinking, culinary, and ablutionary purposes, and I need not say very little was wasted on the latter. Our Commodore got over the difficulty by making the bath voluntary, but registering the bathers, who in a short time were all hands. When a travelling party was seen returning, hot water was at once prepared, and I do not think there was an instance of a party partaking of food or drink before having a bath and shifting into clean clothes, even after 105 days' absence.

The sanitary arrangements were admirable. After morning prayers the lower (habitable) deck was inspected by captain, surgeon, and first lieutenant, at 9.30, and all hands were sent out for exercise or work in the open air till dinner-time, and again in the afternoon—exception only being made in favour of those employed in preparing the travelling equipment. These had to take their exercise either in the forenoon or afternoon.

Preparing for private theatricals, penny gaffs, lectures, etc., diversions all instituted by Parry 30 years before, occupied our leisure, and the Press was represented by the *Aurora Borealis* and the *Illustrated Arctic News*, and eventually by some other rather scurrilous papers which had to be suppressed. Very popular was the evening school. Our gunner's mate shared the usual fate of those in advance of their age. Having studied navigation he understood the meaning of "variation," as deviation of the compass was then called. On one occasion I was with a party that went nearly due south from the ships, but we were where the variation of the compass was nearly 180 degrees. After we had been out some days the petty officer of our sledge, a real salt of the old school, said to the gunner's mate, "Why, Armstrong, I thought we was a-travelling South, and here we are a-going North." The gunner's mate tried to explain variation; but all he could get out of the old salt was, "I don't know nothing about your variation; all I knows is the compass says we is a-going North." I declined to arbitrate, and left them to fight it out, and very amusing it was, for the remainder of the crew sided with the old salt against modern science. One day the pair lost themselves in a storm, and the old salt described their adventures. "Says I to Armstrong, says I, here we are adrift in the middle of a desert island, and you cannot find your way back to the tent. What the —— is the use of your —— variation now?" When the universal roar had subsided, I explained that the gunner's mate, not having a compass with him, could not turn his scientific knowledge to a practical use; but he was right as to our travelling South.

Our only improvement upon Parry's winter routine was introduced by the Commodore, who had been with him, and was a very great success—the first Bal Masqué ever known in the Arctic regions. We had also the first Arctic pantomime, written by our assistant surgeon, who was also celebrated among us for his snow sculpture. Amongst other novelties, I must not forget to mention the first electric telegraph ever established in the Arctic circle, and I believe still the only one. It was between the "Resolute" and the "Intrepid" in Melville Sound, and was opened on New Year's day, 1854.

It was our great good fortune in the "Resolute," in 1853, to be the means of rescuing that gallant and able officer Sir R. McClure, with the officers and crew of the "Investigator," then spending their third winter in the ice, from probably as disastrous a fate as that of the expedition under Sir John Franklin. For nineteen months everyone in the "Investigator" had been on two-thirds allowance of provisions, and preparation had been made for half the crew to abandon the ship in the spring of 1853, and travel to Beechy Island, 500 miles off, which, in their weakened state, but few, if any, would have reached. The remaining half were to remain by the ship to endeavour to get her out that summer, which, as we afterwards ascertained, would have been impossible, and in the spring of 1854 to endeavour to reach the Hudson Bay Company's territory—verily a forlorn hope. In this desperate situation McClure and Haswell, his first Lieutenant, were walking on the floe outside discussing the parting, when they saw a rapidly approaching figure on the ice. Their surprise may be imagined when the stranger said, "I am Lieutenant Pim of the 'Resolute,' Captain Kellett, late of the 'Herold.'" This was the last ship seen by the "Investigator," three years previously, before commencing the voyage from Behring's Straits for the discovery of the N.W. passage, and it was indeed a surprise to find Lieutenant Pim on the other side of the Arctic world.

The rescue of McClure and his companions may, I think, be regarded as a fortunate event in our Arctic journeyings.

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FOOTBALL IN THE ARMY

BY A FOOTBALLER AT HEAD-QUARTERS

WHEN the Army football season of 1891-2 culminated at Barnes in the fratricidal struggle between the 1st and 2nd Battalions of the Scots Guards, the Duke of Cambridge came to see the match, and to present the Challenge Cup to the winning team. At the close of the usual hour and a-half's play, as each side had one goal credited to it, it became necessary to continue the game for another half-hour. The Duke was not prepared for this; so, calling up Lieutenant Pulteney, then Honorary Secretary of the Army Association, he said that, as he had to be off, he must at once present the Cup. "I fear that is impossible, your Royal Highness," said Lieutenant Pulteney, "as, under the rules, an extra half-hour's play has to take place in such cases." "Oh! you must play again another day, I must be off now," said the Duke with decision. "I'm afraid that can't be done, Sir," was the reply, "for, although I have some authority in Army football, and you are the head of the Army, there is another authority superior, in this case, to both of us—the rules." At this the Duke relaxed into a genial smile. "Yes, yes," said he, "we must all obey the regulations." So he stopped to see the finish and to make the presentations. This little incident serves to show that, as much as five years ago, a long time in recent football history, the value of football was recognised, and its discipline respected by the military chiefs. A few remarks upon its growth and development in the Army may be of interest just now.

The first match ever played by a genuine Army team seems to have been one played at Aldershot in 1865, against the afterwards celebrated "Wanderers." But until a few years ago, Army football was a negligible quantity. With the exception of the Royal Engineers at Chatham, whose club, founded in 1866 by Major Marindin, was for some time the finest in England, the majority of the officers and men who played the game seriously belonged to, and played for, outside clubs. But when the sudden awakening of the football spirit throughout the country took place, enthusiasm for the game quickly broke out in the Army, as might well have been anticipated. One by one regimental teams sprang up; general organisation followed; the Army Football Association (founded in 1888) has become a football power in the land; and the performances of Army teams and of individual Army players are now followed with the greatest interest both in the Army itself and by the general public. Nor is the growing favour extended to Army football surprising. Military officers recognise, not only that Football furnishes excellent practice in "applied discipline," but also that so arduous a game forms a valuable adjunct to the gymnastic training to which so much importance is rightly attached nowadays. Proficiency in such sport implies more mobile and versatile strength than any amount of attainment in gymnastic exercises. These, it is true, produce muscular power, but athletic games complete the teaching by rendering the athlete quick and skilful in using his power according to circumstances. And, further, the fine healthy recreation which the game affords, both in practice and in the matches, the pleasurable excitement to be derived from watching the contests in which the regimental team takes part, and the keen discussions of the doings of players, fill up pleasantly and profitably much time that would otherwise hang heavily or be taken up with less innocent amusement. In a word, the game gives soldiers an added interest in life—something to do, to think about, to talk about. While on the subject of the growth of Army football, it is curious to note how faithful an index it furnishes to the progress of football generally. Until comparatively recently, the game was much more popular in Scotland than in England, and Scottish teams were in the habit of carrying all before them. Out of the first eighteen matches between England and Scotland, four were drawn, Scotland won eleven, and England won three only. But, recently, English football has been looking up greatly, and England is now well able to hold her own. So, in the Army, out of the sixteen teams who have competed in the finals for the Army Cup, ten have come from Scottish regiments. In each of the first four years, the Cup was won by a Scottish team, but English regiments have carried off the trophy twice during the last four years, and have furnished five out of the eight teams in the finals.

Towards determining its position in the world of amateur football, the Army enjoys certain advantages. It is, for example, an obvious source of strength to have so large a field of young men of football age to draw upon—young men, too, who are necessarily of robust physique, kept in athletic condition by the mere performance of their daily duties, and trained to a considerable amount of endurance. It is noticeable that a team of soldiers, whatever its skill may be, is always composed of eleven fine specimens of sturdy manhood, and is sure to exhibit plenty of "go" and staying power. Again, its members have a very fair amount of time for regular practice, which the average civilian amateur team has not. And last, but by no means least, they have a genuine bond of union, and an *esprit de corps* derived from this, which gives them a great pull over professional teams, who are united by little more than the fact of having a common paymaster, and over many amateur teams whose members are not in close sympathy with each other. Only those who

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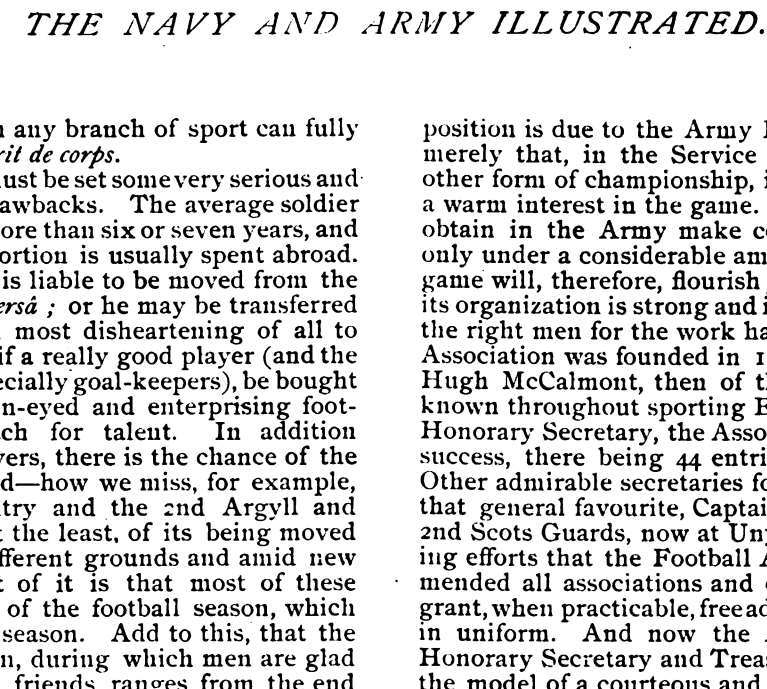
have the organizing of teams in any branch of sport can fully appreciate the value of this *esprit de corps*.

Against these advantages must be set some very serious and more than counterbalancing drawbacks. The average soldier does not stay in the Army for more than six or seven years, and of this period a considerable portion is usually spent abroad. Even if he stops at home, he is liable to be moved from the battalion to the depôt, or *vice versâ*; or he may be transferred or attached to other corps; or, most disheartening of all to the captains of teams, he may, if a really good player (and the Army produces many such, especially goal-keepers), be bought out of the Service by some keen-eyed and enterprising football agent, ever on the watch for talent. In addition to these risks to individual players, there is the chance of the whole unit being ordered abroad—how we miss, for example, the 1st Highland Light Infantry and the 2nd Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders—or, at the least, of its being moved about at home, to play upon different grounds and amid new surroundings. And the worst of it is that most of these moves take place in the middle of the football season, which synchronises with the trooping season. Add to this, that the most important furlough season, during which men are glad to get away to their homes and friends, ranges from the end of October to the end of January, when football is in full swing, and it will be seen how much the Army teams have to contend against. Everything, in fact, conspires to make the task of getting together good cohesive regimental and representative Army teams as difficult as possible; while the fact that, instead of being localised, as in the case of civilian associations, the clubs making up the Army organization are scattered all over the three kingdoms—from Cork to Edinburgh, from Belfast to Dover—makes it a most troublesome business to arrange Army matches.

It is not, therefore, to be wondered at that the Army teams are unable to hold their own against the great professional clubs. I have, however, no hesitation in saying that they rank among the very best of the amateur organisations; and I assert this, although keeping in view the severe defeats which the Army has sustained at the hands of the Corinthians, who practically represent amateur England. These defeats may be largely accounted for by the fact that the Corinthians have generally—doubtless unintentionally—made it difficult for the Army Football Association to get together really strong and representative Army teams by fixing the dates for the matches quite early in the football season, when, owing to the movements (explained above) of corps and of individual soldiers here, there, and everywhere about the world, the forces available for the match are not fully known. That this has had a great deal to do with the Army's want of success in these matches is shown by the fact that when, in the year 1892-3, the match was fixed for a later date, the Corinthians very nearly lost the game, winning only by 4 goals to 3 close upon the call of time. This year, again, the event was fixed for the 31st of October—much too early for the Army to be able to give a proper account of itself. I am sure that if the facts were properly represented to such good sportsmen as the Corinthians they would set the matter right for the future. But, although this largely explains the Army's defeats, there is another reason, and one, too, for which the soldiers have only themselves to thank, viz., the unwillingness of regimental teams to spare their best men to champion the cause of the Army as a whole when the Army matches happen to clash with their own regimental matches. This point was brought out by the present popular Honorary Secretary of the Army Football Association (Lieutenant Lowther, of the 1st Scots Guards) when replying to some uncomplimentary remarks made by "Truth" upon the weakness of the Army team selected to do battle against the Corinthians last year. This is carrying *esprit de corps* so far beyond due limits that it degenerates into mere selfishness, while, at the same time, it exhibits a sad lack of the sense of proportion on the part of the offending teams and players. Both individual players and their teams should esteem it a high honour to be invited to take part in the great Army matches, and should, by their cheerful acquiescence, show their loyalty to the Association with which the interests of all concerned are so closely bound up. It is to be hoped that, in future, a more liberal and generous view may be taken of the matter, so that the Army may be able to maintain its true position in the football world.

It would, indeed, be well if all interested in the success of the game in the Army realized how largely its present position is due to the Army Football Association. It is not merely that, in the Service as out of it, a league, or some other form of championship, is necessary to secure and retain a warm interest in the game. The peculiar conditions which obtain in the Army make continuous football-play possible only under a considerable amount of special regulation. The game will, therefore, flourish just in proportion as the staff of its organization is strong and is loyally supported. Fortunately the right men for the work have never yet been lacking. The Association was founded in 1888 by that keen sportsman, Mr. Hugh McCalmont, then of the Scots Guards, whose name is known throughout sporting England. With him as its first Honorary Secretary, the Association was at once an undoubted success, there being 44 entries for the Cup in its first year. Other admirable secretaries followed Mr. McCalmont, notably that general favourite, Captain W. P. Pulteney, D.S.O., of the 2nd Scots Guards, now at Unyoro. It was owing to his untiring efforts that the Football Association has officially recommended all associations and clubs throughout the country to grant, when practicable, free admission to all matches to soldiers in uniform. And now the Association has in its present Honorary Secretary and Treasurer, Lieutenant H. C. Lowther, the model of a courteous and efficient secretary, a gentleman full of ideas for the improvement of the organization, and of energy to carry them through. Fortunate in its secretaries, fortunate also in always securing an excellent committee, the Association has been singularly lucky in having from the outset the enthusiastic support of one of the finest judges of the game in the world, Major Marindin, C.M.G., R.E., to whom military footballers owe a deep debt of gratitude. Under such guidance, it is not to be wondered at that football has become more popular in the Army year by year. In order that the tide of success may continue to flow steadily, every Army club should make it its first duty to give its cordial support to the Association, freely and fully. And it may be safely assumed on the other hand that the committee of the Association will continue to do its best to move with the times and keep itself worthy of the loyalty of the clubs. If experience shows that any of the rules operate harshly, or put teams to inconvenience which can be avoided, they should promptly be amended. And, in this connection, I am glad to learn that it has been decided so to alter Rules 6 and 14 as to allow ties to be played off in districts until only four (instead of eight) clubs are left in. The inconvenience attending long journeys —say from Glasgow to Central Ireland, or from Portsmouth to Cork *viâ* Holyhead—in order to play off matches, will thus, as far as possible, be obviated. Another point which might, I think, well be considered, is whether the rules (10 and 23) which aim at preventing civilians from being enlisted for particular corps specially on account of their football prowess and at preventing men from being transferred from one unit to another in order to strengthen the team of the unit to which they are transferred, are not too stringent. It does seem a little unreasonable, in order to meet the cases of a few possible offenders, to bar every officer and soldier from playing in a Cup match until he has been three months in the Army, and to forbid every soldier who obtains a transfer from so playing until he has been three years in his new corps. Would it not be sufficient to require recruits, transferees, etc., who might be thought good enough to play in the matches to satisfy the committee of the Association as to their *bona fides* before entering, under pain of suspension?



Before leaving the rules, I would urge upon all concerned the desirability, in the interests of fair play, of a strict adherence to the rule which requires that no players in Cup matches shall have been kept off *any* duty for more than seven days before a match; and I would appeal to officers to act upon the suggestion made by the committee, that every team competing for the Cup should include at least one officer. Officers *ought* to play regularly in the regimental teams. Soldiers like to feel that the officers share in their sports, while their presence does much to improve the style of play, to stop grumbling, and raise the general tone of the team.

I notice that the 1st Scots Guards have three officers playing for them this year. The very best results would ensue if other corps would follow suit. It remains only to add, with thankfulness, that the members of the Army football family have always lived happily together, it being a very rare occurrence for a club or a player to be censured. Let us hope that this satisfactory state of things may long continue.

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Photo. ELLIOTT & FRY, Baker Street.

Major-General Sir CHARLES WARREN, G.C.M.G., K.C.B.

SIR CHARLES WARREN'S name will be familiar to the public because of his services a few years ago as Head of the Metropolitan Police. But Sir CHARLES WARREN'S term at Scotland Yard is only an incident in a distinguished Military career. As an officer of the Royal Engineers, he has seen much War Service in the field, and has been repeatedly mentioned in despatches and commended. In South Africa twenty years ago, as Commandant of the Diamond Fields Horse, he was repeatedly in action during the Kaffir rising, winning the brevet of Lieut.-Colonel; and after that he helped in putting down the Griqua rising, again being constantly in action. During the war in Egypt in 1882, he commanded the expedition sent into Arabia to capture the murderers of Professor PALMER and his party, for his services on which occasion he received the K.C.M.G., with the 3rd class of the Medjidie. In South Africa later he again saw Service in Command of the Bechuanaland Expeditionary Forces, for which he was promoted G.C.M.G. Since then Sir CHARLES WARREN has held the Command of the troops garrisoning the Straits Settlement and more recently the Command of the Thames District, which important post he now occupies.

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Major F. A. MARINDIN, C.M.G., R.E.
Photo. Fradelle & Young, Regent St.

Medal of the
Army Football Association—Reverse.

Colonel G. M. FOX, Inspector of Army Gymnasia.
Photo. Gregory Strand

Mr. H. C. McCALMONT, late Scots Guards.
Photo. Graham, Leamington

Captain W. P. PULTENEY, D.S.O., Scots Guards.
Photo. London Stereoscopic Co.

Medal of the
Army Football Association—Obverse.

Lieutenant H. C. LOWTHER, 1st Scots Guards
Photo Edwards, Hyde Park.

FOOTBALL TEAM OF THE 1st ROYAL SCOTS (LOTHIAN REGIMENT),

Present Holders of the Army Football Association Challenge Cup.

OUR photographs represent those mainly instrumental in forming and working the Army Football Association, and the present holders of the Army Challenge Cup. Major MARINDIN, C.M.G., is the father of Army football. He played in the first genuine Army match at Aldershot in 1865; founded the Royal Engineers' Club at Chatham in 1866; is a Past President of the Football Association; and a Vice-President of the Army Football Association. Mr. HUGH C. MCCALMONT was the founder (in 1888) and first Honorary Secretary of the Army Football Association. Captain W. P. PULTENEY, D.S.O., was Honorary Secretary of the Army Football Association from 1891 to 1894. Lieutenant H. C. LOWTHER is the present Honorary Secretary and Treasurer of the Army Football Association. Colonel FOX arranges all the great football events at Aldershot. In the contest for the Challenge Cup last year, the 1st Royal Scots, in the final tie, defeated the runners up, the 1st Royal West Kent Regiment, by three goals to one. Great credit is due, not only to the members of the winning team, but also to Lieut.-Colonel ROSS and the officers of the Battalion, for their genuine interest in, and support of, the Regimental Football Club. The success of the team is largely owing to their constant and kindly encouragement.

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TYPES OF OUR SOLDIERS.

Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

Battery Sergeant-Major CARNAGHAN, "D" BATTERY, R.H.A.

BATTERY SERGEANT-MAJOR CHRISTOPHER CARNAGHAN, of "D" Battery Royal Horse Artillery, is a soldier of twenty-one years' service, for the past fifteen of which he has served continuously as a non-commissioned officer. He enlisted at Woolwich at the age of fifteen, and has the Egyptian Medal, with clasp for Tel-el-Kebir, and the Bronze Star, with, also, the Silver Medal for long service and good conduct. In a battery of artillery the Sergeant-Major has the general supervision over the non-commissioned officers and men in regard to drill, discipline, and administration.

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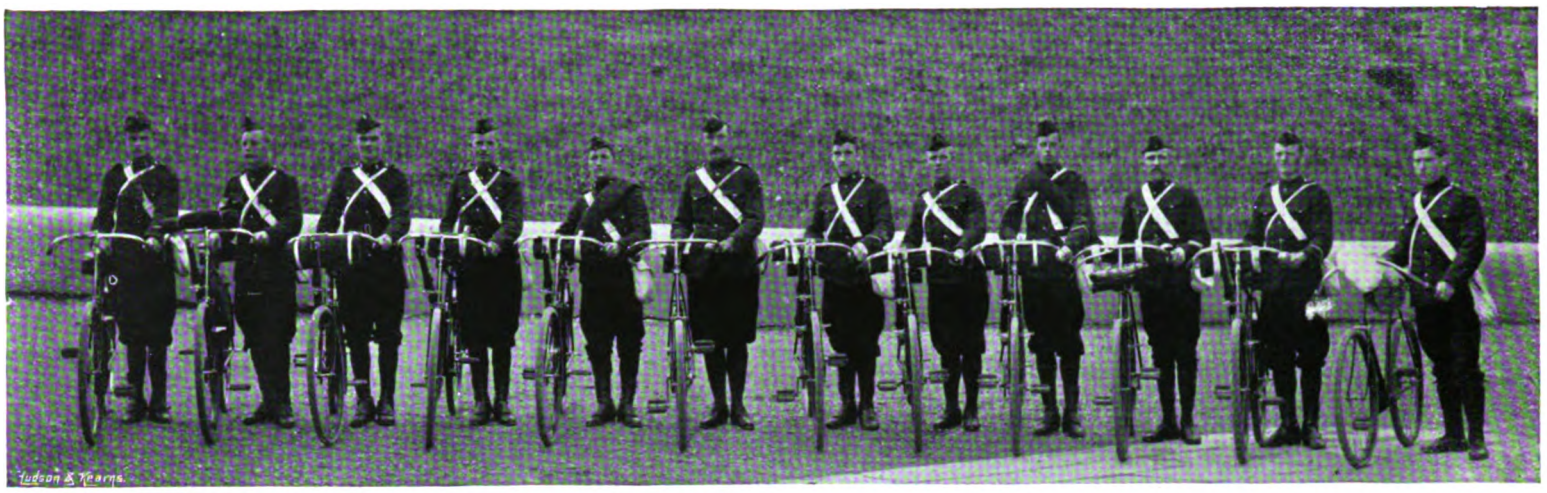

CYCLIST SECTION in MARCHING ORDER, under the Command of Captain BURT.

REGIMENTAL TRANSPORT in FULL MARCHING ORDER.

SIGNALLERS, with EQUIPMENT, under the Command of Captain MARTYN.

2nd BATTALION QUEEN'S OWN (ROYAL WEST KENT REGIMENT.)

REGIMENTAL Cyclist Sections being now permanent institutions, the "Queen's Own" have organized a Corps. When with the field column, the services of this Cyclist Section are available for any employment in which speed, celerity, and general smartness are requisite. Regimental Transport is an institution peculiar to regiments forming the first Army Corps, and which are well up on the roll for foreign service. The men detailed for this duty have passed through a course of riding and driving, the care of horses generally, dismounting and mounting wagons, etc., and are available when required to act as mounted infantry. All the transport duties in connection with their regiment are carried out by this useful body of men. The full signalling equipment for a transmitting station, comprising apparatus for both day and night signalling, is shown in the lower photograph, lime-light lanterns for long distance work by night, with inflated oxygen bags, hand lanterns, heliographs, and flags, together with the telescopes necessary for reading signals from distant stations. The men are equipped as if in the field, with rifles slung, and message books in charge of the N.C.O.'s.

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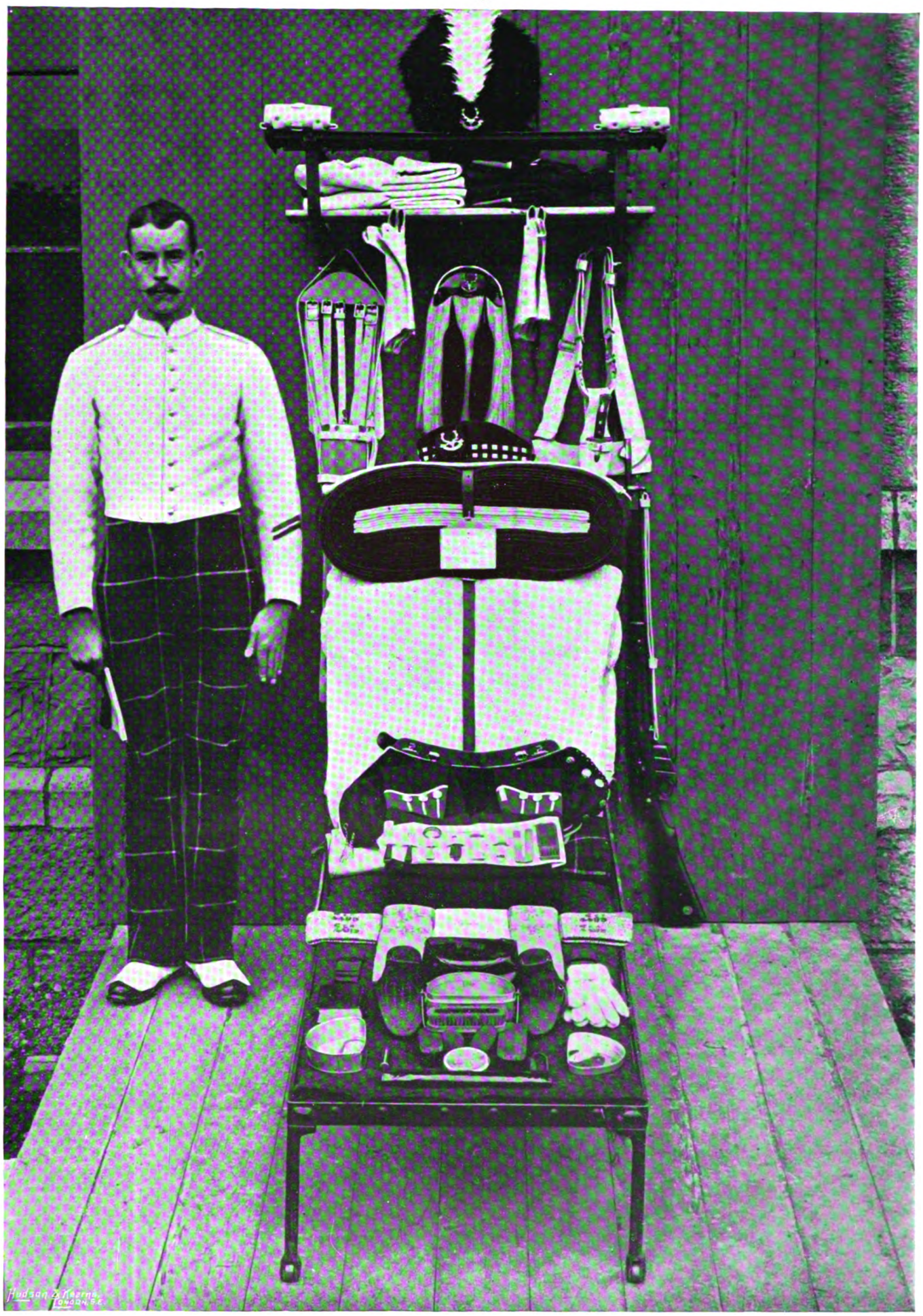

Photo. J. THOMSON, Brompton Road.

A SOLDIER'S KIT INSPECTION.

HERE we have a private of the Seaforth Highlanders with all his belongings laid out in the barrack room at Kit Inspection. The man himself, who is shown in undress uniform, wears two good conduct badges, showing that he is of over six years' service, and draws good conduct pay extra to his regimental pay. The kits of the men in each company of a regiment are inspected periodically by one of the officers of the company, who, accompanied by the colour-sergeant, goes round from man to man, to see that he has complete his regulation supply of "clothing," or outer garments from head-dress to boots; "necessaries," or shirts, socks, brushes, etc.; and "equipment," or arms, valise and belts.

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HIGHLAND DANCING.

THE REEL OF FOUR.

THE REEL OF TULLOCH.

THE GHILLIE CALLUM.

NOT any of the rigid laws forbidding dancing and games instituted by JOHN KNOX and his followers could succeed effectually in stamping out the love of dancing which is inherent in the Scottish character. At the present day it is a most popular pastime in the North, though condemned by the "unco guid" as frivolous and sinful.

There are certain dances peculiar to every county. Others—particularly those of Highland origin—find favour everywhere, from the Tweed to John O'Groat's.

The *Reel* is not only the most graceful, but at the same time the most spirited of all Scottish dances. Though belonging more particularly to the Highlands, it is common throughout all Scotland, and even by the humblest classes of the community, is performed with an elegance and grace indicative of the "poetry of motion."

"*Foursome*" and "*Eightsome*" reels are the most usual, though the latter is practically unknown in many parts of Scotland. The former is executed by two couples who, at the outset, face each other—or the gentlemen may stand back to back facing their partners. A figure of eight is described; the gentlemen pass the ladies on their right, and their confrères on the left, and on the completion of the figure have changed places, though the ladies return to their original positions. All then dance one of the *Strathspey* steps (or those belonging to the *Highland Fling*, the time of which is similar), and again perform the figure of eight, each gentleman facing the respective ladies alternately.

This may be continued for any length of time. The time and tune are then suddenly changed when the dancers are performing the "figure of eight," and all the movements, including the steps, become quicker.

The *Reel of Tulloch* (or *Hullachan*, as it is sometimes called) commences with the figure of eight. After dancing one of the *Reel* steps, the gentlemen swing their vis-à-vis first by the right and then by the left arm, leaving them to face each other and dance in the centre. The fair sex swing in the same manner, face the gentlemen, dance and then swing again, bringing their partners into the centre, and so on *ad lib*. This is often combined with an all-round movement.

To dance the *Reel* with *éclat* demands not only the use of the feet, but also of the hands, and above all the vocal organs.

That magic "Hooch!" (pointing to the martial origin of the Scottish national dance) is quite beyond the Southerners' powers of imitation, but produces an effervescence of mirth and glee which makes the *Reel* the most enjoyable of dances. Our first photograph depicts four kilted warriors dancing the Reel of Four in real Highland style, no doubt to such well-known tunes as "The Marquis of Huntley's Own" and "Money-musk." The second represents the *Reel of Tulloch*, during the swinging process.

The *Ghillie Callum*, or Sword Dance, is usually danced by one person, as in the third photograph, and calls for even more skill than is necessary in dancing the *Reel*.

It is supposed that this dance was originally performed before any battle and after a victory by the military leaders of the clans.

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Photo. F. G. O. S. GREGORY & CO., Military Opticians, 51, Strand. *Copyright.- HUDSON & KEARNS.*

PIPE-MAJOR, ARGYLL and SUTHERLAND HIGHLANDERS.

THOSE, only, who have served in a Scotch regiment know what an important position is held by the Pipe-Major. His office is no sinecure, nor can the post be satisfactorily filled by one who is a musician and nothing more. A thorough knowledge of the instrument is necessary, but a good Pipe-Major must, in addition, be possessed of tact in a pre-eminent degree. Bandsmen and pipers living, as they do, by themselves, seldom come under the eye of their company officers, either on or off parade, and it is therefore necessary that they should have as their immediate superior a trustworthy non-commissioned officer. Though a "firm hand" is required, a man of violent temper is unsuited for the position, as, in addition to acting as the leader of the Pipers, his patience is at times sorely tried by the newly-initiated, whom it is his duty to instruct. It is extremely difficult to become an adept in the art, but the mere fact of receiving instruction in pipe playing appears to have an elevating influence, for, almost without exception, the Pipers, as regards figure and appearance, are the smartest men of their battalion. There is, no doubt, much sentiment connected with the Scottish bagpipes, and rightly so. Has not the "skirl" of the pipes spurred on to death or victory the Highland soldier of every age?

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Photo. J. THOMSON, Brompton Road. *Copyright.—HUDSON & KEARNS.*

MAJOR-GENERAL FRYER, IN COMMAND OF THE CORK DISTRICT, AND HIS STAFF.

THE group of Officers here shown comprise Major-General JOHN FRYER, C.B., who commands the Cork District, one (and the largest) of the three districts between which the forces quartered in Ireland are distributed, together with the officers of his staff. They are shown in front of Government House, Cork, standing by an old man-of-war's gun recovered from the Larne frigate, wrecked long ago in Timoleague Bay on the coast of County Cork. The Cork District Command comprises the troops stationed in the South of Ireland, in Clare, Cork, Kerry, Kilkenny, Limerick, Tipperary, Waterford, and Wexford, just as the Belfast District takes in all the troops in the north, and Dublin those in the central counties from Kingstown across to the seaboard of Connaught. It comprises two regiments of cavalry, three batteries of Field and three companies of Garrison Artillery, two companies of Engineers, and nine battalions of infantry, with seven battalions of militia infantry, and five corps of militia artillery.

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